★ Nov. 27, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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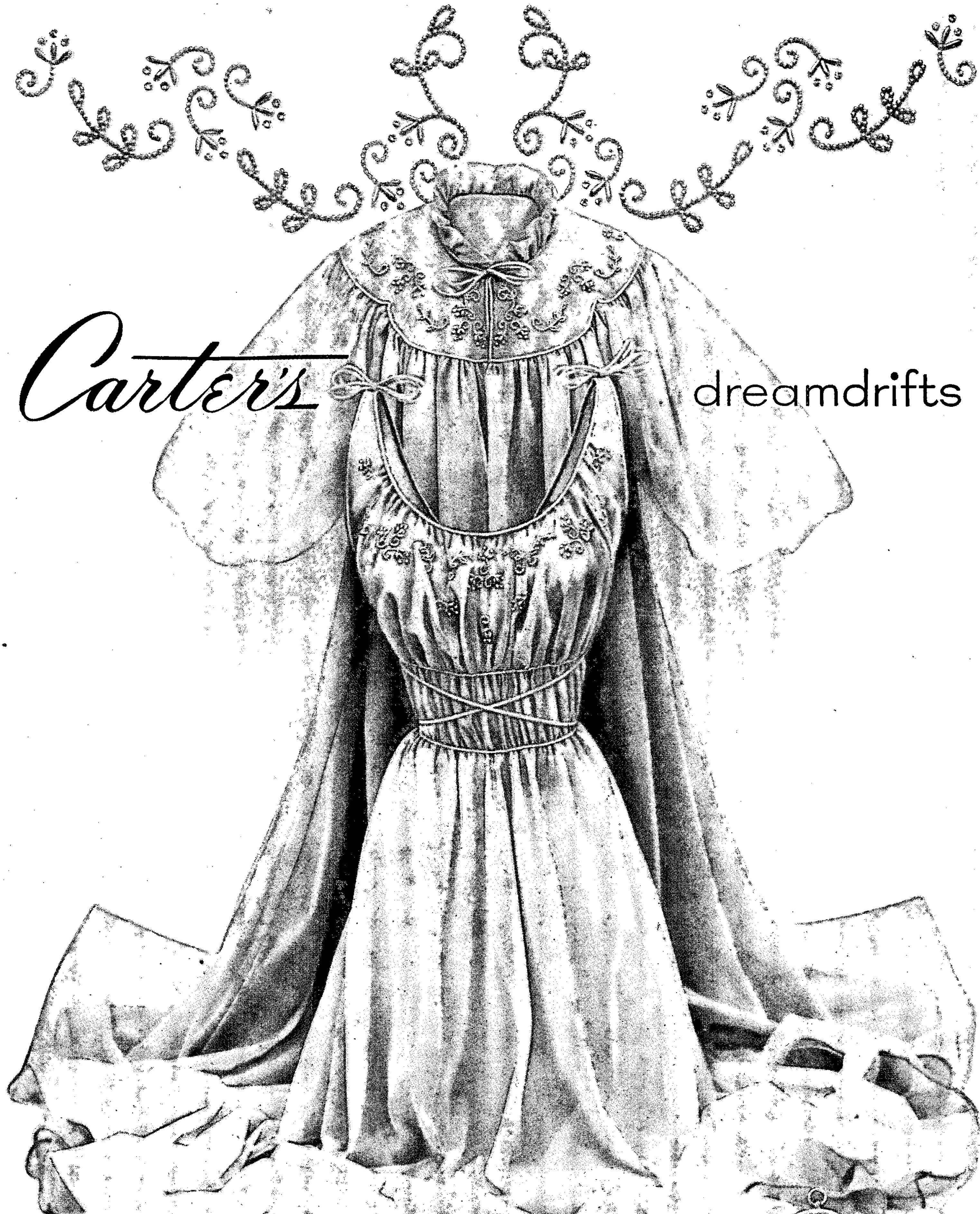

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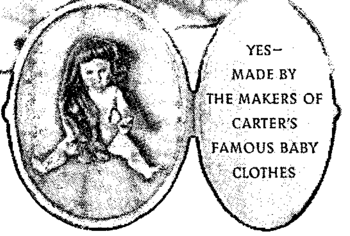
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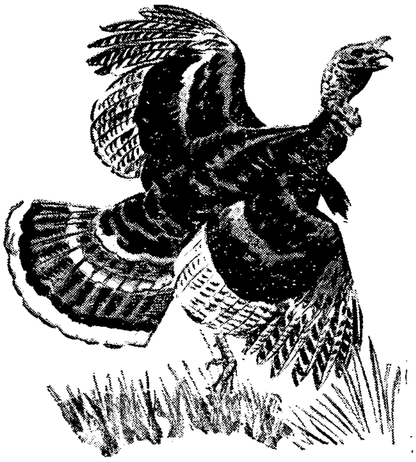

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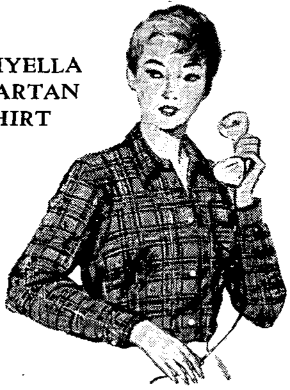

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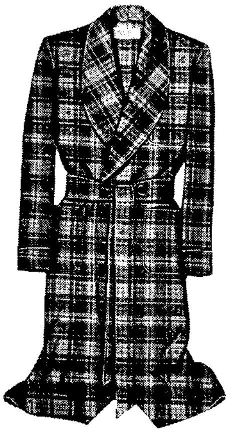

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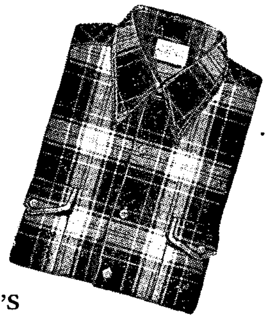

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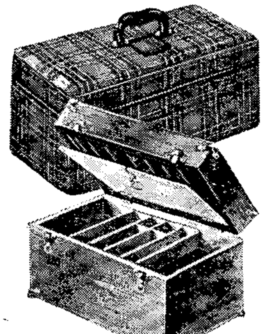

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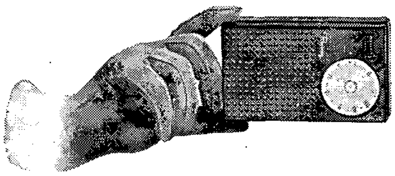

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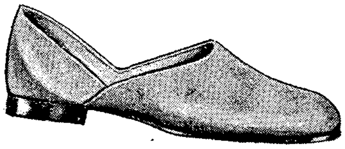

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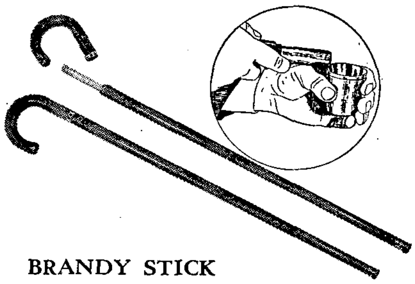

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abie's Irish Rose—Anne Nichols' revamped version of her 1922 comedy, with Ludwig Donath and Neil Fitzgerald. Staged by Miss Nichols and produced by Michael Rose. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead brings all her enormous talent and vitality to this resurrection of a comedy that was around ten years ago, but the odds are heavily against her. With Fred Keating, Robert Coote, Hugh Reilly, and Werner Klemperer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fragile Fox—A play about the Battle of the Bulge that has plenty of explosive sound effects, if not much characterization. Dane Clark and Don Taylor head the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is extremely adroit. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)

The Living Room—This play by Graham Greene offers the Catholic philosophy on a great many matters, most of them unhappy. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a deeply moving performance, and she is ably supported by Michael Goodliffe, Walter Fitzgerald, Nora Nicholson, Ann Shoemaker, and Carol Goodner. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Quadrille—The chief virtue of this very loquacious exercise by Noel Coward is that it brings the Lunts into view again. They are sturdily assisted by Brian Aherne and Edna Best. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rainmaker—Geraldine Page in N. Richard Nash's old-fashioned, occasionally absurd, but not altogether unaffecting melodrama about a plain girl and a fascinating stranger. Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Reclining Figure—Although Harry Kurnitz has written some funny scenes in this comedy about art dealers and their clients, the proceedings are fairly elementary, on the whole. Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson are in a cast directed by Abe Burrows. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

POLICE
POLICE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

The Tender Trap—Some footless palaver about whether bachelors in New York ought to stay single or take a shot at marriage. Flimsy is the word for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham are the principals. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Wedding Breakfast—A four-character play by Theodore Reeves. The cast, directed by Herman Shumlin, is made up of Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Anthony Franciosa, and Virginia Vincent. Kermit Bloomgarden is the producer. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL:** Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense counsel in this dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) ... **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Elliott Nugent is currently the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Rita Morley. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) ... **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are in the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) ... **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** Robert Anderson's play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. On Monday, Nov. 29, David Wayne and John Forsythe will return to the cast, taking over from Burgess Meredith and Scott McKay. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

One Eye Closed—Tom Helmore, Constance Ford, and John Baragrey in a comedy by Justin Sturm. Presented by Haila Stoddard and directed by Romney Brent. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Those who have survived the twenties are almost certain to love this British satire on musicals of the period, and the chances are their juniors will find it pretty funny, too. Sandy Wilson handled the book, lyrics, and music, and Julie Andrews is very fine as the blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

By the Beautiful Sea—The only real attraction of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

Fanny—Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Big and bouncy and full of plot, the musical has some nice airs by Harold Rome and the services of such excellent performers as Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina is lithe and lovely in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, the Rodgers and Hart songs are still charming, and there is some nimble dancing, but the 1936 book shows painful symptoms of its great age. George Abbott is the director, George Balanchine did the choreography, and the cast includes Bobby Van, Elaine Stritch, Ben Astar, and Kay Coulter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to one of the best musicals around. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin is probably the most beguiling Peter you ever saw, and Cyril Ritchard gives her admirable support in this

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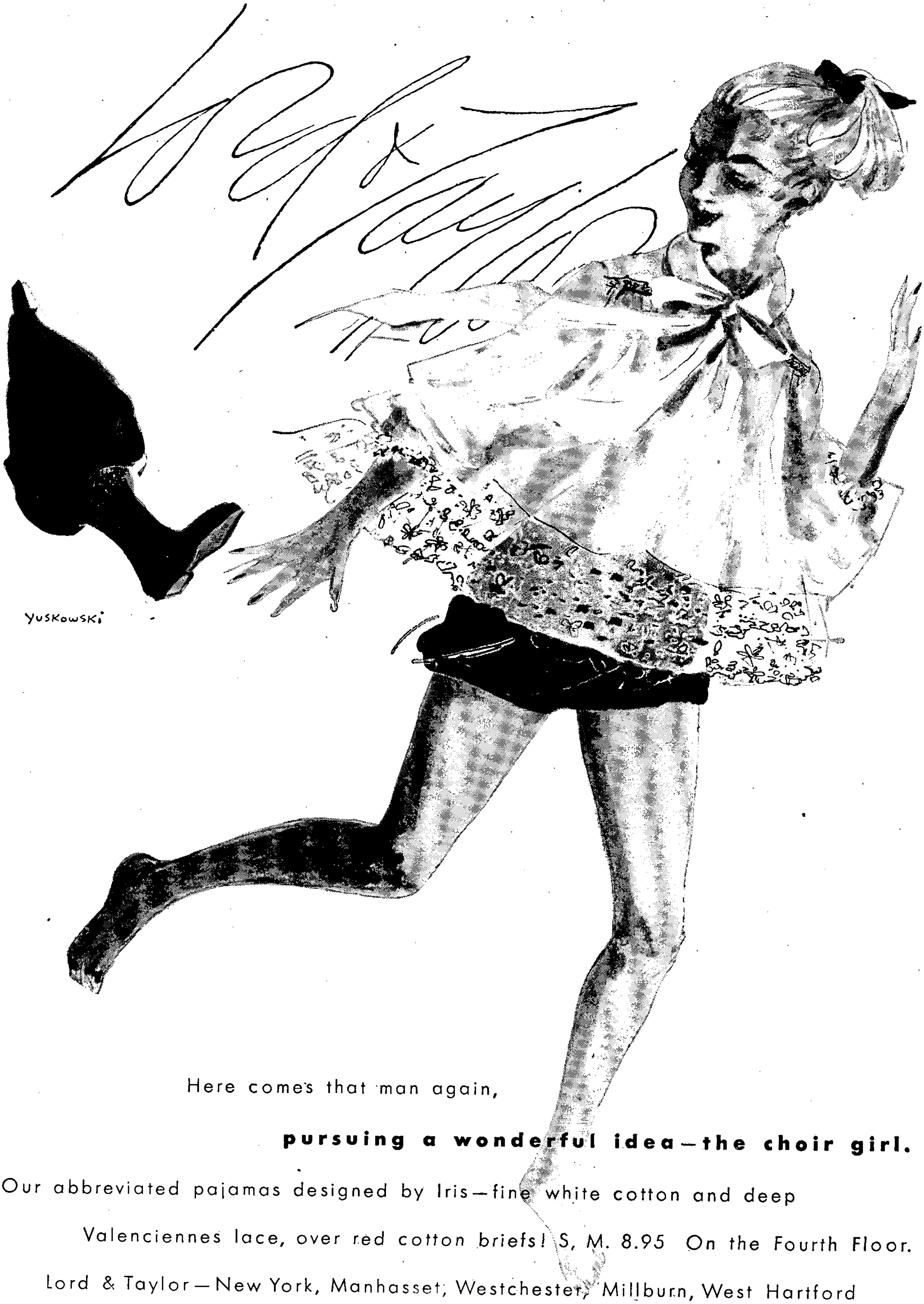

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

extremely stylish production. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—can-can: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **kismet:** An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake is a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mrs. Patterson—Eartha Kitt and Enid Markey in a play by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, with songs and incidental music by James Shelton. The producer is Leonard Sillman, the director Guthrie McClintic. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 1. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Hit the Trail—A musical with a book by Frank O'Neill, music by Frederico Valerio, and lyrics by Elizabeth Miele. Irra Petina, Robert Wright, and Paul Valentine head the cast. Presented by Miss Miele and staged by Charles W. Christenberry, Jr., and Byrle Cass. Opens Thursday, Dec. 2. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Nov. 26: "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sandhog," a musical play by Earl Robinson and Waldo Salt, based on Theodore Dreiser's short story "St. Columba and the River." Among those in the cast, under the direction of Howard Da Silva, are David Brooks, Jack Cassidy, Alice Ghostley, and Betty Oakes. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

President Theatre—"Sands of the Negev," an Israeli play (the first to be performed here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn. Celia Adler and Peter Capell head a cast directed by Boris Tumarin. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Grael. The cast, directed by Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Ballets Espagnols Teresa and Luisillo—The final performances in a four-week engagement of classical ballet and traditional and flamenco dances by a Spanish company. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez—In a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Dec 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

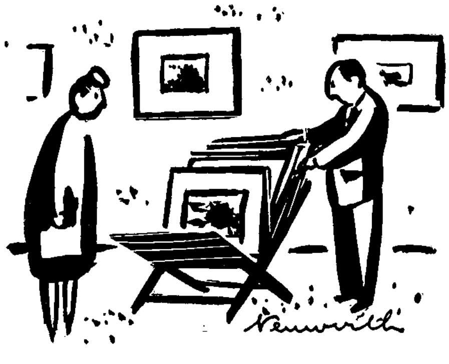
Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a gilded cage intended mostly for birds of paradise, vibrates gently as Jani Sarkozi's men do Viennese dinner music until ten. After that, Quintero's rumba-makers alternate with Chauncey Gray's band on some dance arrangements. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play water-hole music in an oasis called the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday (silent), and from seven to nine in the Madison Room every day but Saturday, Sunday, and Thanksgiving (shut). No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Things are pretty noisy in the Cotillion Room when Manuel Capetillo, his musicians, his twelve-man chorus, and Stanley Melba's band all get going at once. Since Spanish group songs are often as alike as Chinese waiters, however, the best part of this Mexican hay ride is the winged-foot flamenco dances of a mite named Rafael Ruiz, done to the quietly passionate guitar of Carlos Montoya. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson is home from London with some new songs, some new dances, some new witty sayings, a new leading man (Paul Methuen, a young Edwardian of vast charm and aplomb), and the best show of her long career. Ronnie Selby, her brilliant pianist, also gets into her act. This happens in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter's virtuoso dance band *cum* glee club keeps traffic moving smoothly betweentimes, and Mark Monte's boys chip in with cheerful music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.



Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Home-cooking-style dance tunes in the Grill, where, after all these years, Guy and his fellow-Lombardos are still tootling away. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, which is a trip to Europe in the royal suite of the Queen Mary, there is almost perpetual dancing to the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) the mostly French songs of Fernanda Montel, a stately fashion plate. On Thursday, Dec. 2, Rosalind Courtright will take over the soprano assignment. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Sauter-Finegan band, whose instrumentation and orchestration know no beaten path, is in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An unofficial annex of the Junior League, with a late curfew and a large visitors' gallery. Dancing to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A bouillabaisse of classic old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been seasoned with a spate of words (some of them better left unsaid) and some lively dances, and thus turned into a miniature musical comedy. The wittiest inmates are Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the most athletic are Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Even in evening dress, Patachou has a comfortable, housewifely way of doing her Gallic ballads. She's in the Empire Room, where the guests' dancing is paced by the lush strains of Nat Brandwynne's tiptop big band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A segment of the vast complex called Peacock Alley has piano by Alex Fogarty from six to twelve and dancing to Michael Zarin's orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's boys go it alone from six to midnight.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferryhouse, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

little club, 70 E. 55th St (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls, and a French troubadour by the prankish name of L'Apache sings. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator. . . . **weylin room**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts a deft and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music Sundays. . . . **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except Sundays, Addison Bailey devises bland piano

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): From nine o'clock on, Eddie Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, manipulates his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style piano at cocktails, and Tommy Hughes does the honors in a more local idiom at the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **CHEZ CARLO,** 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): From five-thirty to ten, except Sundays, Norbert Faconi does swoon violin from table to table, and after that there is a meandering musicale principally involving the rich voice of Stephen Ballarini. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Caribbean sun worshippers might like to know that this season Louis Hawkins, pianist and town crier, is wintering here instead of in the Virgin Islands. His establishment, a beachhead on the seacoast of Bohemia, offers his own perky music and the more romantic piano of Bob Printz from seven on. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Betty Kean, who can be feminine even when she's working on a cigar, and her sister Jane leave no one's dignity unturned. There is other fine fooling by Myron Cohen, a reformed Seventh Avenue boy. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): If you want to come up and see Mae West sometime, your last chance is Saturday, Nov. 27. Until then, she'll be undulating through (1) an old Krafft-Ebing case history, and (2) a herd of faintly nervous young musclemen in their B.V.D.s. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

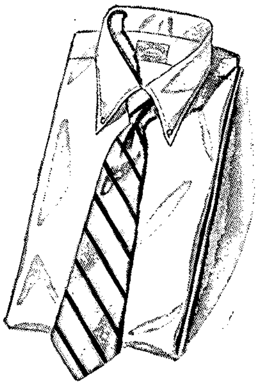
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The newest, and possibly funniest, news analyst in town is Mort Sahl, a West Coast boy who can detect a silver lining under the darkest cloud. Other merriment is provided by Jonathan Winters and his gallery of American cads and cards; shimmering romance is provided by the ballads of Susan Johnson, a girl with a future. Perhaps the royal nonesuch of the season is the almost flesh-and-blood puppet show of George La Faye, whose tiny charges have an elfin wit. Behind them all is the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The incomparable Irwin Corey does a knockabout Drama Quartet in which Shakespeare comes out a badly beaten second-best, and Dorothy Loudon applies a wonderfully tongue-in-cheek treatment to some Tin Pan Alley sitting ducks. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the one-of-a-kind Norman Paris Trio is the backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The strong man of this tiny nation is Robert Clary, whose songs, dances, and funny sayings are all spellbinders. Ruth Price is the new house canary. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and now and then a few songs or a few jokes by someone or other. Herb Corey, an old hand in these parts, tells his jokes every night but Monday, aided by a foil named Mildred Cook. Ancient movies are added Sundays;

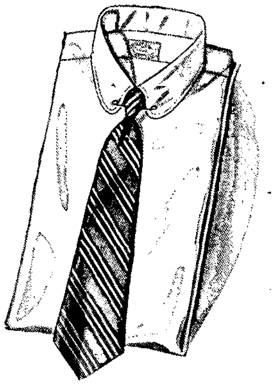
amateur nights are added Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic review by Mabel Mercer. The words and music are the work of the Alec Wilder-Bart Howard school of lieder. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis offers up his soothing and knowing piano intermezzos. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The mood is catch-as-catch-can and audience-participation. The professional portion of the friskiness is produced by the ageless battering-ram named Mae Barnes, who goes through a song like Sherman through Georgia; by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, however, apt to stray too far off bounds; by the *Walpurgisnacht* music of the Three Flames, led by Tiger Haines; by Jimmie Daniels, whose lyrics are mostly man-about-town; by Marion Colby, a remarkably pretty nightingale; and by Bruce Kirby, the local utility outfielder. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boîtes,* and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. The chirping is done by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, two little crickets with some great ideas about dual-tone jazz. Closed Sundays.

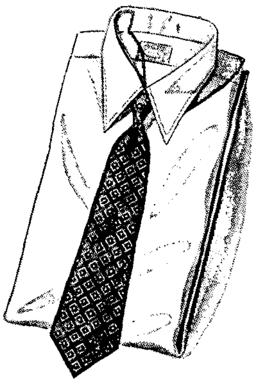
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials are blowing their tops without let or hindrance in a three-cheers-for-Dixie groove. They are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. In between, Ted Roy knocks off solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This comfortable music hall has Hazel Scott, all baubles and bubbles, playing warm piano against a two-man background, as well as the deft and introspective quartet of Don Elliot. They check in at nine. Sundays, Jack Elliot, a nimble modernist, has the piano and the room to himself. He, too, sports a two-man background. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Always good potluck here. Through Sunday, Nov. 28, for instance, there'll be Woody Herman and his dynamic Third Herd, the intricate but jovial piano of Erroll Garner (backed by bass and drums), and the voice of Lea Mathews. On Tuesday, Nov. 30, Duke Ellington's mighty band and Don Shirley's little duo will take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's acolytes, among them Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, Don Kirkpatrick, and George Foster, play jazz as it was in the beginning and as they hope it ever shall be. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Cy Coleman and his new trio keep this amiable bandbox nice and cool from ten o'clock on. They're off Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The listening hipsters' temperatures often run as high as the progressive performers'. Right now, the cats' miaows are supplied by the stylish voice of Sarah Vaughan, Lester Young's quintet, and Bonnemere's mambo sextet. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, everybody but Miss V. bows out, to be replaced next evening by Johnny Smith's quartet and a quintet topped by Eddie Davis and Billy Root. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, all good men and true, are on display after six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and after five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 28, Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five will be dropping in from Princeton to serve as the afternoon undergraduate guests. No







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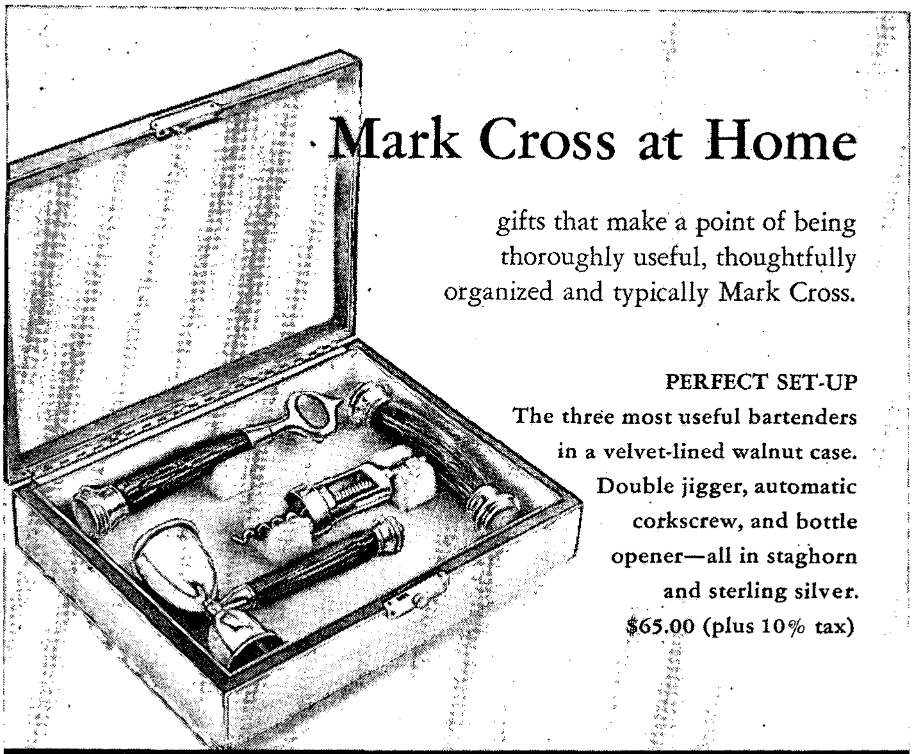

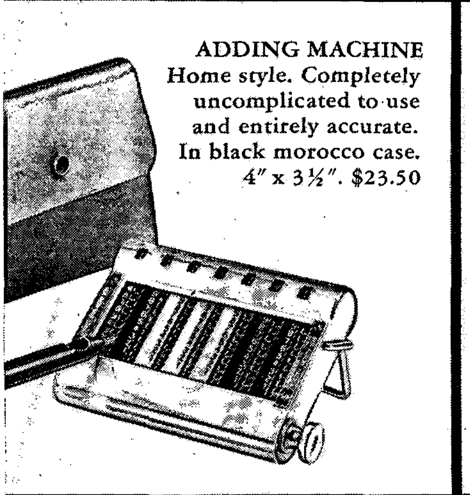

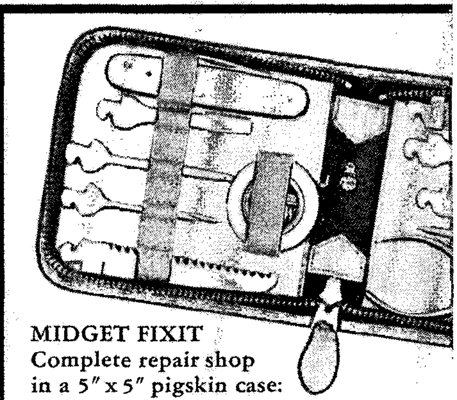

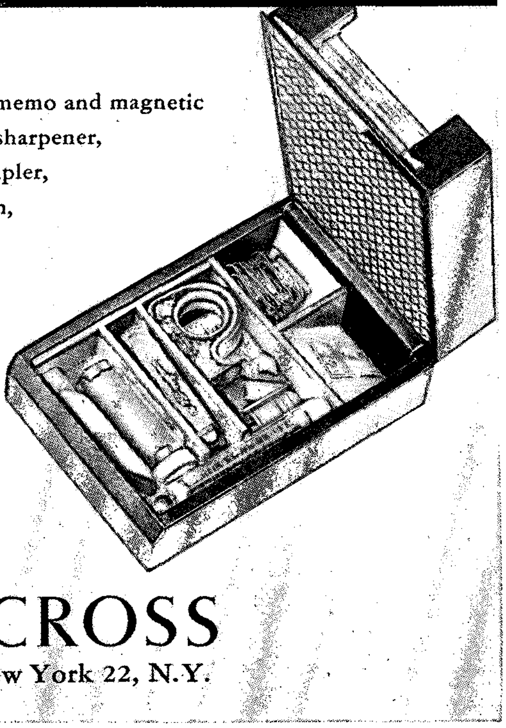

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music Mondays. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is modern without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. Alternating with her on piano is Johnny Mehegan, a jazz poet with a complex turn of phrase quite his own. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison, seated at a concert grand, and two colleagues are turning out the slow, steady, easy jazz for which they are famous. They start at nine-thirty. Joe Moon is the interlude pianist. No music Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A startlingly accurate replica of a prewar West Coast the-fleet's-in saloon, with a back-bar shelf from which issues, starting at 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) some of the merriest, damnedest, most ear-splitting Dixieland ever heard. Five jazz bands, three of them loosely commanded by Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, and Bud Freeman (and including Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Zutty Singleton, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, and Russell Moore), shuffle across this shelf during a rather long day that ends at 3 A.M. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Thursday and Friday, Nov. 25-26, as well as Sunday, Nov. 28, the cats (mostly Kilkenny) on parade should include Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, Pee Wee Russell, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Joe Sullivan, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Snub Mosely, Frank Orchard, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, it is promised, the huffing and puffing will be supplied by Charlie Shavers, Tyree Glenn, Johnny Windhurst, Cecil Scott, Art Trappier, and Willie the Lion Smith.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day, except as noted. Most of the museums will be open Thanksgiving Day, a few at special hours, as indicated.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Landscapes in water color, all done with a kind of overlay of engaging fairy-tale imagery; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Abstractions, grave and austere in design, based on themes of New Orleans and elsewhere; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Landscapes, principally in Maine and the West Indies; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Eleven oils, for the most part large abstractions, painted during the last two years and on view for the first time; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Figures as seen in various landscapes are the dominant subjects of this group of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day from 1 to 5.)

TOM HARDY—A selection of sculptures and drawings dealing primarily with animals; through Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—A one-man show of recent oils; through Dec. 11. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

ILONKA KARASZ—An exhibit of fifty original covers done for *The New Yorker* during the past twenty-five years; through Dec. 11. (Galerie De Braux, 131 E. 55th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—New sculptures in hammered and welded metal, very clean in their handling and fresh in their conception; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DE HIRSH MARGULES—Water colors painted on Cape Cod in 1948, shown for the first time

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in New York; through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

Zygmunt Menkes—Figures, still-lifes, and interior scenes, painted in oils by this Polish artist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Henry Moore—A selection of thirty-two bronze sculptures, mostly figures, in addition to drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract and representational terra-cotta sculptures, done during the artist's visits to Japan from 1931 to 1953; through Jan. 8. (The Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Rudy Pozzatti—A first one-man exhibition by an artist who uses oils and water colors with an encouraging, if at times frankly experimental, versatility; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Wallace Putnam—Oils, done in both abstract and representational styles; through Dec. 11. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Frederic Remington—Both paintings and bronzes, largely of the West, loaned by the Remington Art Memorial, in Ogdensburg, N.Y.; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Mitchell Siporin—Twelve oils and four drawings, many of them showing the influence of his year in Italy, make up the artist's current show; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Vlaminck—About two dozen oils painted in his "blue period," between 1908 and 1914; through Dec. 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Old Master Drawings—The Durlacher Gallery's eighteenth annual exhibit of drawings, ranging in date from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, by Jordaens, Canaletto, William Blake, and many others; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (11 E. 57th St.)

Allied Artists of America—Robert Brackman, Cecil Larson, and Frank Klein are among the artists who have works in the Forty-first Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Painting and Sculpture; through Dec. 5. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Europeans; Group Show—Mondrian, Severini, and Braque are some of the artists represented in this show of works in a variety of mediums; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

French; Group Shows—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: French paintings by contemporary artists, among them Bonnard, Utrillo, and Chagall; through Dec. 31.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A well-selected showing of paintings and other works by Jean Arp, Matisse, Miró, Picasso, and other modern masters; through Monday, Nov. 29.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Over thirty French eighteenth-century paintings by Chardin, Watteau, Hubert Robert, and others, arranged by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts for the benefit of their education program; through Dec. 11.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Ralph Dubin; starting Monday, Nov. 29.... ¶ Christmas shows at the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; starting Wednesday, Dec. 1. **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, Nov. 30.... ¶ Other group shows at the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; starting Tuesday, Nov. 30. **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.; starting Friday, Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.) **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; starting Monday, Nov. 29.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred Dutch masterpieces (Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others) loaned, primarily, by European museums and private collectors; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A dis-

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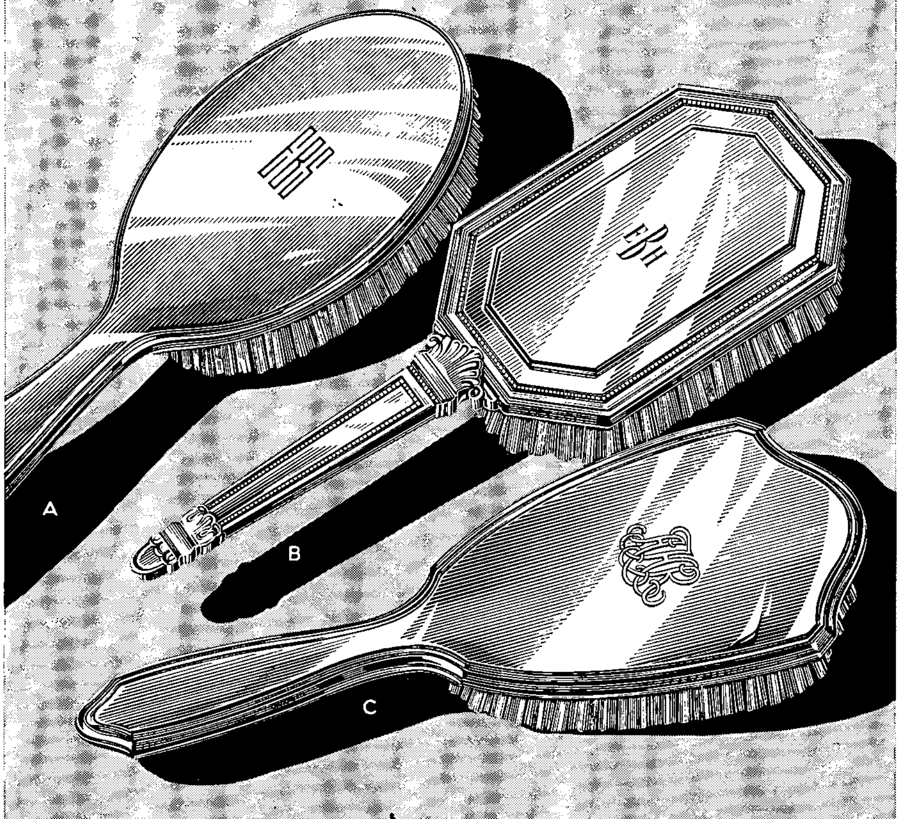

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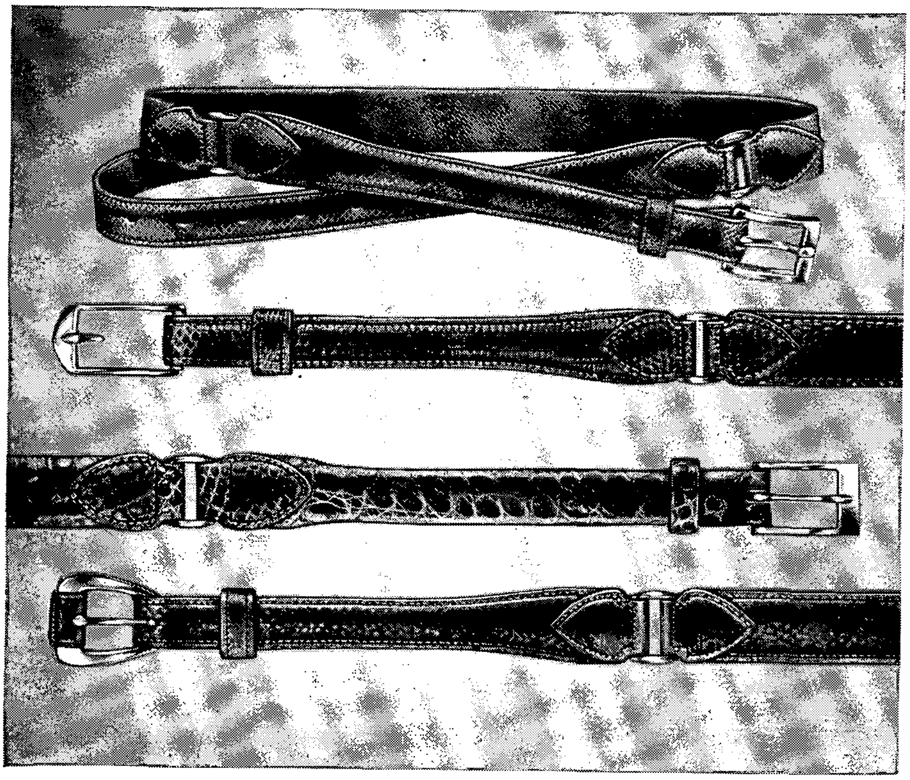

PARIS

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play, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, Degas, and a number of other French Impressionists, in a show of paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914, has been extended through Dec. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Spiral Group's ninth anniversary show, with paintings by sixteen of its members, among them Hyde Solomon, Gertrude Shibley, and Job Goodman; starting Sunday, Nov. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Over a hundred American paintings and sculptures, owned by Roy and Marie Neuberger, dating from 1910 to the present, and ranging in style from realistic to non-objective. Among the artists are Alexander Calder, Lyonel Feininger, and Charles Sheeler. Through Dec. 19. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, Frank Guarrera, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Herta Glaz, Paul Schoeffler, Kurt Boehme, and Hans Hopf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Margaret Roggero, Eugene Conley, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Thelma Votipka, and Richard Tucker; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, Robert Merrill, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 29, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Dolores Wilson, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, Frank Guarrera, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, Ettore Bastianini, and Luben Vichey. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Lisa Della Casa, Eugene Conley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Giacinto Prandelli, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Margaret Roggero, Heidi Krall, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Andrea Chenier," with Zinka Milanov, Herta Glaz, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, Leonard Warren, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Herva Nelli, Mildred Miller, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Hebrew National Orphan Home.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting on Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:45 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting on Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30 (with Isaac Stern, violin, and Leonard Rose, cello). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin); and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:45 (with Clifford Curzon, piano).

CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA OF AMSTERDAM—The second of two concerts, this one conducted by Rafael Kubelik. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

INDIANA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA AND SINGERS—Directed by Ernst Hoffman and Wilfred C. Bain. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Solo and choral cantatas, arias, and duets of Johann Sebastian Bach, performed by, among others, Eileen Farrell, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Julius Baker, flute; plus an orchestra and a chorus directed by Frank Brieff. The first in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

EUGENE LIST AND CARROLL GLENN—Piano and violin, with an ensemble. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ERNA SACK—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA—The second in a series of five concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music, this one devoted to music of the Spanish Renaissance. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:40.)

CONCERT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, with Arpad Sandor, piano, in a Hugo Wolf program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 5:30.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Leonard Rose, cello; Artur Balsam, piano; and the Kroll Quartet. The first in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Piano; the fourth of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Nov. 29, at 8:40.)

ALMA TRIO—The first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

DAVID BAR-ILLAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber Music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of five programs at Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ The first in a series of five programs at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, presenting a cycle of Beethoven string quartets. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

GIOVANNI BAGAROTTI—Playing the violin and conducting a chamber orchestra, in the second of three programs presenting a cycle of Mozart's violin concertos. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

JOHN SEBASTIAN—Harmonica, with a string quintet. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Quartetto Italiano will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 30, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERTS—D'Artega conducting an orchestra made up of sixty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. With Mildred Miller, soprano; Kurt Baum, tenor; and Rosa-Linda, piano. A benefit for the Morrisania

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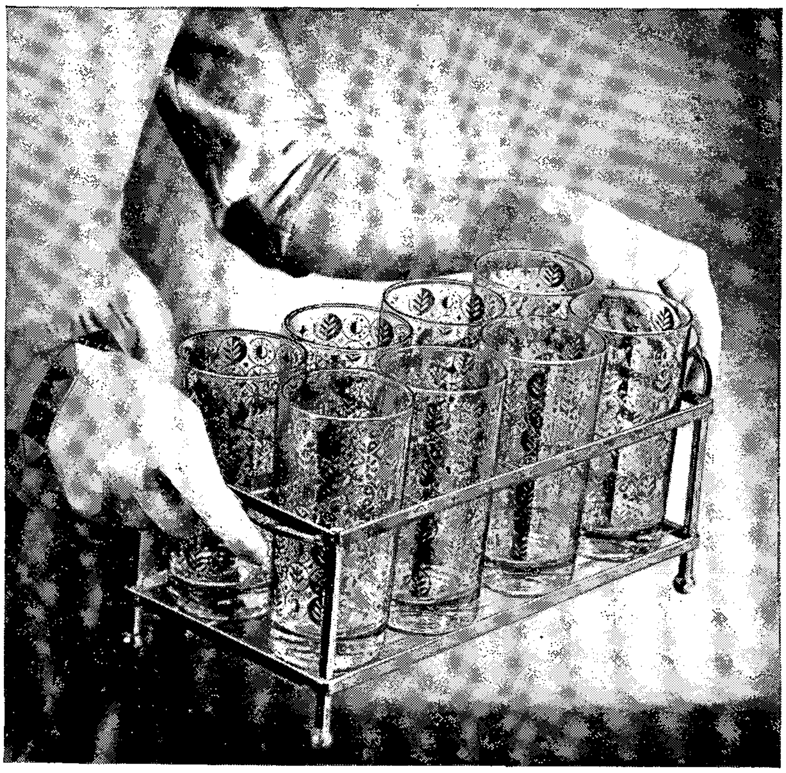

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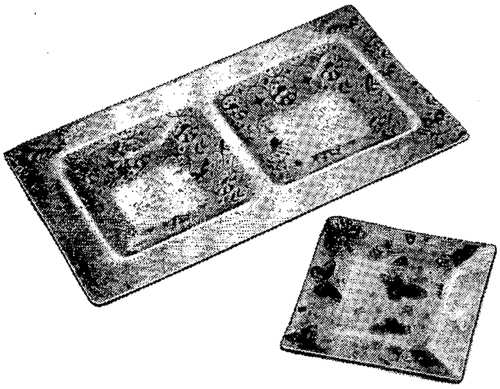

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Foundation for Medical Research. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Nell Rankin, contralto; Vera Franceschi, piano; Jerome Hines, bass; and Giacinto Prandelli, tenor. A benefit for the pension fund of the Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Monday, Nov. 29, at 2:30. For tickets, call EL 5-3100, Apt. 37-H.) . . . ¶ A program of French music in honor of the centenary of Ernest Chausson's birth, performed by Robert Casadesus, piano, and Zino Francescatti, violin, with the Guilet Quartet. A benefit for the American Library in Paris. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

College Jazz—The Williams College Spring Street Stompers and Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five, from Princeton University. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at midnight.)

Caribbiana—The Calypso Singers and others in a program of West Indian folk music and dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 26: Percy Bassett vs. Teddy Davis, featherweights, 12 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3: Orlando Zulueta vs. Frankie Ryff, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—THANKSGIVING DAY: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 27 (all at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Villanova, at the Polo Grounds.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 28: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 1: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Saturday, Dec. 4. The J. B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Robert Notkoff, thirteen-year-old violinist, and Max Leavitt, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Anna Russell, narrator. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Plays—By the Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 1, and 2:40, and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3:30.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Cobbler," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28. . . . ¶ "Heidi," starting Saturday, Dec. 4. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "The Nuremberg Stove." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Exhibition of Books and Manuscripts—Over three hundred items, including the dedication manuscript (1695) of the "Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Tales of Mother Goose"), and a copy of the first edition in English (1729), as well as other notable manuscripts, such as "Tom Sawyer," "Penrod," "Ivanhoe," and "Rip van Winkle," each accompanied by the first printed edition. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Knock on Wood," with Danny Kaye. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

Exhibits—Electric trains, laid out in a way to inspire awe in man or boy. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . ¶ American Flyer trains, Erector models (a Ferris wheel and a parachute jump, for instance), plus numerous scientific displays that young visitors can set in motion by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Closed Thanksgiving Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown on WCBS-TV Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays (except Thanksgiving Day) from 5 to 5:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays from 5:15 to 5:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

Poetry and Drama Readings—Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," read by a company of actors that includes Uta Hagen, Philip Bourneuf, and Frederick Worlock. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ E. E. Cummings, reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:40.)

International Winter Sports Show—Exhibits from Scandinavia, Switzerland, New England, and many other spots; demonstrations by international sportsmen; and displays of winter fashions. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, noon to 10; through Sunday, Nov. 28.)

New York Comes of Age, 1789-1825—Life in the city, from Washington's inauguration to the opening of the Erie Canal. Several completely furnished period rooms are on view, along with costumes; books, newspapers, and letters; models of the U.S.S. Constitution and other ships; drawings and paintings of the city; and objects illustrating the beginnings of the theatre in the city. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors. Starting Wednesday, Dec. 1, there will be a new show, "Christmas 'Round the World." (Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 1:45: Examples of Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite cabinetwork; Spode, Rockingham, Chelsea, and Dr. Wall Worcester porcelains; two Oriental Lowestoft dinner services, circa 1790; Georgian and other silver; and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portrait miniatures, engravings of armor, prints, and a few paintings. Owned by Mrs. Stephen Bowen, Mrs. Paul Hugo Meyer, and others.

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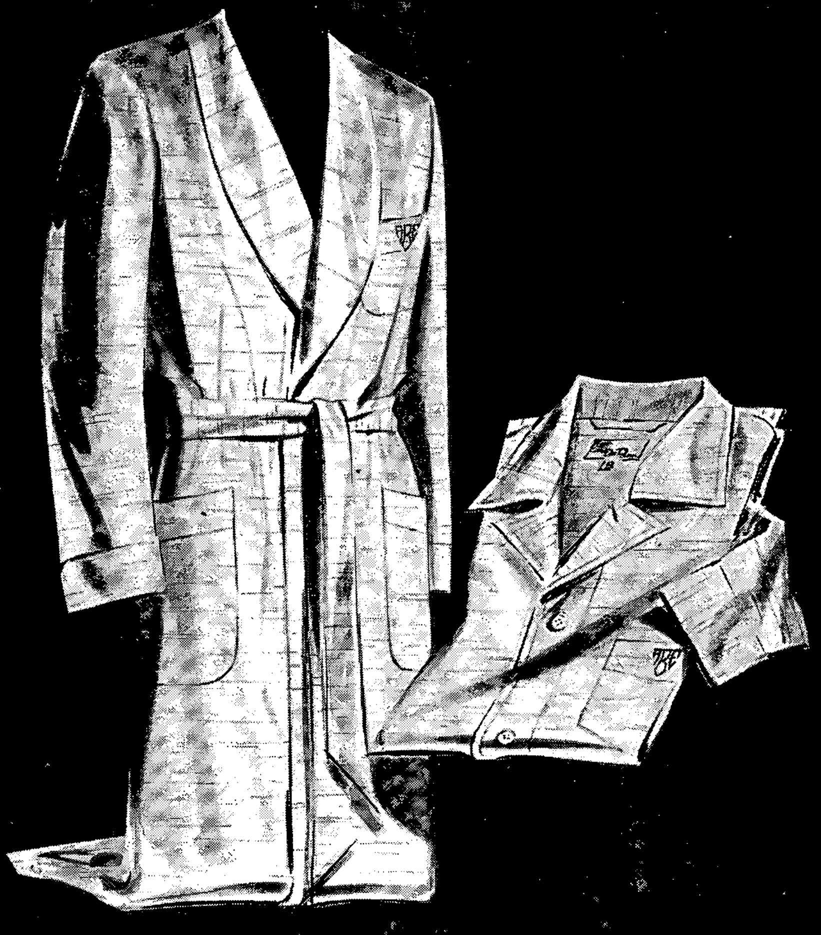

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS—An amusing Italian film that treats with levity the problem of a middle-aged marshal of the police who loses his head over a village doxy. Vittorio De Sica is wonderful as the smitten policeman, and Gina Lollobrigida makes a handsome foil for him as the maiden. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

CARMEN JONES—An all-Negro cast in Oscar Hammerstein's relentlessly folksy version of the Bizet opera. The plot has been changed around quite a bit, often to no advantage. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers, but the voices they seem to be raising in song are really those of Marilynn Horne and LeVern Hutcherson, and they are splendid. The eminent Pearl Bailey is on hand, too, and singing for herself. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

THE HEART OF THE MATTER—An English adaptation of the Graham Greene novel dealing with an African policeman who twists his principles out of shape in order to show pity for his wife and his mistress. Not too long on logic, the picture is exciting a good deal of the time, with Trevor Howard making a fine, melodramatic figure of the upset cop. Elizabeth Allan is admirable as his wife, and so is Maria Schell, as his mistress. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

HIGH AND DRY—Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, all brought on when a native crew determines to deliver a cargo of household goods owned by an American shipping magnate who has severe misgivings about the whole project. Among the Scottish mariners in this English production are Alex Mackenzie, James Copeland, and Abe Barker, and pitted against them is Paul Douglas. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold, Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Macrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

ON THE WATERFRONT—A first-class picture, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, about love and brutality in New York's pier jungle. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

SABRINA—A somewhat labored gambol dealing with a chauffeur's daughter on Long Island who aspires to better things. Audrey Hepburn is perhaps overly ebullient as the ambitious young lady, but Humphrey Bogart is superb as a member of the insular *haut monde* who eventually wins her. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

THE VANISHING PRAIRIE—Coyotes, prairie dogs, buffaloes, whooping cranes, and an extensive and active assortment of other wildlife, trying to make a go of it on the lonely American prairie. A Walt Disney nature film, and quite impressive. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 1.)

REVIVALS

BACHELOR MOTHER (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 27.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

CASANOVA BROWN (1944)—Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright tangled up in baby-snatching. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Nov. 29-30. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Nov. 30.)

DEAD END (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 28-30.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 27.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (1939)—Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 1, tentative.)

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (1954)—Judy Holliday as a girl mad to get her name on billboards. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 27.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. A British picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 1, tentative.)

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (1948)—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various housing dilemmas. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 30-Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 1.)

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (1948)—Something about Colonial Ohio, well enacted by Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 28-30.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Dec. 1, tentative.)

THE WESTERNER (1940)—Plains, homesteaders, saloons, gun fights, and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 28-30.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Nov. 28: "Sherlock, Jr." (1924), with Buster Keaton; and an excerpt from "Doubling for Romeo" (1921), with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 29: Unreleased odds and ends—"Home Movies" (1920-40), "Technicolor Tests" (1922-35), "First Screen Tests" (1940-50), and "Test Shots" (1937); and "The Assassination of King Alexander" (1934), produced by Fox Movietone News. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
Through Nov. 28: "Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.
From Nov. 29: Theatre closed.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Last Time I Saw Paris," Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sitting Bull" (in CinemaScope), Dale Robertson, Mary Murphy.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 30: "Drum Beat" (in CinemaScope), Alan Ladd, Audrey Dalton.
From Dec. 1: "Track of the Cat," Robert Mitchum, Teresa Wright.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CARMEN JONES (in CinemaScope).

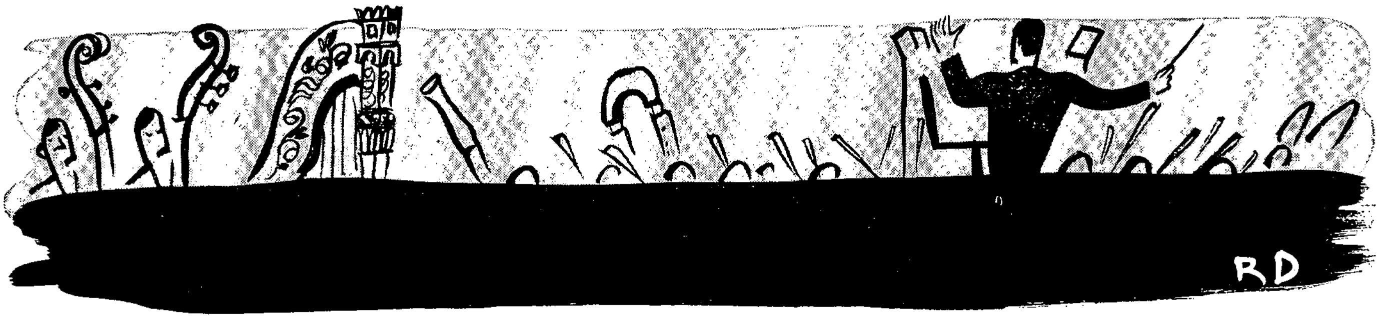
ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Désirée" (in CinemaScope), Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie.

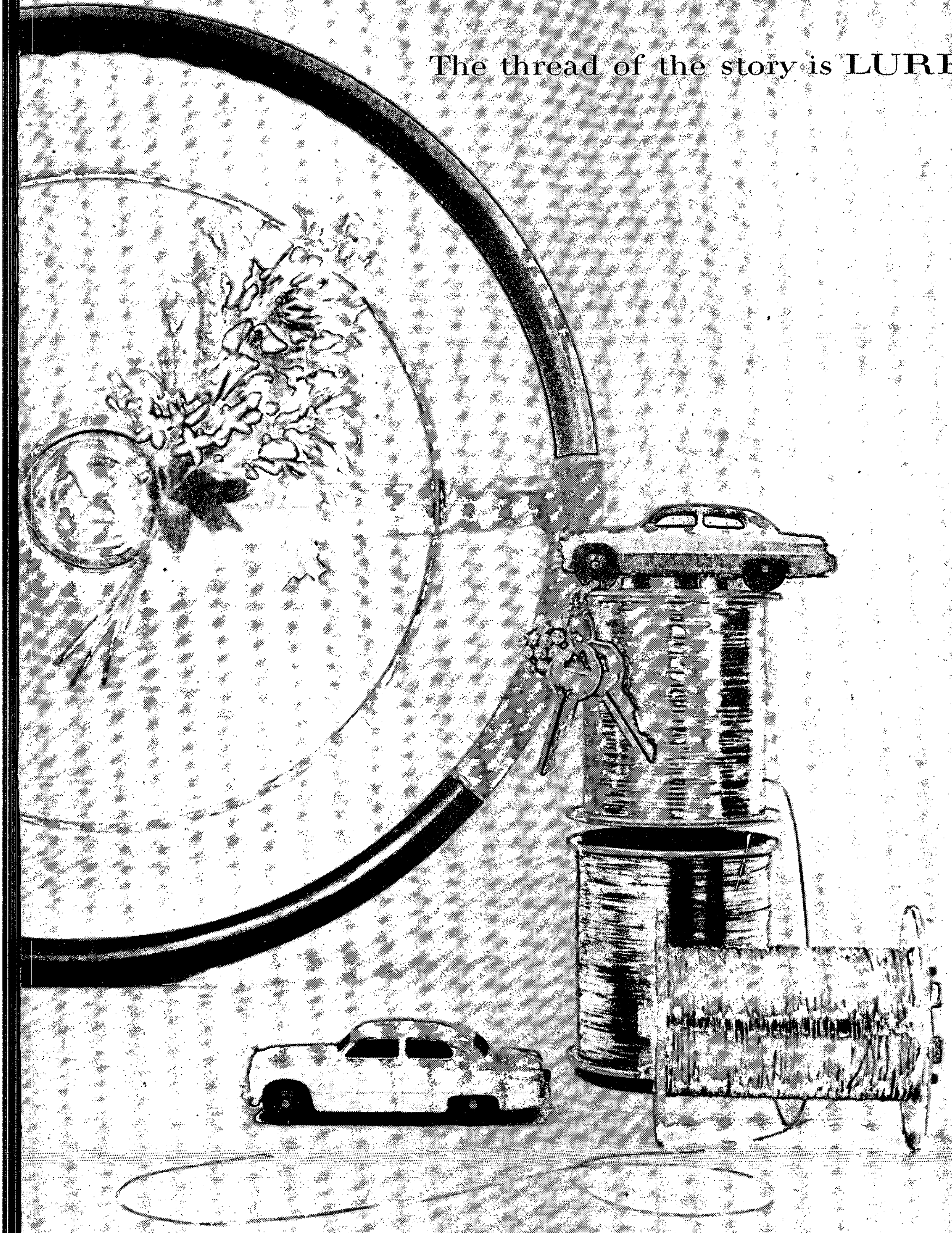
STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Phffft," Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Wednesdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Thanksgiving Day at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:30; Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Companions of the Night" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Raymond Pellegrin.





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You can see it now . . . Lurex® illuminating the magnificent upholstery of the smartest new cars of 1955. Known to you in fashion, in decorative fabrics . . . ask your dealer to show you how it has influenced automotive design . . . defining the daring sweep of a line, pointing up the quality of a color. Lurex, non-tarnishing metallic yarn made only by *The Dobeckmun Company, Cleveland 1, Ohio • New York: 350 Fifth Ave. • London • Amsterdam*

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A delight to be shared with the privileged few on your gift list. Slipover $17.95. Cardigan $24.95.

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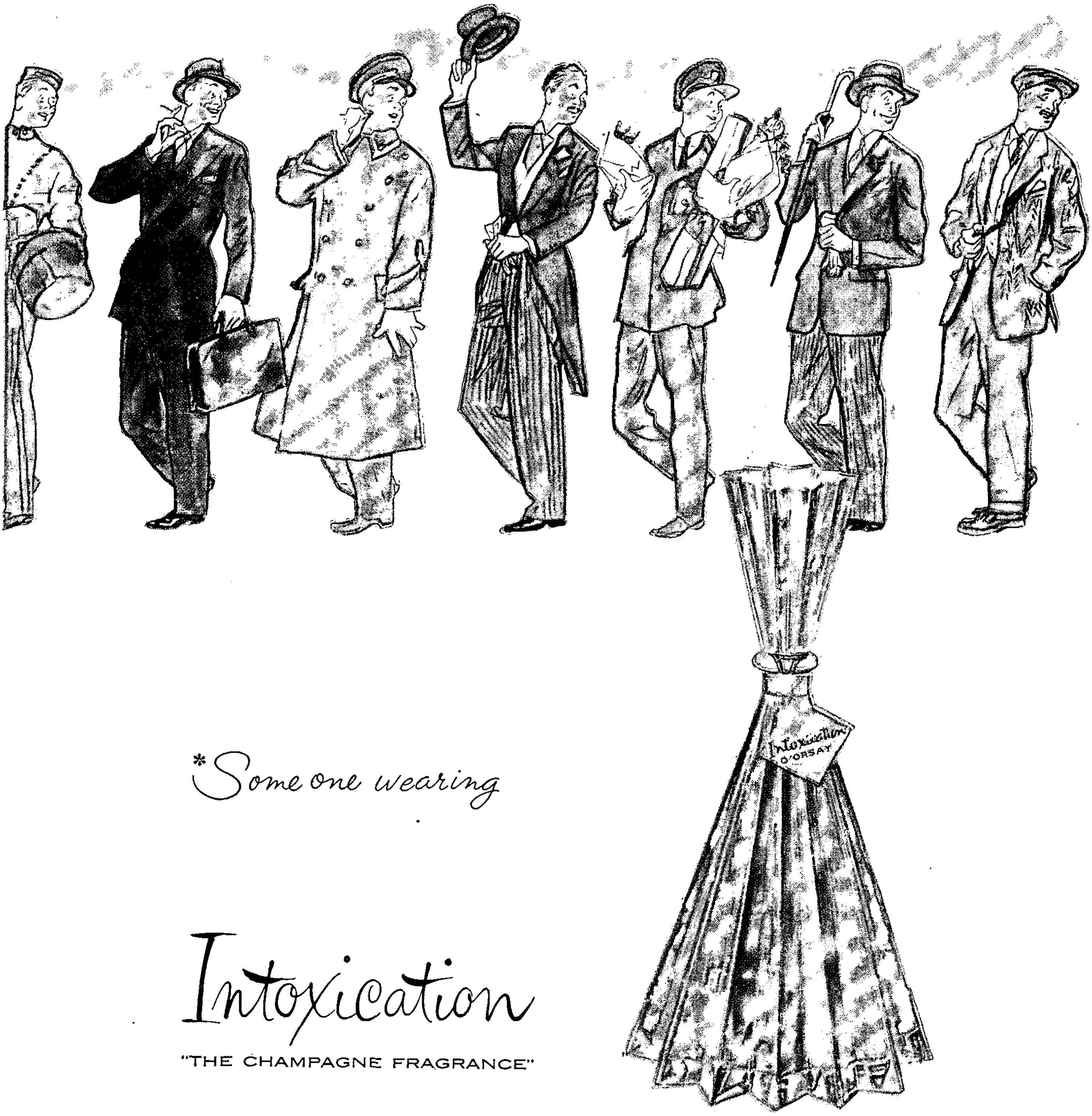
Intoxication
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*Some one wearing

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"THE CHAMPAGNE FRAGRANCE"

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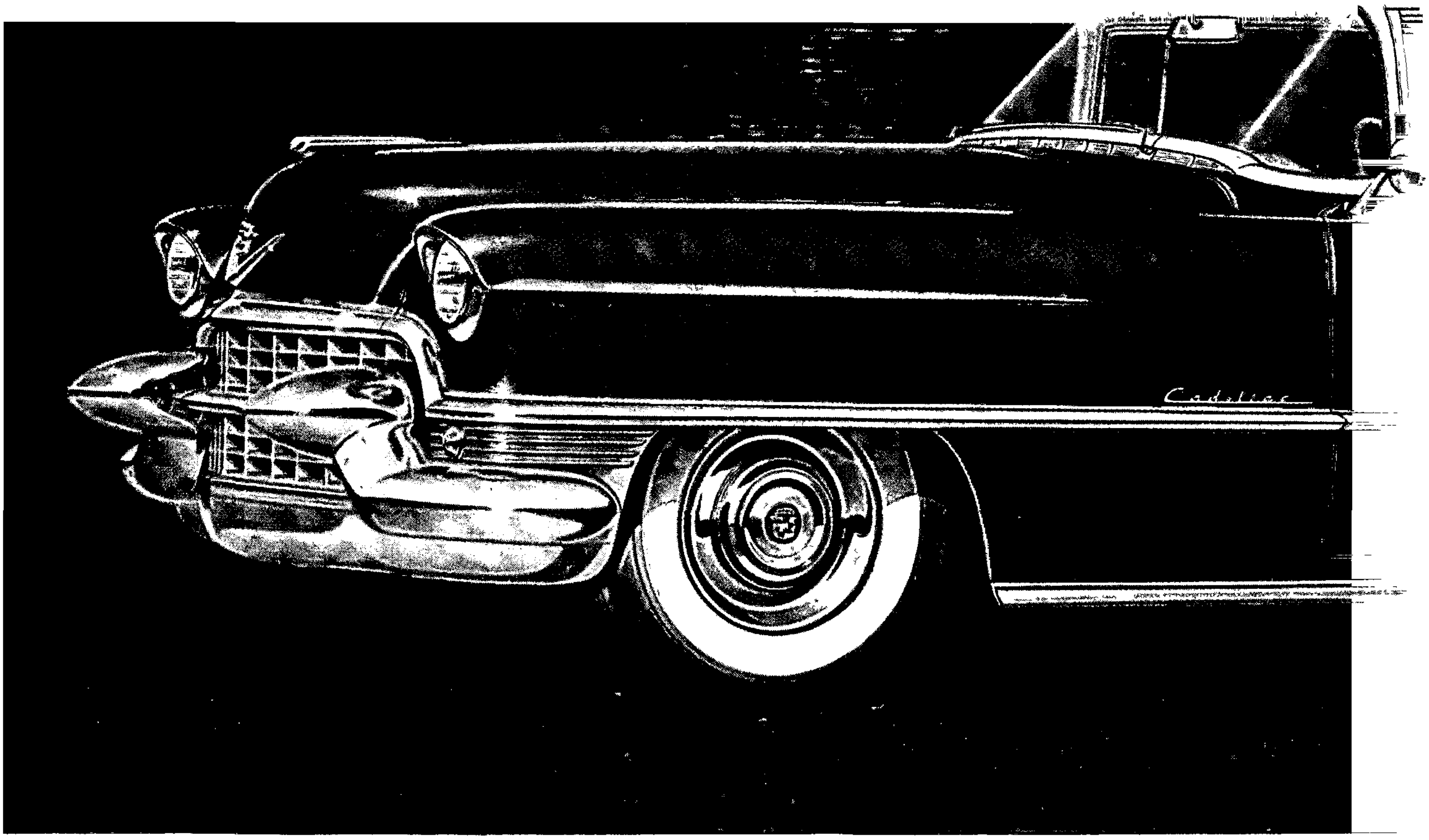

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THIS is the most significant announcement in our history!

For it introduces to the world's motorists Cadillac's greatest achievement in fifty-three years of motor car production—the 1955 Cadillac!

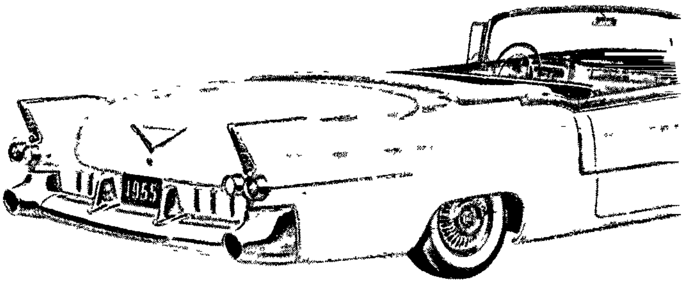
It is, beyond question, the most magnificent Cadillac of all time!

It is, as you can readily see, magnificent in beauty. Its new, jewel-like grille assembly . . . its new sculptured side treatment . . . its graceful new roof line . . . all add immeasurably to Cadillac's world-famous styling.

It is magnificent, too, in performance. There's a great new 250-h.p. engine . . . a refined Hydra-Matic Drive . . . advanced Cadillac Power Steering . . . and, as an option at extra cost, improved Cadillac Power Braking.

And it is magnificent in luxury. Its interiors are almost unbelievably beautiful . . . and each is offered in a wide selection of gorgeous new fabrics and leathers.

This, in summary, is the new Standard of the World—and it awaits your critical inspection now in our showroom. Stop in soon—for a personal appraisal of this great Cadillac masterpiece.



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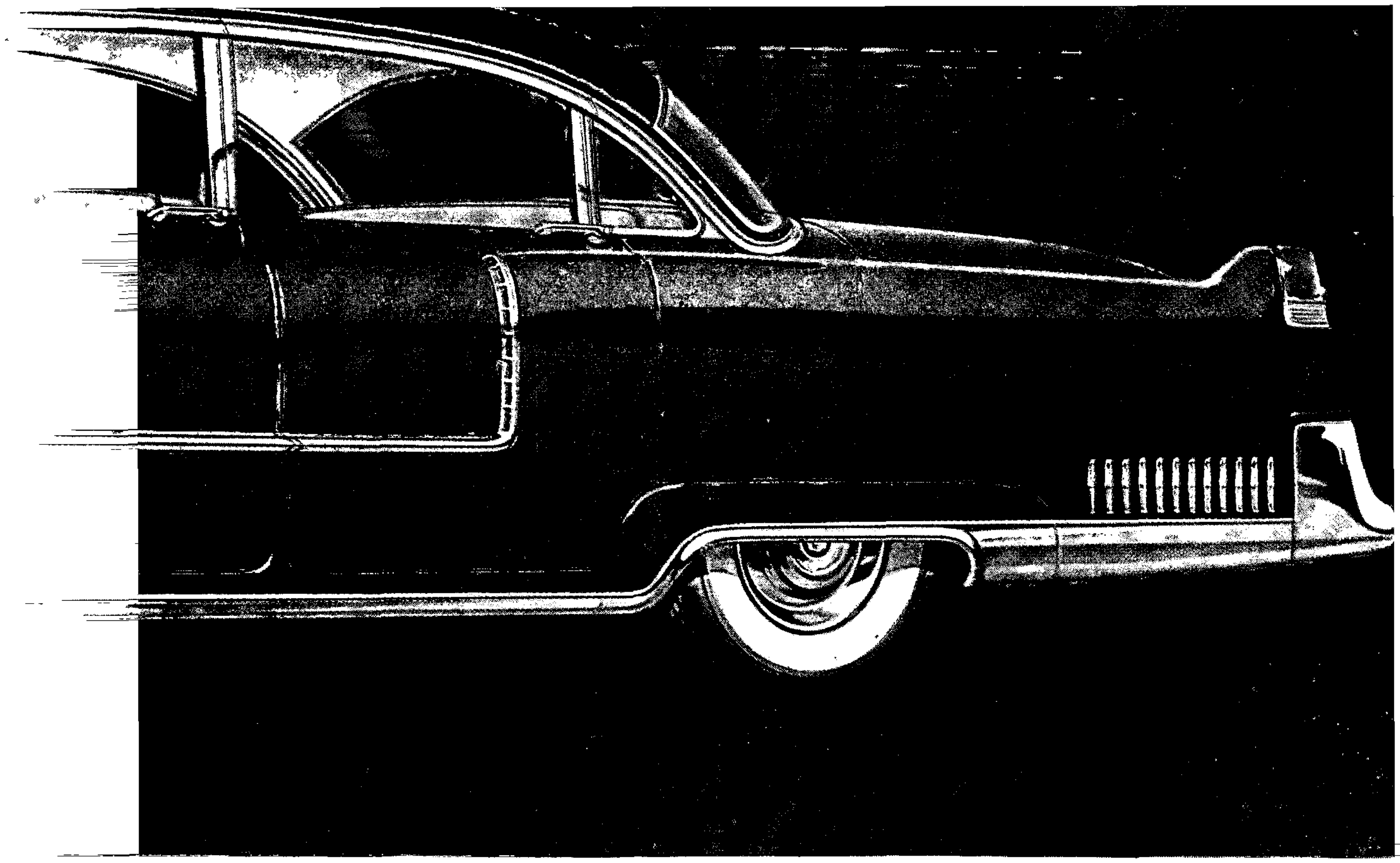

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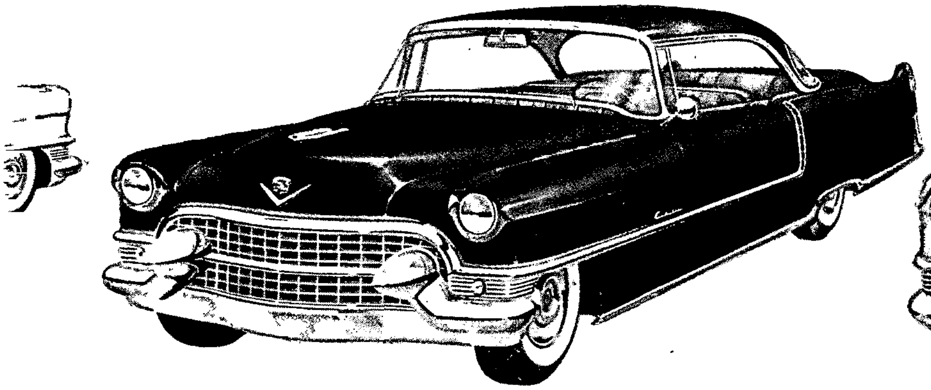
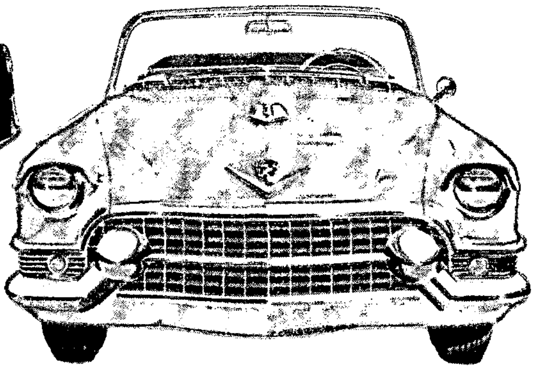
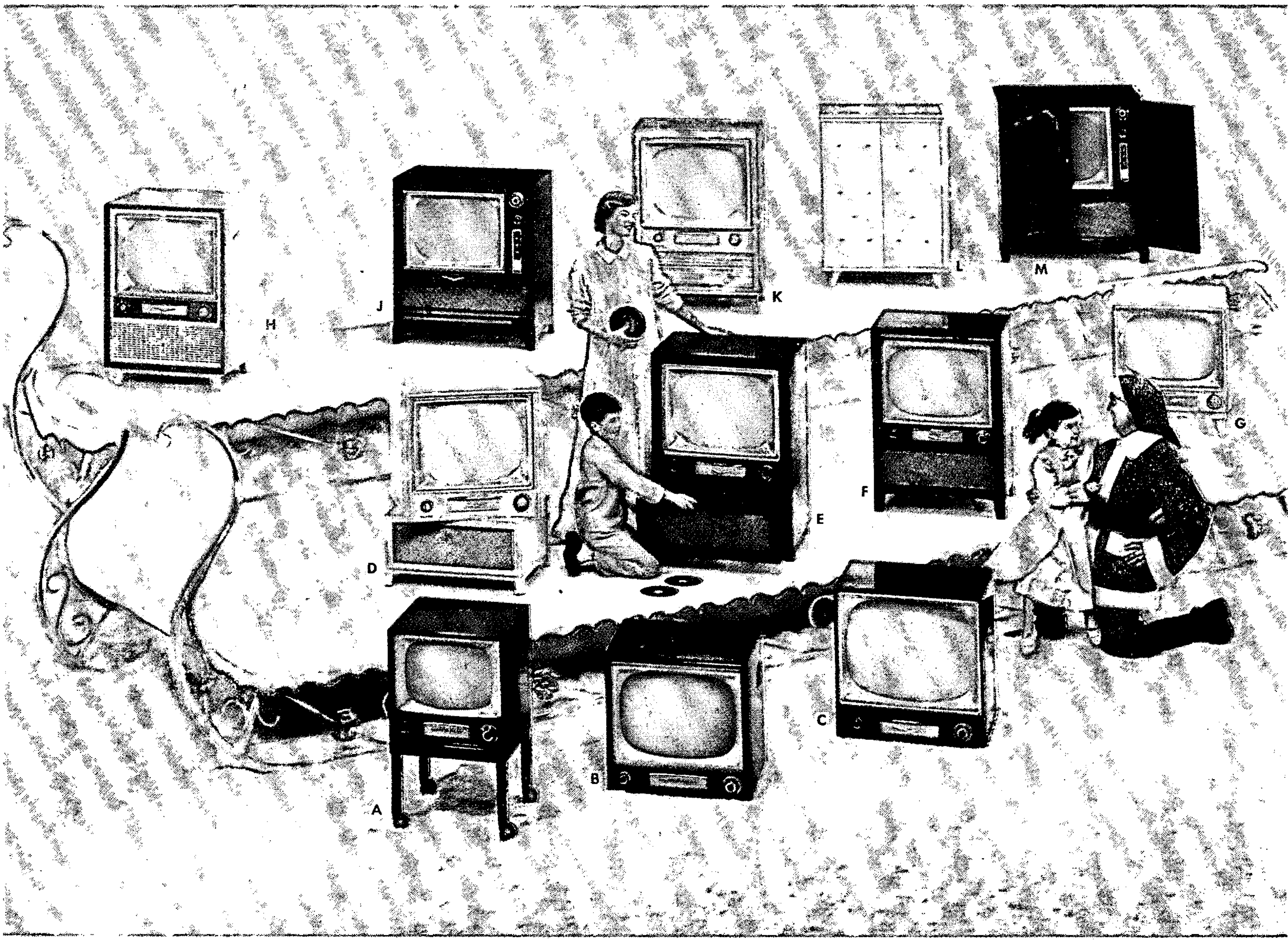


The dramatic Cadillac Coupe de Ville—offering the most colorful and breath-taking interiors of all time.



The inspiring Cadillac Convertible—an exciting and brilliant expression of the new Cadillac styling.

This Christmas give "our best" to the family
NEW RCA VICTOR TV



A 17-in. *Trent*, "Roll-Around" stand extra, 17S450, $149.95. **B** 21-in. *"Medallist 21"*, 21S501, $199.95. **C** 24-in. *Baylor*, 24S512, $299.95. **D** 21-in. *Carroll*, 3 speaker swivel model, 21S526, $369.50. **E** 21-in. *Gaynor*, TV-Radio-Phonograph Combination, 21S548, $399.50. **F** 21-in. *Trafton*, 21S518, $279.95. **G** 21-in. *Consolette*, 21S517, $249.95. **H** 21-in. *Benson*, 21S522, $339.50. **J** 21-in. *Pickford*, 21S523, $349.50. **K** 24-in. *Martel*, 24S532, $395. **L** 24-in. *Freemont Deluxe*, 24D543, $500. **M** 24-in. *Prentiss Deluxe*, 24D544, $500.

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(Right) Hawthorne, stadium coat, lined in Orlon pile, in sizes 36 to 46, about **$85.**

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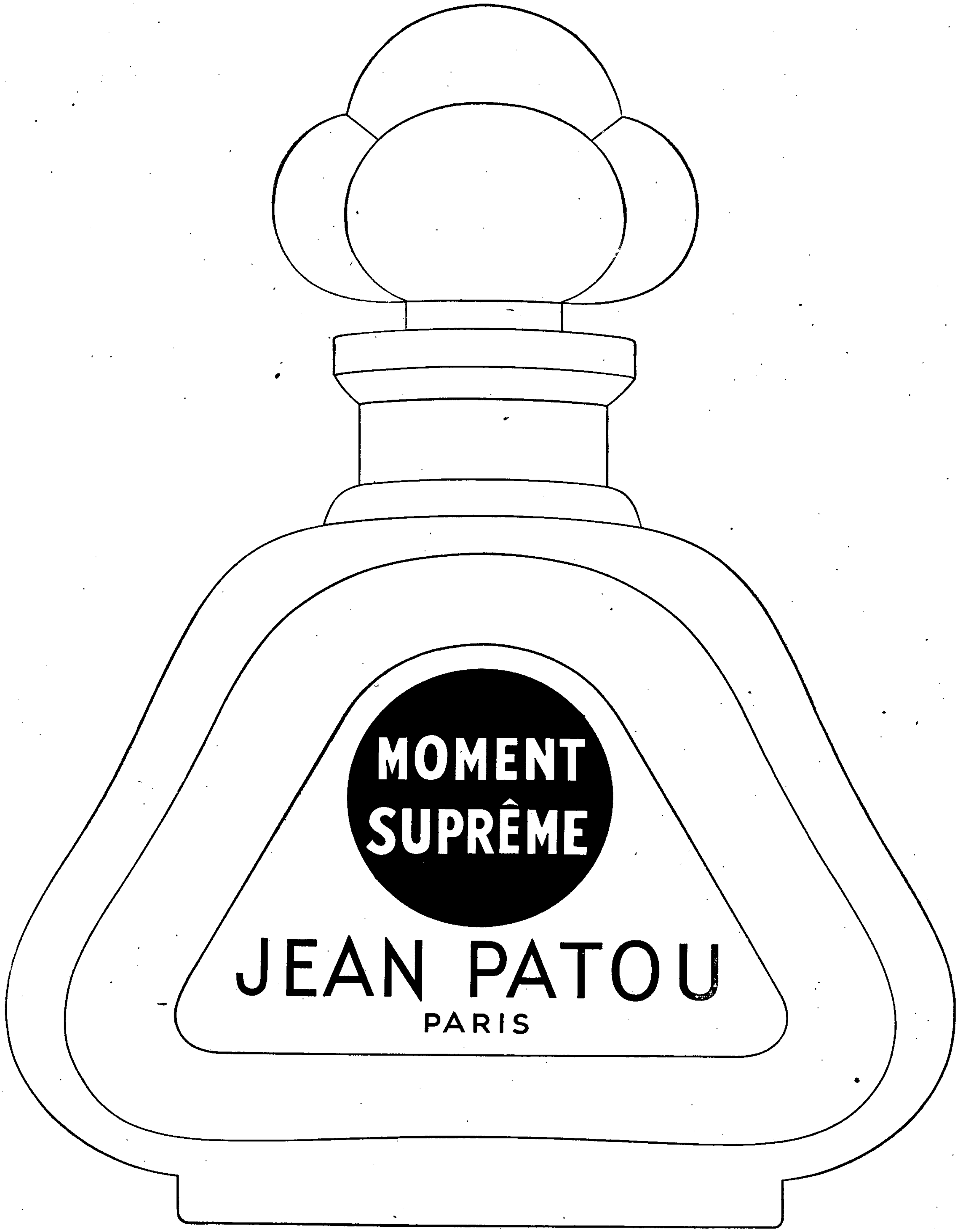
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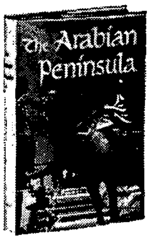

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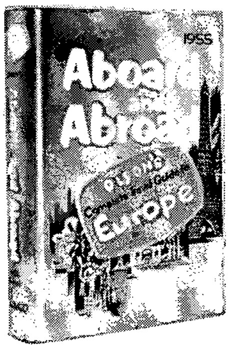

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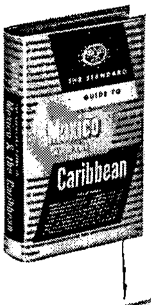

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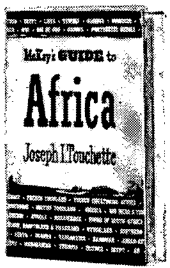

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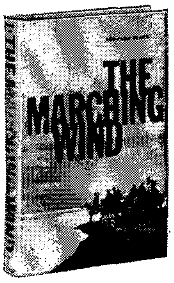

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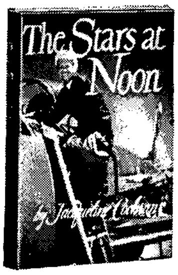

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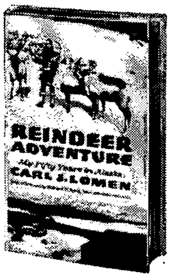

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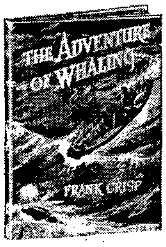

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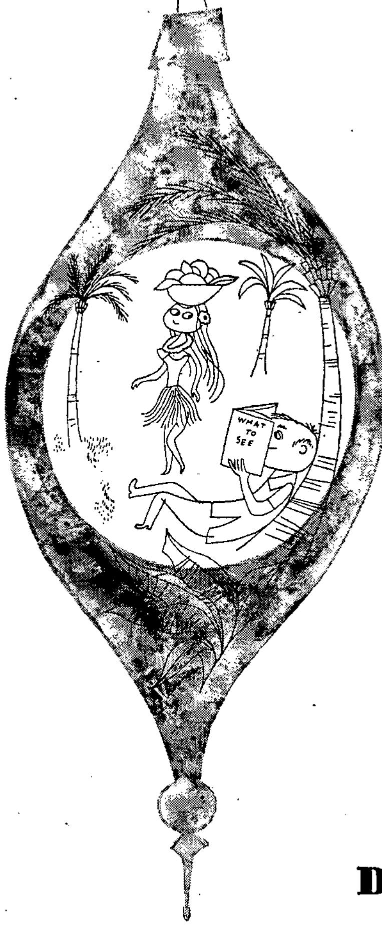

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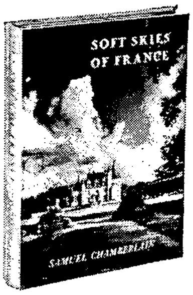

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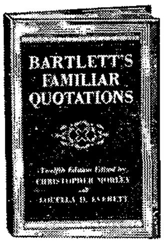

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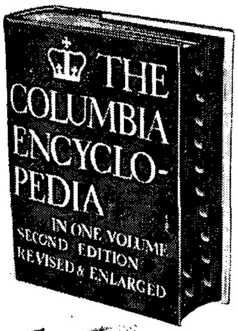

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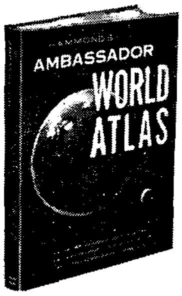

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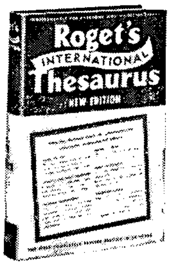

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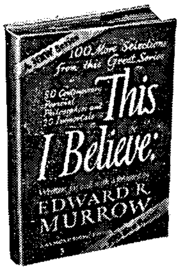

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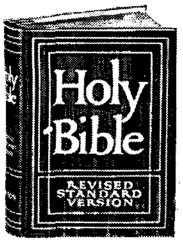

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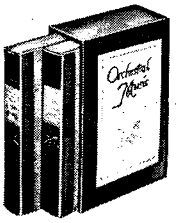

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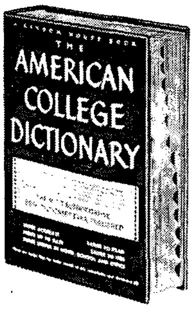

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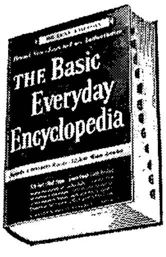

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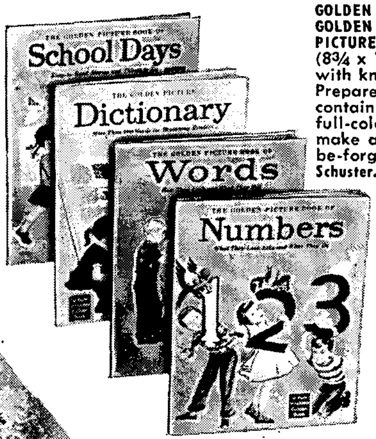

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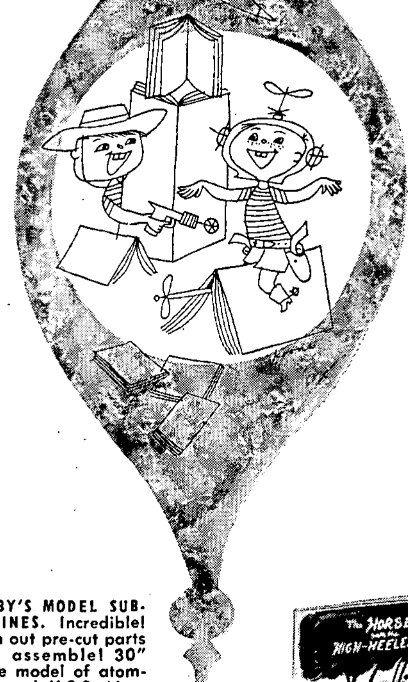

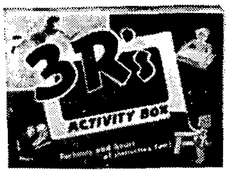

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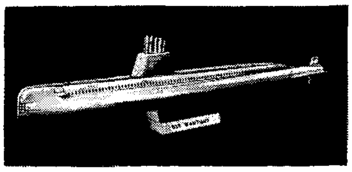

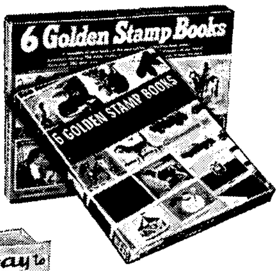

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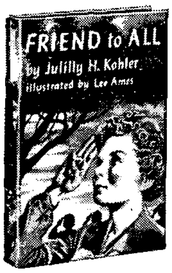
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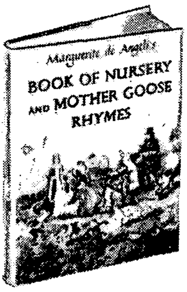
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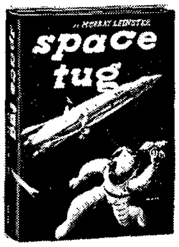
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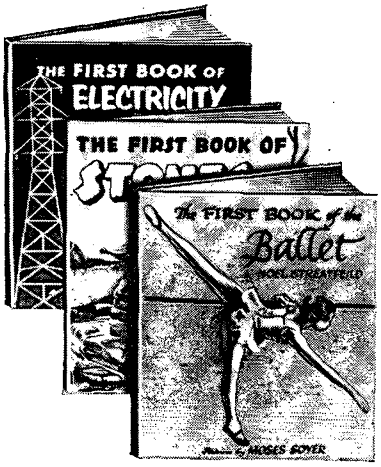
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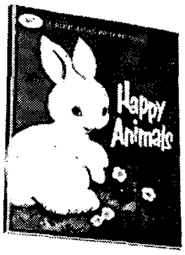
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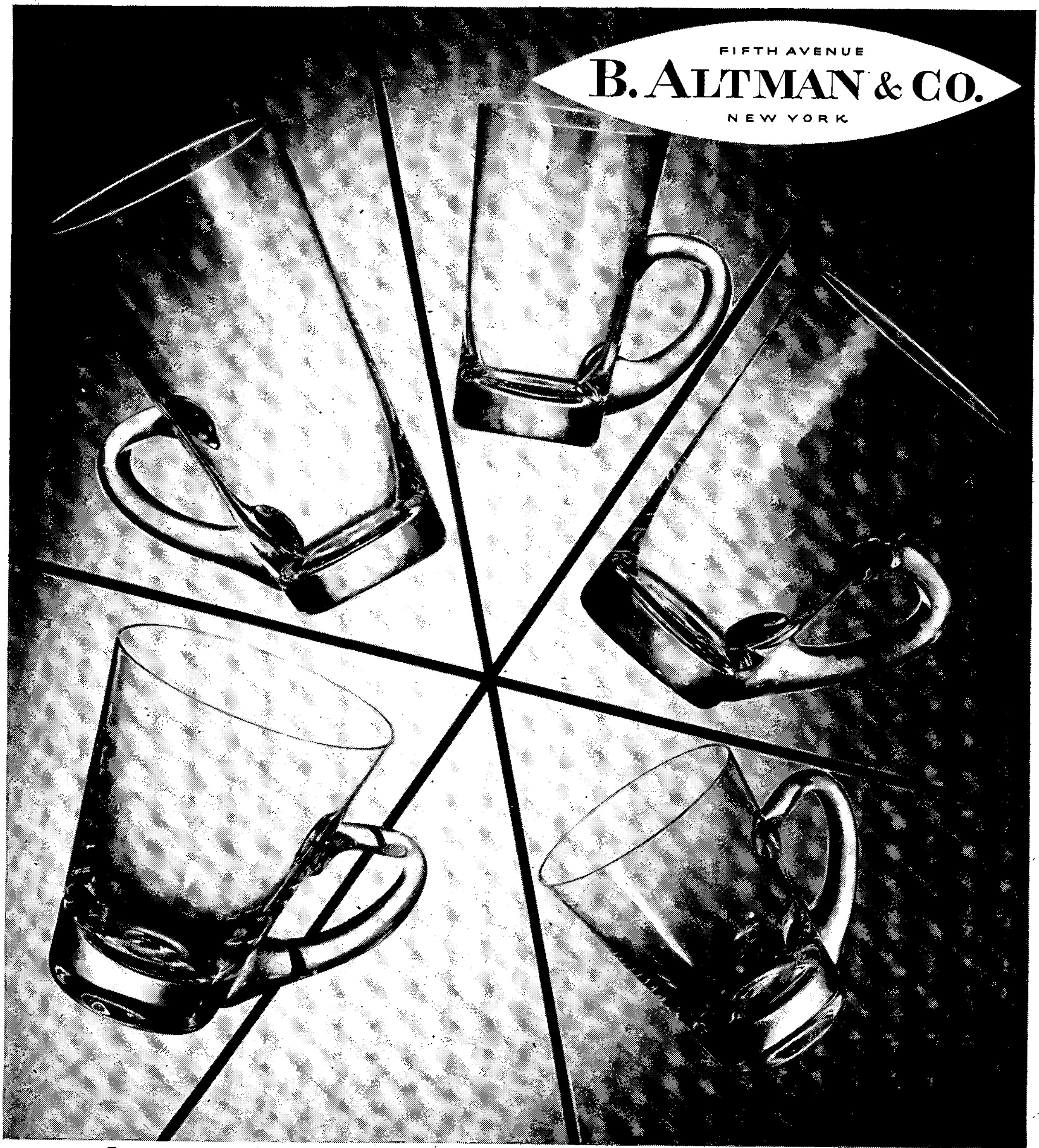

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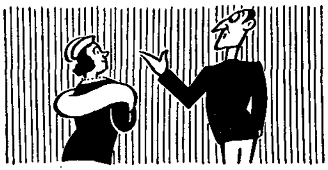
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

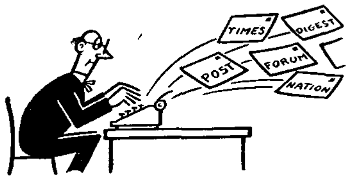
Notes and Comment

THE Queen Mother left us last week, and we miss her. We trust that resourceful personages throughout the land are already putting their heads together and conspiring to bring her back to us next year. The occasion of her recent visit was the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Columbia. Now, 1754 can't have been all that unusual; surely *some*thing worthy of a bicentennial celebration happened in 1755, or, at the latest, 1756. And we hope that the next time the Queen Mother comes here she will bring the whole family along. We have plenty of room, and the children won't be a bit of bother. Meanwhile, we cherish all the pleasant stories we've heard about her. One of the pleasantest, we think, is a tiny incident that took place in the course of her tour of the United Nations. A most knowledgeable young U.N. dignitary was assigned to show the Queen Mother and her party through the various buildings, and he performed his welcome task with spirit and poise. By the time the royal group reached the Security Council lounge, however, the U.N. man was beginning to run out of architectural and international small talk. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he couldn't think what to say next. He and the Queen Mother happened to be standing near the big windows in the lounge, which are screened by panels of narrow, vertical slats, and with a sort of desperate debonairness he burst out, "You might be interested to notice, Ma'am, that these blinds are made of plastic." "Oh, indeed!" said the Queen Mother, and reached out to touch them. Having determined their texture, she thrust them gently aside and pressed her face to the glass, to see what lay beyond. To her astonishment, what lay beyond was the face of a U.N. gardener. For an instant, the Queen Mother and the gardener stood transfixed, half an inch apart, staring into each other's eyes. Then the Queen Mother said "Oh!" and managed a little wave, and, as the gardener returned it, let the blinds rustle back into place.



IT seems as though the control of the new Senate—and perhaps the fate of the nation—has been determined by the election of a single Oregon legislator, Richard L. Neuberger, who is by vocation a writer of articles for magazines. Since the publication, on October 4, 1933, of a piece called "New Germany," in the *Nation*, Mr. Neuberger has turned up in a slew of other magazines—among them *Popular Science*, *Coronet*, *Reader's Digest*, *New Republic*, *Forum*, *Science Digest*, *Asia*, *Collier's*, the New York *Times* magazine, *Holiday*, *Harper's*, the *American*, the *American Mercury*, *Travel*, the *Saturday Review*, *Theatre Arts*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, if you are still browsing at this stand. How many of their editors ever guessed, we wonder, that a senator-to-be lay in their "in" basket? How many writers in our own corridors must we now regard with new respect, on the off-chance that they may someday vault from the water cooler to the caucus room? We once had an office boy who became a playwright, but a senator has always been beyond our wildest dreams.

The Senator-elect, being a Democrat, can presumably expect to have his background vigilantly scrutinized by the thorough investigators now so prominent in public life. Neuberger poses a new problem for them, in a way. Boy, will he keep them hopping! If they direct their initial researches, as we have done on a modest scale, to the helpful old *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, they will learn the magnitude of their task. Between April, 1953, and February, 1954, alone, Neuberger is credited there with seventeen articles, including "The House, a Second Senate?," for the *New Republic*, and the aptly titled "New Horizons for the Article Writer," for the *Writer*. In the two years preceding that period, the busy statesman chalked up forty articles, for thirteen magazines. Over a twenty-year span, the *Readers' Guide* gives Mr. Neuberger two hundred and seventy-five articles. Reading time: Damn near enough to invoke cloture.



We haven't had time ourself to dip into the Senator-elect's formidable output, but if we had, we should certainly begin with some of these provocative pieces: "Let's Limit All Terms of Office!" (*New Republic*), "From the Sod to the Sidewalk" (the *Times*), "The Country Slicker vs. the City Yokel" (the *Times*), "My Home Town Is Good Enough for Me" (*Saturday Evening Post*), "Oregon Goes to the Dogs" (*Nation*), "Toward Restoring States' Rights" (the *Times*), "Hooverism in the Funnies" (*New Republic*), "The Great American Snout Count" (*Saturday Evening Post*), "Buy British" (*Reader's Digest*), "Wisconsin's Tough Old Man" (*Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest*), "Bad-Man Bridges" (*Forum and Century*), "Who's Laughing Now?" (*American*), and "Should We Move the Capital to the Rockies?" (the *Times*).

Ought to make quite a lively senator.

Bug Haters

WE dropped in on the meeting of the Eastern Branch of the Entomological Society of America at the Hotel New Yorker last week. The Entomological Society is not to be confused with the Lepidopterists Society, of New Haven, Connecticut, a group of butterfly and moth people who are in favor of butterflies and moths. Since the Entomological Society, which has five branches, embraces *all* insects, it is naturally against a good many of them, including the corn borer, the boll weevil, the two-spotted mite (which attacks lima beans), the cherry fruit fly, the elm-leaf beetle, the white-pine weevil, the clothes moth, and the carpet beetle. We walked into a room where William B. Becker, of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experimental Station, was winding up a fifteen-minute lantern-slide lecture on "Preliminary Investigations with Benzene Hexachloride Emulsion Sprays to Keep Boring Insects Out of Pine Logs," and presently fell into conversation with Dr. Herbert H. Ross, the Society's president. "The American bill for insect-caused losses in agricultural products alone is eight billion dollars a year, or one-fifth of the total potential harvest crop," he said. "Add to that insect-caused losses from human disease, insect-caused depreciation in real-estate values, and so forth, and you get a loss of a hundred dollars a year for every man, woman, and child in the U.S.A. Appropriations to advance knowledge of insect control come to only twenty or thirty cents per capita a year. There are eighty-five thousand different kinds of insect in North America, and around a thousand of them do ninety-five per cent of the damage. Five thousand do *occasional* damage. Two or three hundred kinds of insect feed on fruit. Apples alone are subject to as many as fifteen serious pests. These bugs are funny. Attacking them is like grabbing a greased pig. Pinch it in one place and it comes out in another."

Dr. Ross, who is Director of Faunistic Surveys and Insect Identification for the Illinois Natural History Survey and professor of entomology at the University of Illinois, said there is a bright intra-insect spot in this scene of devastation. "We have insect helpmates," he said. "Some small parasitic wasps help reduce the corn borer by laying their eggs on it. The larvae then eat the corn borer up. Certain flies do the same damn thing to other injurious bugs. We entomologists rear these beneficial insects in numbers, release them in areas of high pest concentration, and then check to see if the parasites have established themselves in these areas."

Dr. Ross introduced us to Mr. Neely Turner, Chief Entomologist of the Connecticut Agricultural Experimental Station. "The entomologists at the Station consult with manufacturers whose output is threatened by insects," he said. "For example, manufacturers of brushes used to be embarrassed by the incidence of louse eggs on the pig bristles used in their products. These eggs survived all the manufacturing processes; the eggs on the brushes were dead, but they were present. We put the manufacturers on to an enzyme that digested the eggs without hurting the bristles. Of course, the problem has largely disappeared with nylon brushes. Most insects avoid nylon. Silverfish will eat it, but it kills them. A number of synthetics kind of get chewed up by larvae when they're in the way, but the insects rarely *eat* them. We also watch out for bee diseases, such as foul brood, a bacterial affliction that kills off the young in the comb. Sulfa drugs work fairly well with this, but the Food and Drug people take a dim view of sulfa in honey, so our hands are tied."

"We've got about three hundred members here, pretty evenly divided between federal employees, state and college scientists, and representatives of commercial companies like du Pont, Shell Oil, and American Cyanamid," Dr. Ross said. "Would you like to listen to a talk on 'Control of Thrips in Greenhouses and on Outdoor Ornamentals'? The insects attacking ornamentals in the East are of unusual monetary importance, because the amount of money represented in city planning and private houses is so terrific."

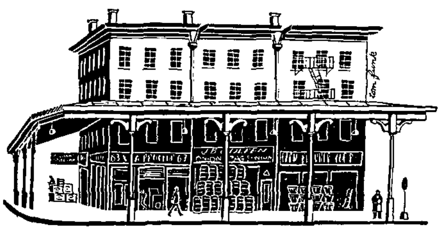
We pleaded an engagement with a praying mantis, and left.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Among other things on sale at the United Cigar Store at Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street is Pocket Book No. 1025, by Herbert Brean, entitled "How to Stop Smoking."

Open Sesame

A YOUNG woman who recently sublet a basement apartment from another young woman through a newspaper ad soon learned a good deal about her predecessor's way of life. Insistent bell ringings, window rappings, and phone calls during the after-dark hours told the sorry tale.



In each case, the new resident explained that a change in occupancy had taken place, and she had no trouble discouraging callers until a particularly determined one, a window-rapper, made it obvious early one morning that the change was of no moment to him.

"You sound like a very nice girl," he said. "Let me in and we'll talk awhile."

The lady replied that she was in no mood for conversation.

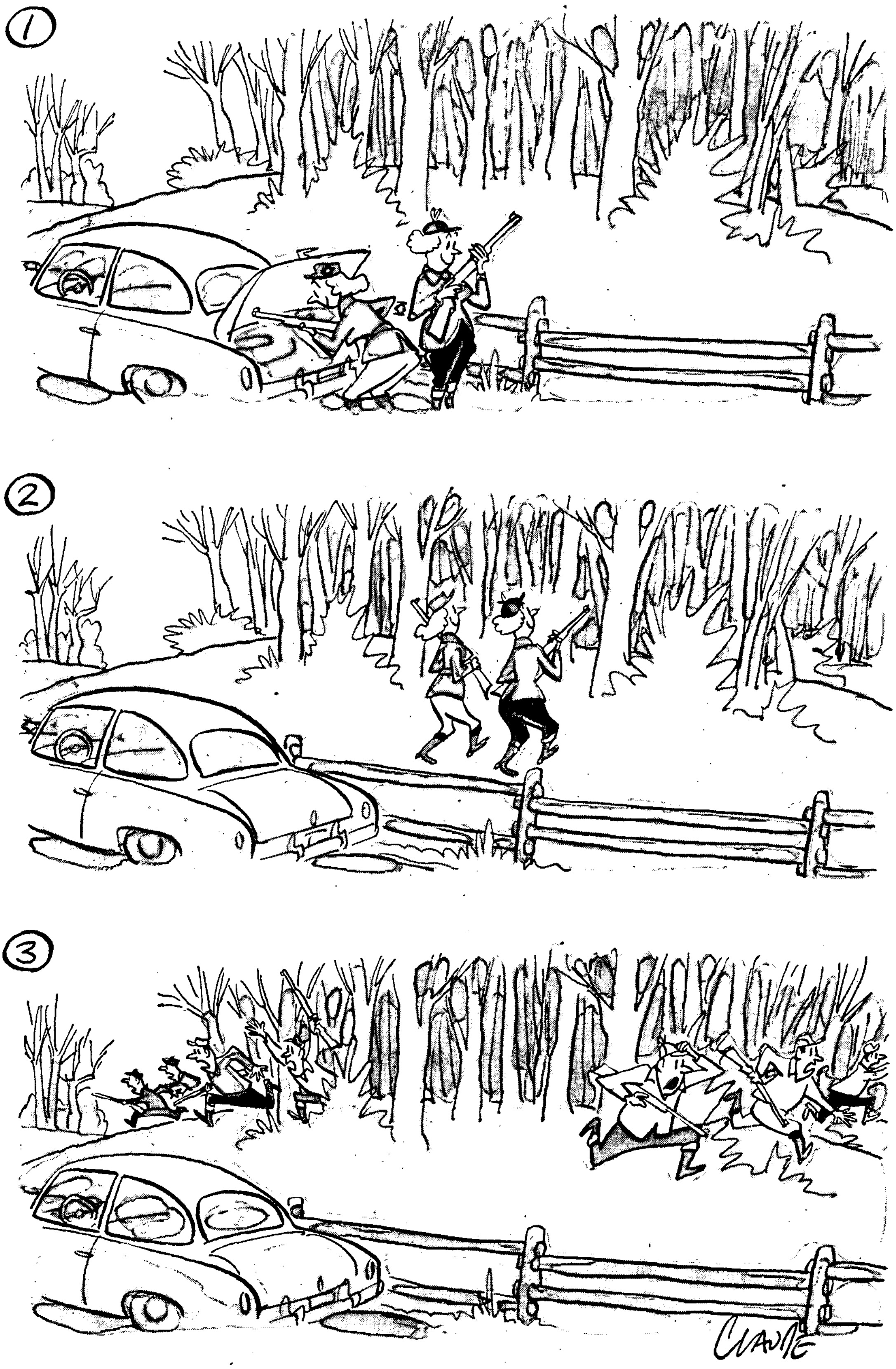
"But you don't understand," came the voice from outside. "I'm a Yale man."

Classic

ALAN E. MURRAY, a former professional skater who is the inventor and proprietor of Murray Space Shoes, and has been dispensing his unique custom-made footgear from a shop at 130 West Tenth Street for some years, last week opened a second store, if that is the right word, at 213 West Fifty-eighth Street. Mr. Murray's new establishment is a stately brick-and-stone affair built by Jay Gould as a stable for his daughter's horses, and it will now be known as the Castle in Space, at least by Mr. Murray, who believes that it is the world's first shoe store to include a permanent ice-skating rink—a belief we have neither any reason nor any inclination to gainsay. We had a look around the Castle in Space the day after its opening, in the company of Mr. Murray, who spoke to us of feet and footwear in a tone that was almost rhapsodic, and Mrs. Murray, his assistant, who spoke little and smiled often. Mr. Murray, a bushy-browed man with piercing eyes, conducted us through an impressive anteroom where two women with their feet encased in plaster were sitting in chairs. After explaining that they were having casts made as a routine part of their fitting for Space Shoes, he proudly showed us the skating rink. It measures twenty by thirty-two feet and is at the rear of the ground floor, under a vaulted roof—right where Helen Gould's horses used to stand. "The connection between shoes and skating seems remote at first," Mr. Murray said. "But it isn't. Space Shoes strive to free the body, and so does skating. The rink isn't a gimmick to sell shoes. What I'm striving for is a classic vision of the body on ice, to remind us constantly of our ideal. Sometimes I will skate, sometimes selected amateurs and professionals. Notice the metal sea horses on the wall beyond the rink. They symbolize us, because Space Shoes emphasize the hydraulic, the three-dimensional."

In case you don't know what Space Shoes look like, they are rather large, lumpy, and thick-soled—qualities that, by the Murrays' admission, have let them in for much abuse on aesthetic grounds, though all wearers swear by them for comfort. The Murrays, both of whom were wearing Space Shoes, led us up a long flight of marble stairs, and on the way Mr. Murray said that the Castle in Space will cater chiefly to normal feet, while the Tenth Street establishment will, as in the past, specialize in problem feet. "Making the perfect shoe for the perfect foot—what a challenge!" exclaimed Mr. M. At the head of the stairs, we found ourself in a room containing a platform and a lot of folding chairs. "This is the shoemaking studio, formerly the hayloft," said Mr. Murray. He went on to explain that since Space Shoes cost seventy dollars a pair, he also puts out shoemaking kits, with which the buyer can build Space Shoes onto his or her feet, at home. A kit containing the makings of three pairs of Space Shoes costs twenty-five dollars, and classes are held in the studio at which kit buyers can get free instructions for putting their shoes together. Mr. Murray picked up a plaster cast of a foot from a table. "That's mine, when I gave up skating and began making and wearing Space Shoes," he said. "Look at it—fallen metatarsal, general picture of debasement." He tossed the cast aside and picked up another one. "The same foot today," he said, with modest satisfaction. "Notice the over-all improvement, the return to classic form."

After we and the Murrays had contemplated Mr. Murray's foot for a while, we asked him exactly when he *had* given up skating and begun making shoes, and he replied that it was in 1935. There are now over fifty thousand wearers of Space Shoes, he went on, of whom seventy-five per cent are women, and between sixty and seventy per cent are people with problem feet of one sort or another. The greatest concentration of wearers is in Greenwich Village, where the Murrays started, but there are wearers all over the country and in various foreign countries, presumably including Russia, to which Ivy Litvinov, wife of the late Ambassador, took a pair. "The name has nothing to do with science fiction," Mr. Murray told us. "The word 'space' best describes our shoe because it floats you three-dimensionally, defeating gravity, the foot's arch-enemy." Wincing, we inquired whether any concessions to style will be made now that Space Shoes are to compete for the healthy-foot market, and the Murrays answered us simultaneously with a horrified negative. "Space Shoes follow form, and therefore have unassailable beauty," said

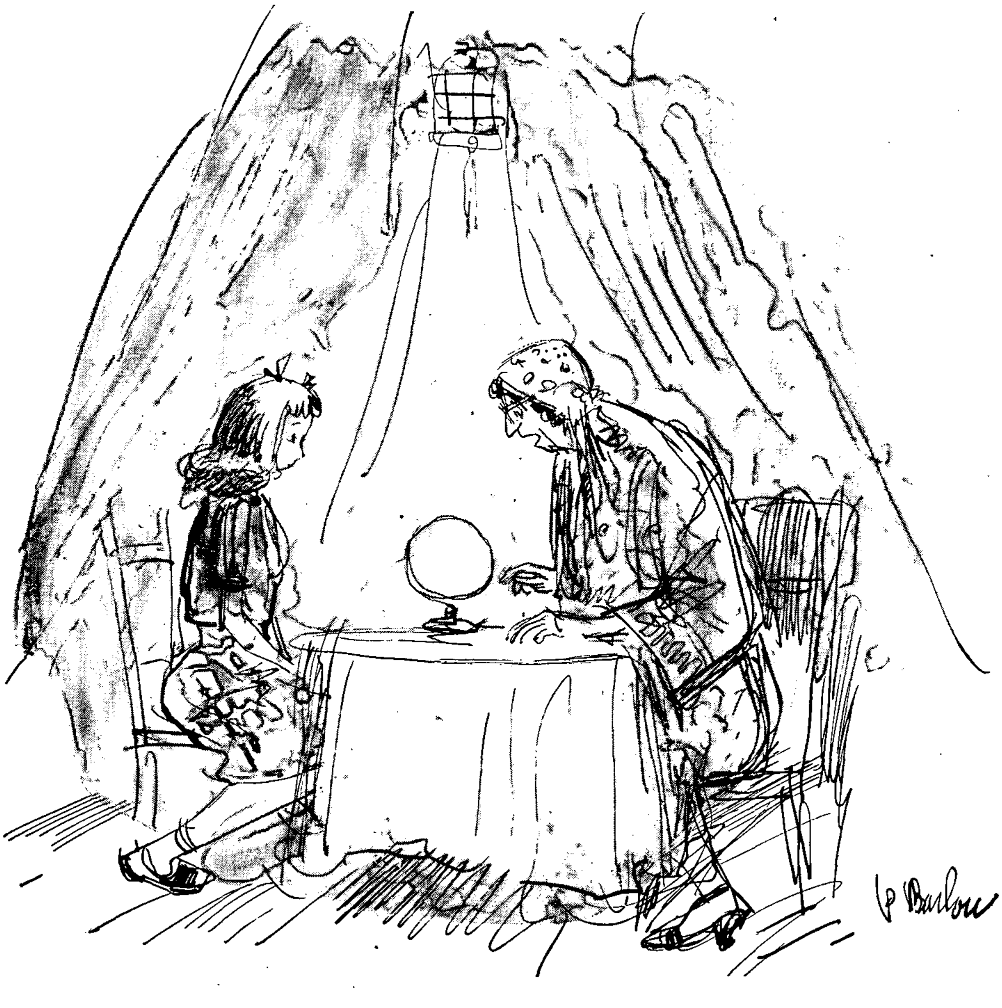


Mr. Murray, raising one of his for our inspection. "So-called fashion has led to the debasement of our national foot. Why, because of bad shoes, the United States Army cannot be said to have a foot at all. The return to classicism is making progress."

Shopper's Plight

MANY'S the tale we've heard, in our day, of the redoubtable shoplifter who pilfered a piano from Macy's or a canoe from Abercrombie & Fitch; here's a variation on the theme—the tale of an involuntary shoplifter. This girl, name of Caroline, went shopping a couple of months ago for a glass dinner bell. She discovered nine on a shelf in one of the department stores and rang, or jiggled, each in turn. Four responded with a clonk, and five with mellifluence, ranging from a high ting to a low bong. She stood these five on a counter and looked around for a salesman. None came. She rang—or, rather, rerang—the bells loudly, one after another. Nobody came to wait on Caroline.

She picked up the bell with the most crystalline tinkle, and walked back and forth ringing it. Several customers smiled, but nobody came to wait on Caroline.



"You hate math."

"I've often wondered what would happen if I just walked out of a store with something," Caroline said, not at all sotto-voce. "I've a good mind to try it and see." The other customers laughed, but nobody came to wait on Caroline.

Tinkling her bell, Caroline walked toward the elevators. She got in one, rode down, got out, and left the store, still tinkling. She boarded a bus, went home, peeled off the bell's price ticket, and sent it to the store with a note of explanation and instructions to charge the bell to her account. She has received no reply, and the bell, to date, has not been charged to her.

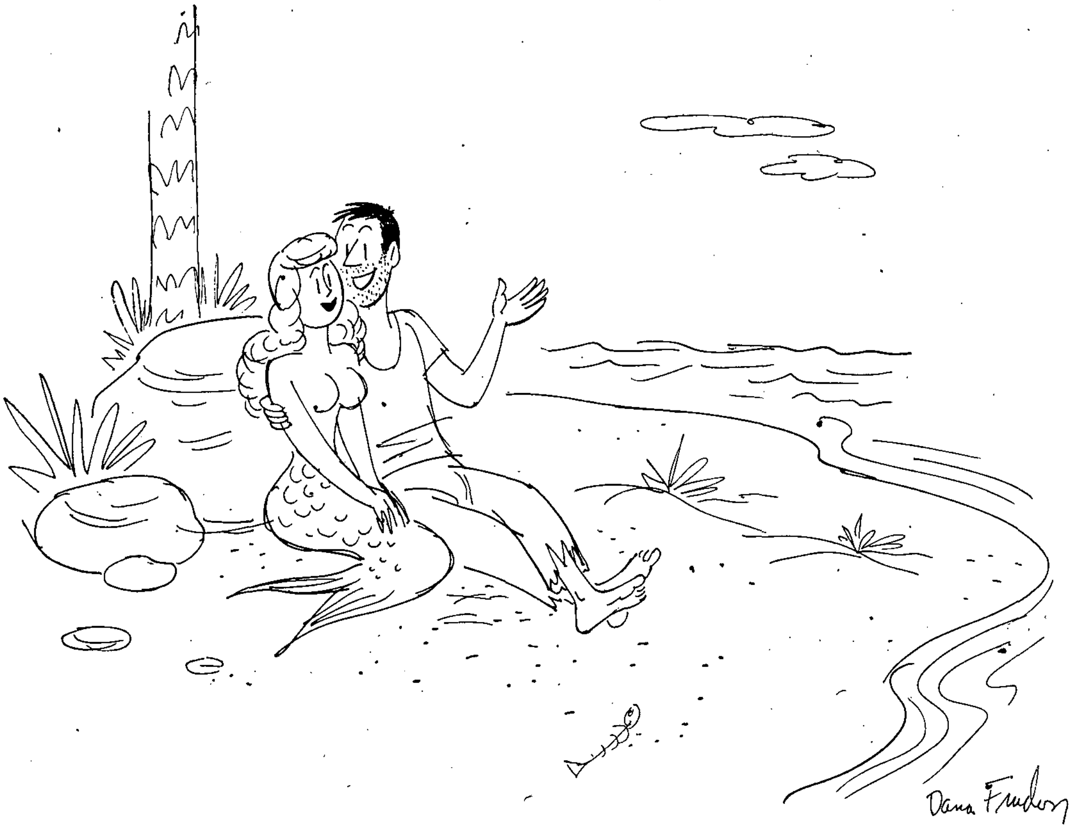
Donon

THANKS to the hospitality of an openhanded epicurean acquaintance, we joined a select group of some hundred and seventy-five gourmets at the Dîner d'Automne of Les Amis d'Escoffier at the Waldorf the other night. There, over postprandial swigs of *le moka* and Marsan Armagnac Private Reserve, we found ourself talking with the general secretary and co-founder of the Amis, which has chapters all over the country—Mr. Joseph Donon, who is probably the richest and most famous private chef in the world. A pink-faced, mustached man of sixty-six, with black eyebrows and white hair, Mr. Donon is slender and full of beans, metaphorically speaking. He has served one family for thirty-eight years—Mrs. Hamilton McKay Twombly and her daughter, Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly. Mrs. Twombly died in 1950, and he stayed on with the daughter until her death, a couple of months ago. His reputed salary of twenty-five thousand dollars has for decades been a familiar Cholly Knickerbocker reference. We asked him for the story of his life, and he pointed reprovingly to a rule printed, under the heading "A Warning," on the menu:

> Since the "Les Amis d'Escoffier" Society is dedicated to the art of good living only, it is forbidden, under threat of expulsion, to speak of personal affairs, of one's work or specialty, and more particularly to attempt to use the Society as a means of making business contacts. It is unnecessary to elucidate further upon this delicate subject which everyone understands. Furthermore, at these dinner-meetings reference will never be made on the subjects of: politics, religious beliefs, personal opinions of either members or guests irrespective of their professional or social status.

We arranged to call upon Mr. Donon a few days later, and in the course of our visit learned that Mr. Donon is now employed by the Twombly Estates. "I'm closing the New York and Convent, New Jersey, houses," he said. "The Newport house now belongs to Mrs. William A. M. Burden, the wife of Mrs. Twombly's grandson. I expect to retire next spring."

We asked him to start at the beginning. "I was born near Nevers, in the central part of France," Mr. Donon said, lighting a Cuban cigar. "My father raised cattle. I was brought up in Chantilly, near Paris. I was sickly as a child. I wanted to be a florist, but my father advised me to become a chef. 'Cook your own food and you will be healthy,' he said. 'Flowers will only make you sneeze. Become a chef.' So I took a course in cooking, and at thirteen, when I left school, got a job as a pastry cook at the Maison Gervaise, in Vincennes. My family paid the restaurant a hundred dollars a year to let me work there as an apprentice. I received subsequent training in the household of the Marquis de Panise-Passy, at Villeneuve-Loubet, Escoffier's birthplace. I worked in the kitchen as assistant to the chef. Escoffier was a friend of the Marquis, and when I was fifteen, the Marquis introduced me to him. Escoffier invited me to work for him at the Carlton, in London, during the season; summers, I worked at hotels in Evian and Ostend. I made pastry, did butcher work, and went through every department of the art of cooking. In the spring of 1912, when I was twenty-four, I was in charge of a dinner that Henry Clay Frick gave at the Carlton. He sent for me after the meal and asked me to come to America with him as his chef. We sailed four days after that. We were supposed to take the Titanic, two days earlier, but Mrs. Frick had a little accident and we changed to a North German Lloyd ship that sailed two days after the Titanic. We passed the wreckage of the Titanic. Mr. Frick had sixty in help. He liked three-inch steaks.”



“Say, I’ve got it! We could live in Venice.”

Mr. Donon returned to Europe in 1914 to serve with the French infantry in the First World War. He was badly wounded, and was invalided out in 1917. Frick, who was then approaching the end of his life, sent him to Mrs. Twombly. “I was in full charge,” Donon told us. “I made the menus. There were thirty-two inside in the Jersey house, and over a hundred and fifty outside in the three houses. We spent the spring and fall in Jersey, the summer in Newport, and five winter months in New York. Mrs. Twombly was a great lady of the old school. Very stern. I believe she resembled her grandfather, Commodore Vanderbilt. At the time of her death, at ninety-nine, she retained all her faculties. She gave dinners of twenty-five to forty, and receptions of up to six hundred. I never saw a party that went wild. Her cellar was very good. The best of the best.”

We asked Mr. Donon what he likes to eat, and he said, “I feel this way. A person should eat according to his activity. My activities are sedentary, so I eat very lightly. I take a light breakfast of *café au lait* with a brioche or *croissant*, a hearty lunch of hors d’oeuvres, one entrée, and a dessert, and a light dinner of vegetable soup, a good salad and cheese, and fruit. A glass of wine with every meal—except breakfast, of course. I never cook at home. My wife, to whom I’ve been married forty-one years, does all the cooking there. She’s an excellent cook. I’m a great sea-food man. During the First World War, when Miss Anne Morgan, who often dined at Mrs. Twombly’s, started American Relief for France, she inaugurated it with a dinner at the Waldorf. She asked me to take charge. I picked up five French chefs in New York and instructed each of them to create something for the occasion. I myself created Lobster Lafayette for it. Lobster in its own shell, on a bed of rice, with a sauce Lafayette. You can’t describe the sauce; you have to make it. It’s not the recipe that makes a dish but the *tour de main*—the tricks of the trade.”

Mr. Donon plans to retire to a house he owns near the Clambake Club, in Newport. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor, a past commander and current trustee of the Federation of French War Veterans, national secretary of the American Culinary Federation, and part owner of *France-Amérique*, a French newspaper in New York. At present, he is writing a cookbook for the home, to be called “Cooking Is an Achievement.” “Cooking in America is too commercial,” he said. “There are no real chefs here, because people don’t demand good food. But we’re working toward an improvement. You know, a lot has been said about my salary, and the Twomblys were always generous, but my family was wealthy. They left me a great deal of money.”

Friend at Court

ARE subways inhuman? No. Look. A violinist with the Metropolitan Opera left home late for an important performance and, as he rode downtown in the West Side subway, lived in advance the embarrassment his tardiness would cause.

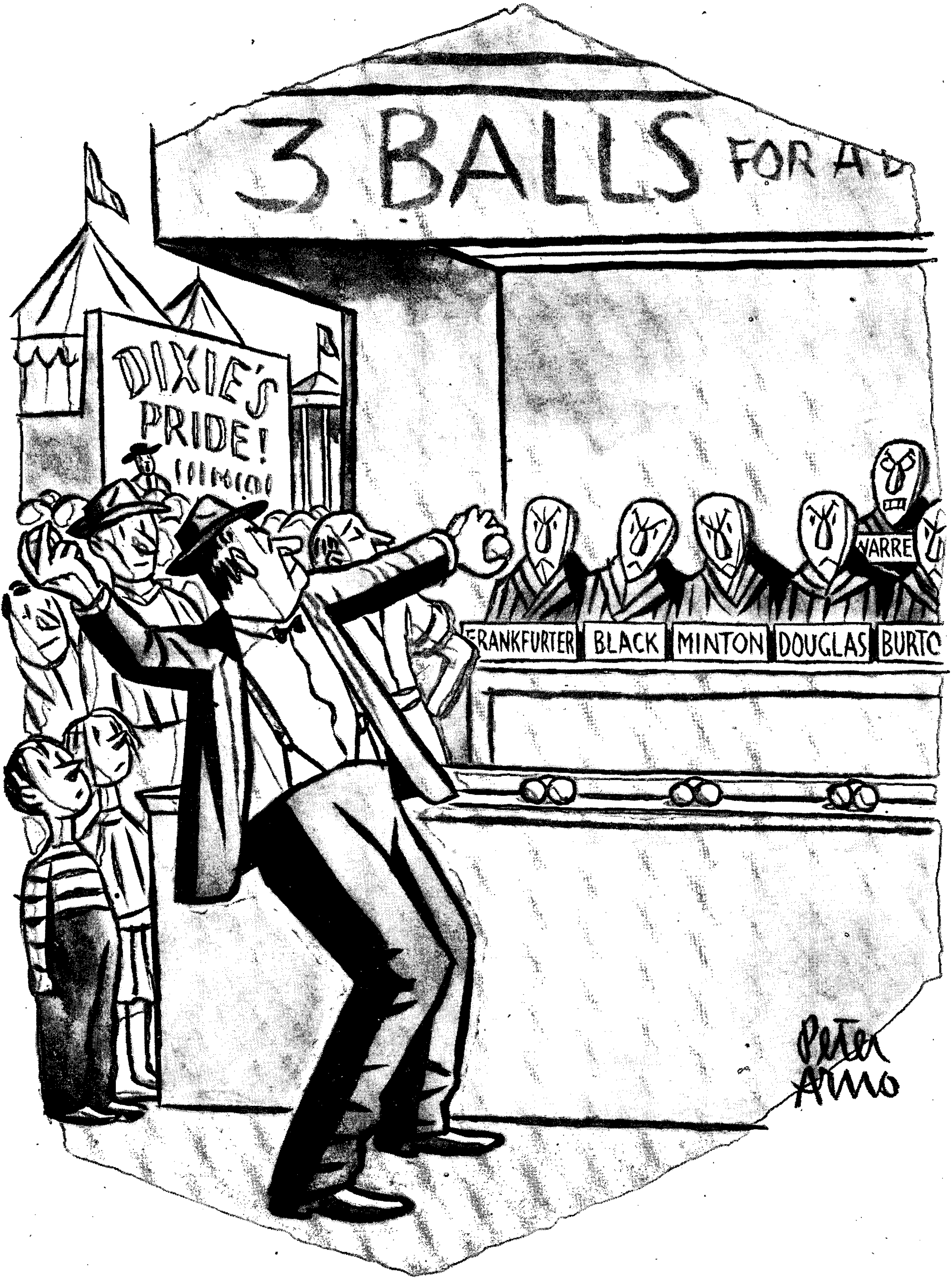
A trainman came through his car, which was almost empty, and asked him how he was.

“Fine, if only this thing could go a little faster,” he said.

“Late, eh?” said the trainman, and disappeared.

In a few minutes, he was back, with the reassuring intelligence “The guy up front says maybe he can pick up a minute and a half or two minutes. He’ll try.”

Well, sir, the train shot through the tunnel to Times Square, and the violinist dashed up the stairs to the Fortieth Street exit, sprinted the half block to the Met’s stage entrance, and slid into his seat just in time for the downbeat.


3 BALLS FOR A
DIXIE'S PRIDE!
FRANKFURTER
BLACK
MINTON
DOUGLAS
BURTO
WARRE
Peter Arno

THE NEW ORDER

"I BELIEVE in change," Mrs. Shackelford declared the instant the thermometer was out of her mouth. Her operation had been two days before. "To remain young in spirit, we must move with the times. My poor mother set herself against all change . . ." she continued in her silvery voice.

Miss Wickes, one of the colored nurses who had just been introduced into the Southern University Hospital, stood reading the thermometer beside the sunny window; her elbow was at the exactly correct angle. She went then, on noiseless feet, in her white nylon uniform, and put the thermometer back into its tube of alcohol on the washstand. She opened the notebook she had brought into the room with her and recorded Mrs. Shackelford's temperature and pulse. She was severely handsome; dark; hair strained back into a neat bun, features aquiline and regular. She filled a metal basin with warm water and began methodically to give Mrs. Shackelford her bath in bed.

"I welcome the changes that have taken place in this place since I was a patient here fifteen years ago," Mrs. Shackelford went on as her shoulders were being washed. "So much more *sensible*. After all, we must all face reality, mustn't we, Miss Wickes?"

"It is the recommendable attitude," Miss Wickes said as she washed Mrs. Shackelford's still pretty hands, on which the rings had been put back.

"For example, the operation itself," Mrs. Shackelford persisted. "Such an informal procedure today. I mean, they gave me the anesthetic right there, under that great blazing lamp. Why not? In the old days, they gave it to you in another room, so that you wouldn't see all the— Oh, I said to Dr. Calhoun when he came in in his robe and mask, 'This is very informal, Doctor.' I said it gaily, I tried to let him *see* how I felt—they were strapping my arms down to the sides just then, and strapping my legs down. My, they're sore where they were strapped."

The nurse said, "Tsk, tsk, tsk." It reminded Mrs. Shackelford of somebody, she could not quite place whom.

"Did you ever— know Mrs. Harmon, on Bledsoe Avenue, Miss Wickes?" she asked.

"I don't think I ever made her acquaintance," the nurse said, and began on Mrs. Shackelford's legs, working down toward the slender ankles and the delicate feet.

"Well, some people, I know, would think it an indignity to be strapped down like an animal while you are still conscious, but I say, Why not? I'm an intelligent being, I can understand the necessity for it. I must tell you about the orderly—Joe, his name is—who wheeled me to the operating room on the stretcher the other morning. Do you know Joe?"

"I am acquainted with the man," Miss Wickes said, and this phrase, too, struck Mrs. Shackelford as puzzlingly familiar.

"Yes. Well, as we were trundling along through all those long corridors—how like a rabbit warren this old hospital is—somebody, I couldn't see who, some friend of Joe's, called out 'How y'all doin'?' And Joe calls back, 'Still cuttin'.' "

She looked sharply up at Miss Wickes' calm, decorous face, but there was not so much as a twitch in it.

"Some patients might have thought that pretty crude," the patient went on. "*I* thought it was just funny. 'Still cuttin'.' " She waited for a moment. "Then the food they serve you here these days. It's *sensible*. Nourishing, and sufficient. With things as they are, why should they give you steak and chops? In the old days," she said suddenly, "when I was here before, in this wing you could always order steak or chops specially broiled for you if you didn't like what was on the menu. But they don't even bring you the menu to choose from now."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," Miss Wickes said.

Mrs. Shackelford looked at her for a moment.

"But I *believe* in change," she insisted. "It's the breath of life to me, you might say. The word 'change' is written on my banner. Take that interne, or whoever he was, that they sent to me the night before I was operated on."

"Dr. Fawkes?" Miss Wickes said.

"I guess so. My word, Miss Wickes, *you* know what the name Fawkes means around here. White trash straight out of the mountains with the smell of corn mash still clinging to his heels. But I didn't mind. I was diverted. I'd sat here alone, all that long evening, waiting. Of course, I did imagine Dr. Calhoun would come to see me; in the old days— But why should he? I know he's a *very* busy man. Why shouldn't he send his assistant or whoever this little man was? I waited and waited—it's so silly the way one feels apprehensive before an operation even when one has the greatest confidence in one's surgeon. Anyway, who should walk in but this Fawkes. Now, it's *interesting* that I should come face to face with a Fawkes. I thought it was *amusing*."

Miss Wickes turned the patient over and began to rub her back with alcohol.

"But it's different," Mrs. Shackelford said, lying with her head turned so that her petal-soft, faintly wrinkled cheek lay on the pillow. "You know it's different. I feel as if it's mostly that everybody is so much *busier* nowadays. Doctors, nurses— In the old days there always seemed to be so much time. How I remember sitting here—in one of the rooms in this wing like this—sitting up in bed, and my doctor and a whole flock of internes sitting around laughing. There seemed to be so much time for everybody in the hospital then. And the nurses. When I began to get better, they used to come in and watch how I did my hair up, just gaping. But mostly I remember those doctors, the way they all used to drop in. We'd sit, and talk, and laugh . . ."

"I can see how it would have been extremely enjoyable," Miss Wickes said. She began to make the bed with Mrs. Shackelford in it, using the clean linen she had brought in earlier.

"It was," Mrs. Shackelford said. "It was like a party. I remember when I left here I was going straight to two weeks at the Hot. Well, things have changed, and I, for one, am a hundred per cent for it. How would the world's work ever get done if all everybody did was sit around and talk and laugh—and in a hospital, too? Things are done better now, there's no question about it."

"It is well to adjust oneself gracefully to the inevitable," Miss Wickes said.

"Miss Wickes, didn't you ever know Mrs. Starling—Mrs. Hugh Starling, the one who lives way out on Dairy Road?"

Miss Wickes hesitated.

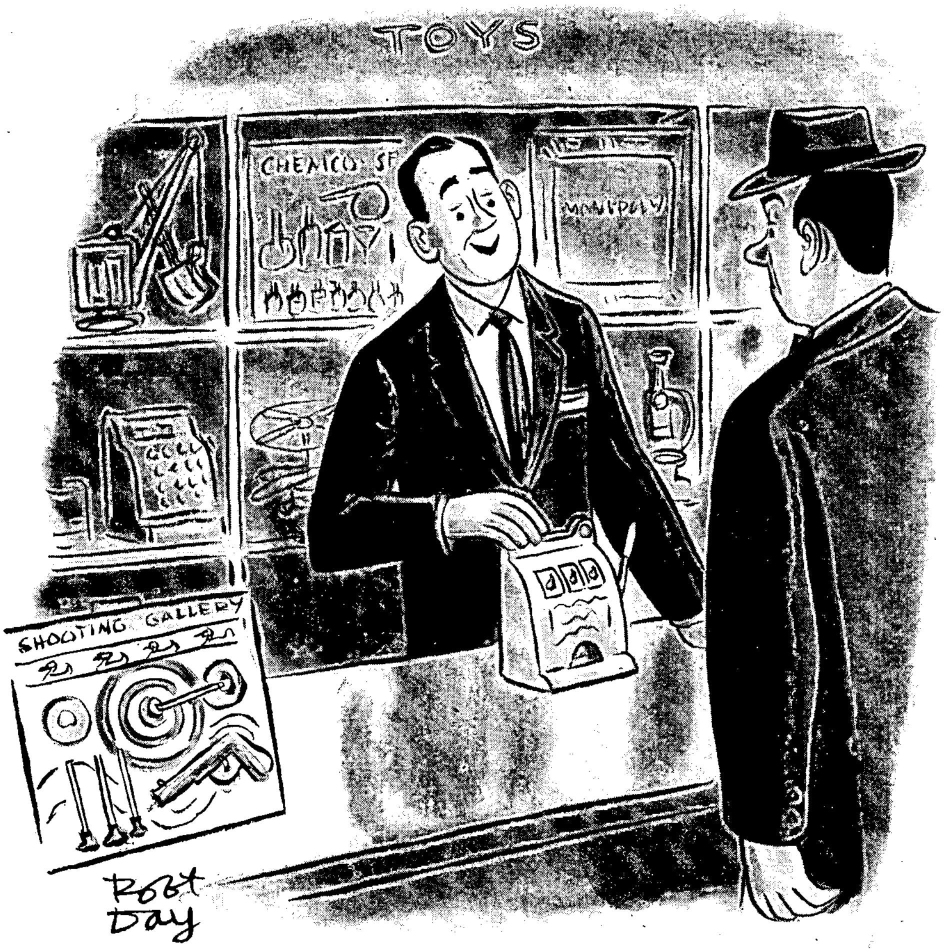
"At one time I was employed by Mrs. Starling," she said, finally. "In a domestic capacity."

"I just love Mrs. Starling, don't you?" the patient said.

"She is a very fine woman," Miss Wickes said.

THE door of the hospital room opened abruptly, and Miss Bruce, who was in charge of the corridor, burst in. She was young; dazzlingly blond; with a look of a cross child carrying responsibility.

"Why aren't you up?" she demanded, viewing the patient with disfavor. "Miss Wickes, you know Dr. Cal-



"It operates on the same principle as the real thing. You can have the little fellow's allowance back in no time at all."

• •

houn said the patient was to sit up this morning for a little bit. What are you doing making her bed with her in it?"

Miss Wickes said nothing.

"I haven't got time to do *everything!*" Miss Bruce cried impatiently. "Am I supposed to check up on every-thing you do? Come on, get her up."

She moved a step, so that she could see her lovely face in the hospital bureau mirror, adjusted her cap, looked comprehensively over the room with her blue, expressionless eyes, and whirled out again with the whisper of starch.

For a moment Mrs. Shackelford and Miss Wickes looked bleakly at each other.

"I thought you seemed a trifle fatigued this morning, or I would have—" Miss Wickes began.

"Come on, get me up," Mrs. Shackelford said, echoing Miss Bruce. "This is the new way, I know."

Miss Wickes helped her raise herself in the bed and turn sidewise, and slipped her satin scuffs over those pretty, slender feet. Then, slowly, holding on to Miss Wickes, Mrs. Shackelford slid off the bed and staggered the couple of steps to the big chair by the window.

"There!" She let out a deep breath. "It's the new way, and it's the best way, I'm sure."

Miss Wickes took the folded blanket off the end of the bed and put it over Mrs. Shackelford's knees. She stood back and looked at her.

"Are you entirely comfortable?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," Mrs. Shackelford said. "Perfectly all right. You don't need to worry about me. Just come back after the proper length of time and help me get back to bed, that's all."

"In that case—" Miss Wickes said, and started slowly to leave the room. But just as she was going out the door, Mrs. Shackelford called to her.

"Miss Wickes!"—sharply, pleadingly.

The nurse hurried back to the little figure silhouetted against the window.

"Oh, it's nothing," Mrs. Shackelford said. "Just—for a moment I felt so dizzy, that's all. So—queer. I suppose it's to be expected, the first time up—Just— Miss Wickes, hold my hand for a moment, will you?"

The nurse took the patient's pretty, beringed hand.

"It's just—" the patient went on. Suddenly she began to cry. "It's not true, what I said," she sobbed. "About everything being changed—it's me that's changed, it's me. That's why the doctors don't come around and talk any more; that's why the nurses don't stand and stare. It's me! I'm not pretty any more. I'm not amusing. I'm old. I'm ugly," she wept.

The nurse all at once bent over her and put her arms full around the shaking shoulders.

"No," she said. "Don't say like that. You and your pretty ways—"

"Oh, Miss Wickes—"

"Mattie," the nurse said.

"Oh, Mattie, don't let them see me crying like this—I don't want anyone to see me—to know. You're the only one who understands—"

The nurse pressed her face against the fading golden hair and hugged the little figure and began to murmur, softly, in a kind of loving language that was deeply familiar to both of them.

"Ain't nobody goin' to know," she said. "Ain't nobody in the world here but just plain old me."—Nancy Hale

• •

MY MY

MY DREAM

Here is a dream.
It is my dream—
My own dream—
I dreamt it.
I dreamt that my hair was kempt,
Then I dreamt that my true love unkempt it.

MY CONSCIENCE

I could of
If I would of,
But I shouldn't,
So I douldn't.

—Ogden Nash

THE STONE HOT-WATER BOTTLE

OVER the years, Leona Harkey had made many gifts to her friend and idol, Charles Runyon, the noted literary man and theatre critic, but of all the things she had given him, he liked best an old-fashioned stone hot-water bottle she had found one day, quite by accident, in a junk shop. Leona had wandered into the shop on the chance of finding something odd and funny that might please Charles, whose tastes were so unpredictable and yet so rigidly formed, and there, on a rickety table heaped with unmatched bits of china, the hot-water bottle lay, looking as though it had been waiting for her to come and find it. The minute her eyes fell on it, Leona remembered the story Charles had told her of one particularly terrible year during his lonely childhood, when a hot-water bottle just like this one was his dearest possession and his only consolation, because it was his only link with a dearly loved grandmother who had died, leaving him to the mercies of a crowd of cruder, less understanding relatives. Triumphant and excited, Leona knew she had made a find.

Charles was enraptured by his new possession, which before being presented to him had been purified and polished by Bridie, Leona's massive Irish maid, and encased, by Leona's dressmaker, in a tight, zippered jacket of olive-green quilted velvet. Furthermore—and this was another proof of Leona's imaginativeness—attached to one end of the velvet case was a lengthy loop of twisted velvet ribbon, so that when the bottle was not in use, it could hang decoratively from a brass hook near the head of Charles' bed. Charles had two beds. One belonged to the Murray Hill hotel where he had lived for over thirty years. The other belonged in Leona's beautiful house at Herbert's Retreat, forty miles outside New York on the right bank of the Hudson River, where Charles spent his weekends. It was understood, of course, that the stone hot-water bottle was intended for his room at Leona's.

Another happy thing about the hot-water bottle was that it was found in early October, just as the nights were getting cold; Charles was able to start using it immediately. Every night thereafter during his weekend visits, Bridie took the hot-water bottle to the kitchen, where she stripped it naked and filled it with boiling water. Then, covered again, it was returned to Charles' room and placed in his bed. Charles often claimed that the most blissful moment of his week came on Friday night, when his toes first touched the delicious velvety warmth of his hot-water bottle. After closing his book, but before turning out his bedside lamp, he hung his treasure back on its hook, where he could see it in the morning without being made aware of the chill that had come over it in the night. He couldn't bear to face the fact that the hot-water bottle grew cold in the night.

"One of the worst things about that terrible year when I was seven," he told Leona one Friday evening in November, "was waking up in the morning to find that my darling grandmother's hot-water bottle had died in the night. Because that is how it felt, you know—dead, cold and dead. Every morning, it was as though she had died again and left me. I used to cry myself to sleep with my arms wrapped around it—you know the way a child does. And then one of my aunts, Aunt Jane, the grimmest-faced one, decided I was making a fetish out of it (imagine, she used that word; where do you suppose she ever heard it?) and she took it away. She took it, Leona. Can you consider such cruelty? I never saw it again. Leona, darling, you know, this one looks exactly like it. Do you suppose it's the same one? Could it be?"

"Of course it could be. Of course it's the same one, Charles. Why, Charles, if you could see the little hole in the wall where I found it! The sort of place that ordinarily I'd never dream of entering. But I felt drawn in, and there was your hot-water bottle, in plain view. It must be the same, Charles. And don't you adore the little velvet coatee I had made for it?"

"I do adore it, Leona," Charles said, "and I adore you, my dear, sweet, romantic Leona. What ever would I do without you?"

Leona's eyes filled with tears, and she searched for an answer that would be pretty and responsive and yet light in its expression, because Charles detested any display of mawkishness, and Leona had suffered too many verbal trouncings to trust herself to speak impulsively.

"Dear Charles," she said cautiously, but for once she need not have feared. Charles was far away in memories she could not share except as a listener, and even then, although she did not know it, Charles edited himself carefully, be-

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SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
REALTY
BOARD

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cause the truth of his background was too crowded and hearty to suit the slender, witty, cynical being he had become. They were in Leona's living room, and Charles, in narrow black slacks and saffron velvet jacket, was sitting in his favorite armchair, which was covered in a pale-blue linen. His silky gray head was inclined toward the firelight, and his sharp gray eyes glinted with thought.

Leona watched him respectfully from a chintz sofa. Charles must never be disturbed when he was musing, although he did not dislike having a witness to his silence, which was impressive, if studied. Leona, whose mind was uncomplicated, although her appearance was not, never ceased to be grateful that he allowed her the privilege of his friendship. Leona's fear of Charles, which was real, went in two directions. She was afraid of offending or disappointing him, having many times been obliterated by his scathing and horribly accurate tongue. She was also afraid of losing his favor, because his presence in the house every weekend gave her an unquestioned position among the women who lived at the Retreat, and their admiration, or envy, was the foundation on which Leona built up her importance. From the homage of her friends, Leona drew all the pleasure she got from her pretty, well-ordered house, her gracious life, and her distinguished wardrobe. Charles chose all her clothes, and she knew that without him she would never have attained her present perfection of chic and assurance. She was a tall, slender, shapeless girl with a pale face, vague features, and a head of thick, dark hair that she had always worn in a chignon low on her neck, just as she had habitually worn tweed skirts with sweaters in the daytime, and surplice dresses of dark wool at night. Always before she knew Charles, that is. Charles had changed her. He had started by taking her, on his first weekend at Herbert's Retreat, to the hairdresser, where under his intense supervision her present coiffure—a dark and cloudy halo that framed her face and shadowed it—came into being. Then he had insisted on a pale-mauve lipstick that defined her tiny mouth without emphasizing it, and, finally, he had taught her the several tricks that now gave her eyes their startled, yet languorous and enormously mysterious, gaze.

"Marie Laurencin!" he shouted gleefully that day when the miracle was accomplished and Leona sat transformed in her Early American living room. "But a sly, malicious Marie Laurencin. What fun, darling."

And they had both shrieked with laughter, Charles because he knew that Leona's near stupidity had no slyness in it and that her malice would always be, at its sharpest, a vapid reflection of his own, and Leona because she was pleased and excited.

"But your clothes, darling," he said severely when the little paroxysm of mirth had evaporated. "Your clothes are frightful. Now, let me see. No velvet, Leona—not even in a skirt. You are definitely not a velvet girl. I, on the other hand, am absolutely velvet—in moderation, of course. Velvet is immoderate stuff, Leona, and must be strictly disciplined. Always remember that, my dear. No, don't remember it. Forget it. Forget velvet altogether. Tweed, yes, but only in its thinnest, most gossamer interpretations. That thing you're wearing looks like tree-trunk bark. Thin, soft tweeds in divine colors: mauve, of course; periwinkle, of course; olive, apricot, cerise, maybe. And do bear in mind, my love, that a suit or a dress—anything you wear—is meant to illuminate you. You look positively surrounded in that thing you have on. That suit has conquered you, Leona. See the brazen independence of those grisly tweed shoulders. Why, they must be several inches above your own dear little shoulders. Clothes may be impertinent, Leona, and delightfully so, but they must never be domineering. Do run upstairs and take that thing off at once, Leona. It affronts me."

When Leona returned, in a dress that Charles also disapproved of, although not so violently, he smiled at her and said, "What an exciting day we've spent, Leona. We've turned you into a beauty. We'll spend this weekend deep in plans, and by next Friday you'll have at least two or three really splendid things. To begin with, a tremendous fireside skirt with a hem that measures at least a mile around. Now, let's see. For the skirt? Let me think."

"Taffeta?" Leona said timidly, for in those early days she was still unguarded enough to express her uninvited opinion.

Charles covered his face with his hands for a moment, and when he spoke, it was with mighty patience. "Taffeta," he whispered. "Taffeta. Taffeta? The first refuge of the fat young wallflower, who hopes vainly that the crisp rustle of that electric-blue skirt—it's always electric blue at that age, Leona—will drive the bepimpled stagline mad with desire. And the last refuge of the thin and fading wallflow-

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er, who depends on the vulgar shimmer of this execrable fabric—baby blue in the later stages, Leona—to avert the attention of prospective partners from her worried and disappointed countenance and to encourage them to perambulate her at least once around the badly waxed surface of the country-club floor. Taffeta? Leona, how *could* you?"

"I'm very sorry, Charles," Leona said breathlessly. "I just didn't know. You see, I just don't know anything. I won't make a single other suggestion. You'll see."

"Leona," Charles said seriously, "I'm beginning to think I came into your life just in time to save it. Do you realize the sort of woman you were about to turn into? Taffeta! And that sinister tweed. Two years— no, a year—from now, it would have been too late. I could have done nothing for you. I'll unswaddle your personality, Leona, and I'll dress you as it deserves to be dressed. Oh, you may not always like what I do, my dear, but I can promise you one thing. We'll have an awful lot of fun."

"Oh, I'll love it, Charles. I'll love it!" Leona said fervently.

"You are a creature of flame and smoke, Leona. I see it all now. I won't have to think any more. Flame red, flame yellow, flame orange, and all the magical blues and grays you see in smoke. Oh, Leona, my mind is brimming with ideas. Do fetch some paper, lots of paper, and boxes and boxes of pencils. We must start our list, beginning with the fireside skirt, which will, I think, be made of awning canvas, striped in mauve and the very clearest yellow, and quilted, and lined with thin black cotton. You're going to look divine, darling. Do you know that?"

Two weeks later, when Leona, wearing the fireside skirt for the first time, confronted Charles as he arrived from the city, he was already an indispensable part of her life.

SO long ago all that was, Leona thought affectionately now, gazing at Charles' bent, musing head. Eight whole years ago. Poor Tommy—how furious it used to make him, having to drive Charles out every Friday. And George gets just as furious now, although he's not as quick to show it as poor Tommy was. George is such a fool.

Tommy Finch, Leona's first husband, who had brought her as a bride into his family's pleasant old home at Herbert's Retreat, was dead, having run his car into a tree one night. George Harkey, to whom Leona was now married, was a stolid young man who spent his days at Clancyhangers, one of the less celebrated New York department stores, where he was credit manager. Leona had married George chiefly for the sake of the tiny riverside cottage he owned, which cut her house off from the view, so highly prized by all Retreat dwellers, of the broad waters of the Hudson. Now Leona had her view, the cottage having been demolished without delay after her marriage to George. Unfortunately, she also had George. But a husband—even a dull, embarrassing husband like George—was better for Leona's purposes than no husband at all. She ignored George as completely as possible, and, so powerful was her pride in her house and in her position at Herbert's Retreat, she had almost forgotten that George's cottage ever existed. Her living room was no longer Early American. Charles had seen to that. Now it was a witty, sophisticated, and dashing mélange of bright linens and chintzes, and reflected, as Charles said, the marriage of an informed eye with a wayward and original fancy. A wonderful room for a party, people always said when they saw it for the first time.

Leona loved to entertain, and her parties, which were always expertly planned and very successful, owed a good deal not only to Charles' advice but also to his presence. He was the only celebrated representative of the world of arts and letters who was familiar to the residents of the Retreat, and since most of them commuted daily to the comparatively unexciting circles of business and finance, they respected him immediately for his reputation, and learned to respect even more keenly his talent for withering with a look or drawing blood with a word. Charles treasured Leona's house for its comfort and for the verve with which he had endowed it. He treasured Leona for her subservience and for her appearance. "I invented you, my darling," he liked to say.

"I know, Charles. I know you did. Oh, I remember," Leona always answered, and at such times she would gaze anxiously into his eyes, as though she feared that by closing them he would dismiss her back into the nothingness from which he had rescued her.

TIRED of musing, Charles suddenly sat straight up in the pale-blue armchair and laughed impishly at Leona's startled face. Leona, whose expression was not entirely spontaneous, was glad to be able to talk again.

"Charles," she said, "I have won-

BEARS

Wonderful bears that walked my room all night,
Where have you gone, your sleek and fairy fur,
Your eyes' veiled and imperious light?

Brown bears as rich as mocha or as musk,
White opalescent bears whose fur stood out
Electric in the deepening dusk,

And great black bears that seemed more blue than black,
More violet than blue against the dark—
Where are you now? Upon what track

Mutter your muffled paws that used to tread
So softly, surely, up the creakless stair
While I lay listening in bed?

When did I lose you? Whose have you become?
Why do I wait and wait and never hear
Your thick nocturnal pacing in my room?
My bears, who keeps you now, in pride and fear?

—Adrienne Cecile Rich

• •

derful news. I just can't keep it to myself any longer. The most wonderful surprise. You'll never guess what it is. All right, Charles, I know you hate to guess. I'll tell you." She drew a deep breath and smiled tremulously. This was really too good. "Aunt Amelia is coming next weekend," she said. "Lady Ailesbury-Rhode, Charles. Can you believe it?"

"*Tommy's* aunt, wasn't she?"

"And my aunt by marriage. I always call her Aunt Amelia."

"Always? You only met her once, didn't you, when you dragged Tommy to visit her in Ottawa during your honeymoon?"

"Oh, Charles, you sound so cross. I *can't help showing off* just a little. She's going back to London to live, and she'll be in New York for two weeks, staying with friends. She called me this morning and said she'd like to come here next weekend. Well, I feel quite deflated. I thought you'd be pleased. I'm planning a marvellous party, Charles. Don't you want to hear about it?"

"Of course I want to hear about it. I'm always interested in your little dos, Leona. I simply wanted to say that titles are not so uncommon as you seem to imagine, my dear. I don't think you should permit yourself to be quite so fluttery about this Lady Ailesbury-Rhode. You're being quite girlish, my love. You're flapping. It isn't altogether becoming, Leona."

"Oh, Charles, I'm sorry. Don't scold me. I'm afraid I got carried away. I'm such a fool. But do let's talk about the party. Imagine how jealous Dolly and Laura—and, oh, all of them—are going to be. Why, if you think *I'm* bad, you should hear *them.* I mean they're simply slavish about titles. Of course, I don't care a bit, one way or another, but it is fun to have the only titled relative at the Retreat. Don't you see, Charles?"

"Of course I see, Leona. Rather, I understand your excitement, although I deplore it. I rather hoped you had matured beyond that kind of behavior. But the other girls will indeed be green with envy. Pea green. You say the old lady—she is *quite* old, isn't she?—telephoned you this morning. Had she written you from Ottawa?"

"Well, no, Charles. Why should she?"

Charles smiled disagreeably. "I hope you won't find her difficult. Bridie is a very precious servant, you know. You don't want Bridie flouncing out in a rage because some titled Englishwoman steps on her toes. You'd better be on guard, my dear. House guests are a very touchy proposition, especially when they happen to be people you don't know awfully well."

"Oh, Charles," Leona said reproachfully.

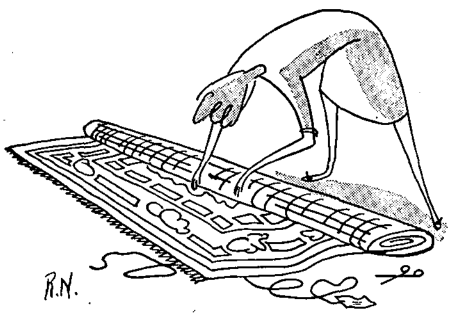
There was a nervous silence.

"After all, this was Tommy's house," Leona went on, "and it's only right that his aunt should come out here for a visit, probably the only visit she'll ever have a chance to make here. And think how she'll enjoy you, Charles! She's no doubt expecting to meet a lot of dull little husbands and wives. You'll be a revelation to her."

"All right. But don't say you weren't warned. Let's talk about the party. Whom did you think of asking?"

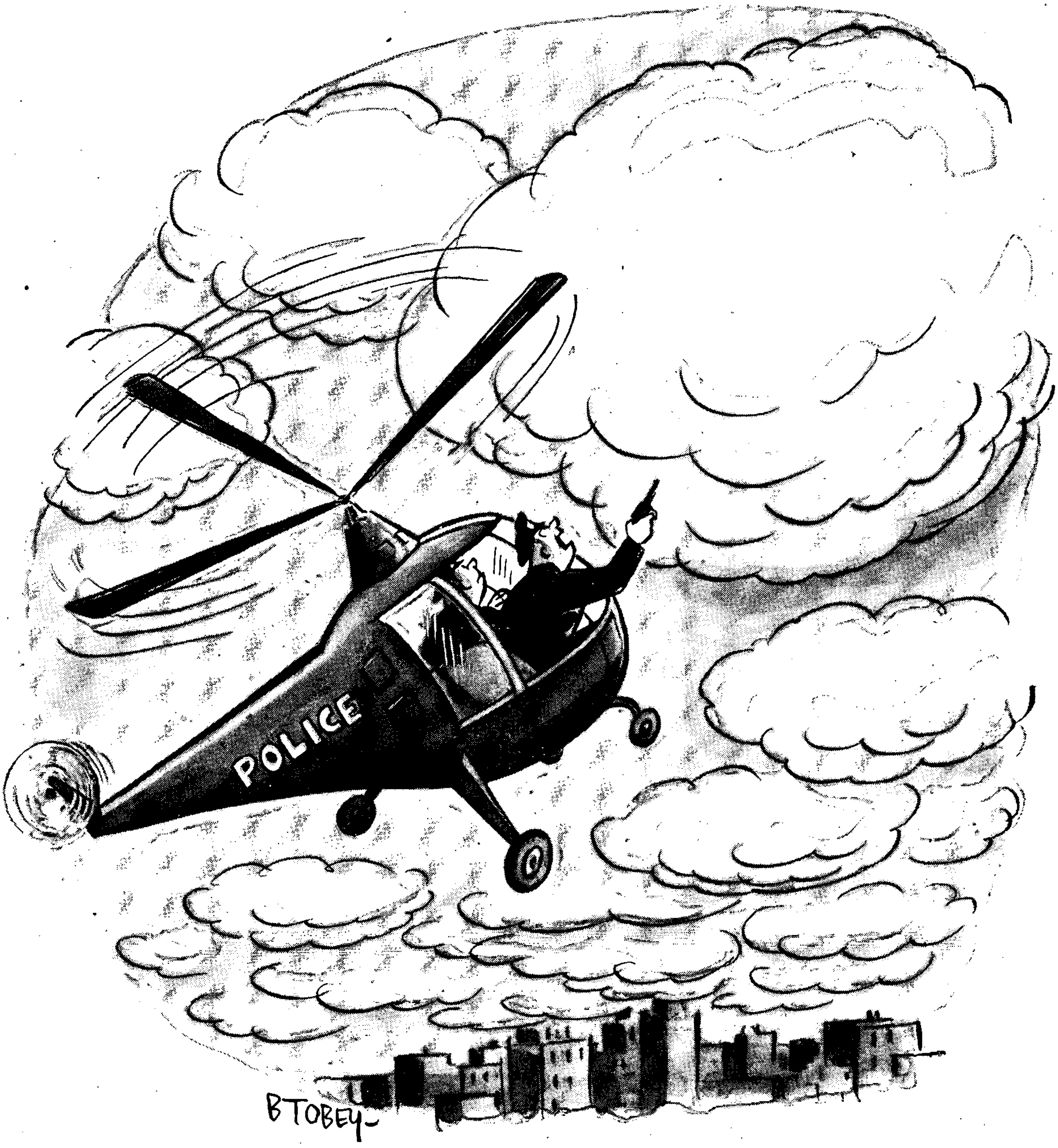
"Everyone!" Leona cried. "Just everyone in the Retreat, Charles, darling. Cocktails, a buffet supper, the works. We'll probably go on all night. It's going to be *the* best party. It'll be the last really big party before Christmas."

Aloof, even frigid, frowning a little to show he still harbored misgivings, Charles began to plan the party for Lady Ailesbury-Rhode.



The gratitude Leona felt toward Charles blinded her to the possibility that he might be jealous, and ordinarily she would have taken his disparaging remarks about her relative as an indication that he was in a bad mood; that is to say, annoyed with her. For Leona, a consistent worshipper, could imagine and could perceive only two moods in her god. Either Charles was mercifully disposed to her or he was not. Out of favor with him, she felt painfully bewildered and could hardly endure herself while she waited for him to approve of her again, *and then, when the change* came and he smiled on her and called her darling caressingly instead of with sarcasm, the pain went out of her bewilderment, and she found its absence pleasant and called herself happy. Charles' pronouncements on Lady Ailesbury-Rhode shocked her, but only for a moment. Her anticipation of her coming social triumph had already swelled into an airy, lightheaded satisfaction that could be punctured by no one—not even Charles.

ON the following Friday afternoon at three o'clock, Lady Ailesbury-Rhode had not yet arrived, and Leona ran upstairs to take another last look at her guest's bedroom There was nothing there that she could improve, and she descended nervously into her large, square center hall just as the doorbell rang. It seemed to Leona later that the uniformed chauffeur was already in the hall, and had deposited Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's suitcase there, before Bridie answered the door, but that, she knew, was only because she had become so confused. Lady Ailesbury-Rhode advanced on Leona, shook her hand briskly, and demanded, in clear, high-pitched tones, to be taken to her



"We know you're in there, Blackie. C'mon out or we'll come in and get you."

room. She was a short, round woman with a complacent, bad-tempered face and discolored blue eyes, and at the sight of her Leona felt so great an awe that she almost curtsied. Instead, she led the way upstairs. Bridie followed with the suitcase.

"I'm going to take a nap," Lady Ailesbury-Rhode announced. Then, to Bridie, "I'll have my tea in here. You can bring it up at four-thirty—and, mind you, I'll know instantly if the water is not boiling. You don't use those disgusting tea bags, I presume."

Before Bridie could answer, Leona spoke for her: "Of course not, Aunt Amelia. Why, Bridie would no more consider using a tea bag than— than I would. Would you like some toast with your tea?"

"One slice of very thin bread, lightly buttered, please. Nothing else. Well, this all looks very nice, Leona. Charming house—I was out here once or twice when poor Tommy's mother was alive. We must have a long chat after I've had my nap. Now, there's just one thing, my dear. I see you've put no hot-water bottle in my bed. Perhaps you forgot. But I really would like it. Would you have your maid bring it here as soon as possible? I shudder to think of those icy sheets."

There were several hot-water bottles in Leona's house, but her thoughts flew naturally in the direction of only one.

"Bridie will fill it at once, Aunt Amelia," she said penitently. "How thoughtless of me. Bridie, fill the olive-green velvet bottle. Aunt Amelia, Bridie will have it here in just a minute. How careless of me to forget it."

"An olive-green velvet bottle? My dear girl, haven't you anything else? It sounds unsafe."

"It's a rather special hot-water bottle, Aunt Amelia, I'm sure you'll approve of it when you see it."

The old lady's words of pleased surprise when she saw and felt the pretty object sent Leona into a daze of pleasure that still possessed her when Charles arrived at the house at five-thirty. Leona met him at the door. George was putting the car away.

"A drink and news before you go up to change or afterward, Charles?" she asked.

"Afterward, if you don't mind," Charles said crisply. "Did Lady Ailesbury-Rhode arrive?"

"She's in her room, taking a nap. She had tea at four-thirty, so she should be down quite soon now. Do hurry, Charles, darling, so that we can have a little moment together before she comes. I've so much to tell you, darling."

Half an hour later, Charles came downstairs and joined Leona, who was sitting in front of the living-room fire, waiting to pour the first Martinis of the evening. The Martinis were in a tall crystal shaker, and on the tray beside them stood two tiny glasses, frosted from their sojourn in the refrigerator. Leona's air of anxiety as she poured the Martinis was genuine. Charles had been known to make an ugly scene over an inferior Martini. He sat down and sipped his drink before he spoke.

"Leona," he said suddenly, setting his glass on the table beside him, "where is my hot-water bottle?"

The shock, the violent realization of what she had done, cleared Leona's brain miraculously, and in one instant

Herbert Goldberg

"Where have you been? Your horse came back hours ago."

she saw her dreadful mistake and began, almost calmly, to think of a way to recover herself.

"Why, it's in the kitchen, Charles," she said. "Bridie noticed a loose thread in the quilting yesterday, and she actually offered to repair it herself. Now, there's proof that she really adores you. She never offered to mend anything for me. Quite the opposite."

Charles sighed, smiled, lay back in his chair, and took his glass in his hand. "Wonderful Bridie," he said. "And wonderful Leona. This Martini is perfection, darling."

"The Maitlands are coming for dinner," Leona said. "And Tom and Liza. I didn't ask anyone to come in afterward. I thought we'd better have an early night tonight. I don't want to wear Aunt Amelia out. After all, she's not so terribly young."

"Stop worrying about this evening. I'll shoo them all home myself, if I have to. Now, tell me about your aunt. What was she wearing? I want to hear all about her."

Leona wondered how she could go on talking so calmly. She was horrified at what she had done, and more horrified because of the stupid, useless lie. Why could she not have said honestly that she had lent the hot-water bottle, knowing he would understand? But he would never understand. And now I'm going to have to tell him before he goes to bed tonight, she said to herself, and how am I going to do that? Watching Charles' familiar gestures, seeing his mocking *moues*, his narrow, malicious smile, and his sharp eyes, which she knew could turn in an instant from tolerance to a destructive rage, she was terrified. How am I going to tell him, she wondered. How in God's name am I going to tell him?

But it never occurred to her not to give the velvet-covered hot-water bottle to Lady Ailesbury-Rhode again at bedtime.

LEONA had been working as a secretary in a bank when she met Tommy Finch, and she had never really recovered from the incredulous elation she felt when he married her. Secretly, she was still as impressed by Herbert's Retreat now as she had been the day he brought her out to show her the house, just before their wedding. She had never forgotten her first sight of the Retreat, when Tommy turned in to the narrow private road that meandered from the highway in toward the river. The forty beautiful houses it connected had been built here and there at random, two hundred years ago, in a fine, thickly wooded glade that remained wild and green except for the smooth grass lawns and rims of grass that the householders claimed for themselves. Leona had never even heard of Herbert's Retreat until she met Tommy, but from the first she became fiercely attached to it. She loved the fact that it was a restricted, protected, rigidly exclusive community. During her first days there, she was timorously happy that Tommy's neighbors so easily accepted her. As she settled down, her pride stiffened. She began to take her own presence in the Retreat for granted and to feel she belonged naturally, not just by acceptance. Still, at the bottom of her heart, deeper even than her dependence on Charles, lay an irresponsible, unreasonable fear, carefully smothered most of the time, that someday some distant relative of Tommy's would turn up and take the house from her. It couldn't happen, she knew; she had her rights. But the rights, as she held and counted them, seemed slippery in her hands. She was not really very sure of herself, and Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's title only intensified her desire to get down on both knees and say to the old lady, "See? I'm the same sort of person, really, that you are. I belong here. See how naturally I fit in? See what a good job I do? Isn't the house charming? And beautifully appointed? No one else could do things so well. There can't possibly be any question that I belong here. Please say that you approve of me."

All during the familiar, laughing flurry of the Maitlands' and the Fryes' arrival, and during the decorous, excited interval that marked Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's descent into the company, and while poor George, who came downstairs very late, was fumbling at the bar for one of the warm, sweet Manhattans he loved, Leona's thoughts were with her titled guest. Even while her head seethed with distress over her predicament with Charles, she was judging the effect on the old lady of the room, the service, and the other guests. Charles was doing splendidly. Suave, humorous, attentive, he was showing quite plainly that he and Lady Ailesbury-Rhode belonged to the same world and that they were at home together. Lewis Maitland, tall, blond, and with a heavy, conventional handsomeness, spoke very little. Dolly, his thirty-year-old baby-girl wife, bubbled mutely, holding her cocktail glass carefully and casting inquisitive, delighted glances in all directions. Willowy Liza Frye was silent, too, her graceful, high-held head immobile in a halo of conscious poise. Tom Frye's plump face swelled with diffidence as he recounted some affectionate anecdotes of days spent in London as a schoolboy and as a young man. Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's clear, clipped voice dominated the cocktail hour and the dinner table, and after dinner she invited Charles to sit next to her on the sofa, where they engaged in a companionable, witty exchange of views on the deterioration of polite society since the beginning of the First World War.

Before meeting Leona, Charles had been the prey of any woman with a guest room for an extra man who would pay for his weekend in smiles and talk. Now he told a few reminiscences of those days, transfiguring the women, the houses, and the occasions until Leona was sick with the thought that she might lose him. Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's descriptions of the old, leisurely days in England entranced her hearers, and they all murmured protestingly when, at ten-thirty sharp, she stood up to go to bed. Leona offered to see her to her room, but the offer was refused, and after walking with her pleased, flushed guest to the foot of the stairs she slipped out to the kitchen, where Bridie, bathed in a blinding white light from the ceiling, was sitting on a chair that was all but invisible under her great, starched bulk. A cup of tea steamed on the table beside her. At her back, the window was uncurtained against the night. She was holding her spectacles against her eyes with one hard red hand, and reading the morning obituaries. Seeing Leona, she lowered the spectacles.

IN CASE OF FIRE

"The dinner was perfect, Bridie," Leona said. "The other maids went home, I suppose. You must be very tired."

"Ah, I'm used to that, Mrs. Harkey. You have to get used to being tired when you're in service. I was wanting to ask you—I put Her Ladyship's hot-water bottle in her bed at a quarter past ten, just like she said. Now, which hot-water bottle do you want me to leave up for Mr. Runyon? Or maybe he won't want one at all now, since the one he likes is in use."

Bridie had been waiting for this interview since the afternoon. You're on the spot now, Ma'am, she thought, watching Leona's distress. Let's see you wriggle out of this.

Leona said nothing, and Bridie continued, "He never had one before, Ma'am. Before you got him the stone one, I mean. Maybe he won't miss it."

Leona looked at her helplessly. "Frankly, Bridie," she said, laughing in the way she knew a maid would understand—not being too friendly but showing that she understood perfectly well that Bridie was human, too, and that this domestic emergency must involve them both—"Frankly, I don't know what to do. Lady Ailesbury-Rhode would have thought it odd if we'd given her an ordinary hot-water bottle tonight. You heard what she said about the velvet one this afternoon."

Bridie emitted a short, barking laugh. "If you'll excuse me for saying so, Ma'am, I think we'd all have heard all about it if she hadn't found that same bottle in her bed when she went up tonight. All over it, she was, when I took the tea up in the afternoon. She had it hanging on the bedpost right beside her head. 'Where did Mrs. Harkey find it?' she asked me when I was fixing the bed tray. Well, I told her about how you had the little cover made for it and all, but sure she knew all that. You told her yourself this afternoon. She just wanted to talk about it. It's the sort of thing an old lady would fancy, you know, Mrs. Harkey. She took a fancy to it, right enough."

"She hung it on the bedpost, Bridie?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Where she could see it. Now, about Mr. Runyon—"

"Wait a minute, Bridie. Let me think."

Trembling, Leona sat down and patted her face nervously until her glance caught her own dim, ghostly reflection in the dark glass of the window. Then she put her hands in her lap and turned to Bridie and said, "I want you to help me. No, wait a minute, this is going to be difficult. You're going to have to be very, very careful."

This is the best yet, Bridie thought as she listened to Leona's instructions. Wait till I tell the girls about this. Oh, Lord above, this is the best yet!

WHEN Leona returned to her living room, she was greeted with a flurry of excited cries from Dolly, who was evidently determined to make up for her evening of silence. Charles was back in his own chair by the fire, and a glass of brandy stood at his elbow. He winked at Leona. Oh, how wonderful he is, Leona thought. I must not let this terrible thing come between us. In spite of their pleasure in Lady Ailesbury-Rhode, her presence had been a strain on all of them, and now they subsided easily into the comfortable, companionable idle chat that was familiar to them. Even Charles seemed less guarded than usual. Leona's mouth was dry, and she sipped her brandy, waiting till Bridie should judge the time had come to go upstairs. After half an hour, Leona heard her slow, heavy tread, and the pause as she reached the landing. Then there was no sound from upstairs. Bridie must be waiting for the chance to get into Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's room. Leona threw Charles a glance of tremulous appeal, which he misinterpreted.

He stood up and clapped his hands gaily. "All right, boys and girls. Leona is much too polite and much too fond of you all to tell you so, but she has a big day tomorrow. And I want to go to bed."

A minute later, she stood in the doorway with him, waving goodbye and nodding with frantic enthusiasm at Dolly's repeated promises to see her tomorrow, to call her up first thing, to run right around if she needed anything at all.

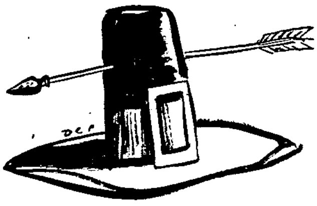
Charles closed the door and leaned against it, making a comical face. "My God," he said, "I thought they'd never go. You don't think I was too abrupt with them? I don't think so."

"Of course you weren't abrupt, Charles, darling."

"Dear child, you're positively tottering," Charles said. "Come and sit down, and we'll have one little nightcap before we go up. I'll get it, darling; you look all in."

Leona wondered what in the name of heaven was keeping Bridie upstairs so long. Surely the old lady was asleep by now. All Bridie had to do was walk to the bedpost, take the hot-water bottle, take it to the kitchen, refill it, and have it in Charles' bed by the time he got upstairs. I'd better keep him here a few *minutes longer, she thought.*

George said good night and went upstairs to bed. Charles stood on the hearthrug, gazing into the mirror that hung over Leona's mantelpiece. He swirled his brandy gently in his glass and stared at his reflection.



"Your Aunt Amelia was quite taken with me," he said. "In fact, we flirted a little, there toward the end of the evening. She must have been quite a belle in her day. What is it you women see in me, Leona?" He turned his head and glanced sidewise at her, teasing her. "Tell me, Leona, darling, what do you see in me? Let's talk about it. . . . Oh, well, if you won't talk— No, you've had your chance. I'll puzzle it out myself. Mirror, mirror— No, that's too boring. But they do say the eyes are the windows of the soul." He leaned forward, smiling into his own eyes.

A dreadful squawk reached them from upstairs.

Charles leaped back from the mirror. "What was that?" he cried.

But Leona was already halfway up the stairs. She switched the landing light on as she reached the top, and saw Bridie, hair in disarray, eyes glittering, come out of Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's bedroom with the velvet hot-water bottle hugged to her bosom. Then Lady Ailesbury-Rhode appeared, wearing a camel's-hair dressing gown, slippers of maroon leather, and a hair net.

"Leona, *what is the meaning of* this?" she asked. "I awoke from a sound sleep to find this woman clutching my foot."

"She had it in the bed with her, Ma'am," Bridie said.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Aunt Amelia," Leona said, and started to cry.

Lady Ailesbury-Rhode blinked with embarrassment. "Oh, don't take on so, child. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, although I don't usually need the hot-water bottle refilled in the night. Oh, Mr. Runyon, there you are. What a pickle you find us in."

Leona realized that Charles had run upstairs after her, and was standing behind her. She moved to lean against the wall.

George's bedroom door opened, and he came out, knotting his dressing gown and blinking. "Anything wrong?" he asked. "I thought I heard voices."

"A little misunderstanding, George," Lady Ailesbury-Rhode said. "Leona, dear, if your maid will take the hot-water bottle to the kitchen and refill it now, I shall be delighted. So kind of you. Good night, my dear."

She withdrew into her room and closed the door. George disappeared into his room. Bridie rustled past Leona and Charles, and went downstairs. She tried to catch Leona's eye as she went past, but Leona no longer cared for plots or signals. She felt Charles standing near her, and longed for him to speak to her, but he walked down the hall to his own room and went in, shutting the door. Leona ran after him, and, receiving no response to her knock, she opened the door and stepped into the room. Charles was sitting in his great easy chair by the window, smoking. He looked coolly at her.

"Well?" he said.

"Oh, Charles," Leona sobbed, "what can I say? How can you ever forgive me? But I was so confused when she arrived, and I wanted everything to be just right. And then I was frightened and I didn't know what to do. Please try to understand, Charles! Here we're going to have this lovely party tomorrow night, and don't let's spoil everything. I'll make it up to you, Charles, I promise I will. I promise, Charles!"

"Sorry, my dear. I won't be at your party tomorrow," Charles said.

Leona stopped crying and stared at him. "Not be at the party, Charles?"

"I shall be leaving first thing in the morning, Leona. I can call a taxi from the village to take me to the station, I presume."

Leona watched him take a puff of his cigarette. She thought of Lady Ailesbury-Rhode's domineering voice, and of Bridie's imperfectly hidden derision, and of Dolly's inane laughter, and of the olive-green velvet hot-water bottle, and of the eternity she had spent this evening, alone and frightened, trying to make everything go right for everybody.

"All right, Charles," she said wretchedly. "Bridie will call your taxi whenever you want it."

She closed the door and walked, weeping, down the hall to her own room, where she threw her clothes on the nearest chair and fell into bed, and, strangely enough, dropped off at once into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, it was ten o'clock. She had meant to be up at eight, because of the party. There was so much still to be done. And then she remembered that although Lady Ailesbury-Rhode was still under her roof, Charles had gone. *Forever, Leona thought.* Tears rolled down her face. I can't go through with this day, she thought. Not without him.

There was a tap at the door, and Bridie came in, bearing a tray of coffee and toast.

"When you didn't come down for breakfast, Ma'am, I thought I'd let you sleep. You looked that tired last night." She gazed avidly at Leona, who sat up and reached for her robe, which was not in its accustomed place beside her bed. "I'll get it, Ma'am," Bridie said, and took it from the closet.

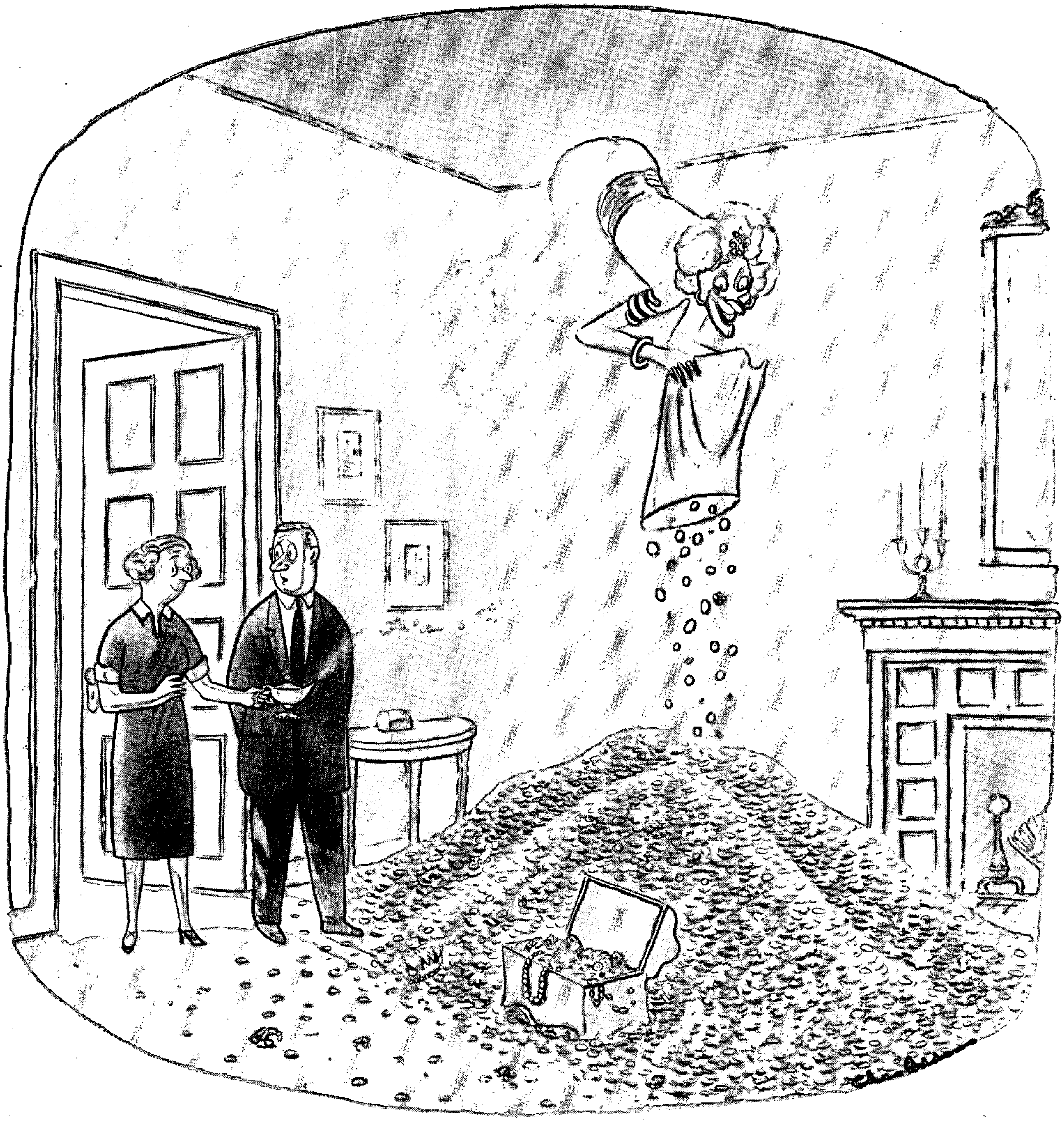
Leona ignored her glance at the untidy heap of clothes on the chair. She had no more favors to ask of Bridie, and she wasn't going to stand any nonsense from her.

"Has Lady Ailesbury-Rhode had her breakfast, Bridie?" she asked, lighting a cigarette.

"She had tea in her room at eight, Mrs. Harkey. And she came down to breakfast at nine. And now she's out walking with Mr. Runyon. He's showing her around the place."

"Mr. Runyon?"

"Yes, Ma'am. He gave me a note to give you. He was all *worried* for fear I'd wake you up with it. Here it is. He



"Before you let yourself get carried away with all this, Ethel, let's find out if we can list it as capital gains."

• •

gave it to me when I brought him up his coffee, but I promised him I wouldn't give it to you till I thought you were ready to get up."

"All right, Bridie," Leona said. "Never mind those clothes. You can pick them up later. I'll be down in an hour."

Bridie left reluctantly. As soon as the door closed, Leona tore the note open. "Dear Leona," it said, "I was joking, of course. I was punishing you a little. You have been a bad girl, you know. What a delicious day for our party. My big oak turned quite gold in the night, and threw two of his leaves right through my window and onto my table, where they are still resting, the darlings. See you at lunch. Or sooner?"

Oh, Charles, Leona thought. Oh, thank you, Charles!

Light with joy and anxious for a complete reconciliation, she dressed quickly. As she came from her bedroom into the hall, she saw that his door, at the far end, stood open. She peered in. The room was empty, and it had not yet been tidied. She walked to the writing desk and touched the oak leaves gently. Dear Charles . . . She looked at the chair in which he had sat last night, so hurt, so cruel, and so unforgiving. Dear Charles, she thought gratefully, I'll make amends somehow. She glanced at his pier glass and saw herself wearing a dress of thin red wool, artfully fitted to her long figure. The clear, bright color made her skin glow and deepened the dark haze of her hair. A flame, she thought. Dear, dear Charles. She rested her elbow on his white mantelpiece and thought of him. Then, in surprise, she saw that his fireplace was scattered with ashes, although the logs had not been charred and the kindling under them was whole. She reached down. Charles had been burning paper, but not enough to start a blaze. A letter or something, she thought idly, and would have turned away, but her eye was caught by a tiny white ball that had rolled away from the grate and was caught by the floor boards. She picked it up and smoothed it out. "Dearest Leona," she read. "Of course you have realized by now that I was jesting. I was, you know. I was hurt and I tried to hurt you. I'll be here for the party. And I'll be here next weekend and next weekend and next weekend. What times we are going to have together. And do you know, that splendid oak outside my window (the one I call *my* oak, darling) blazed"

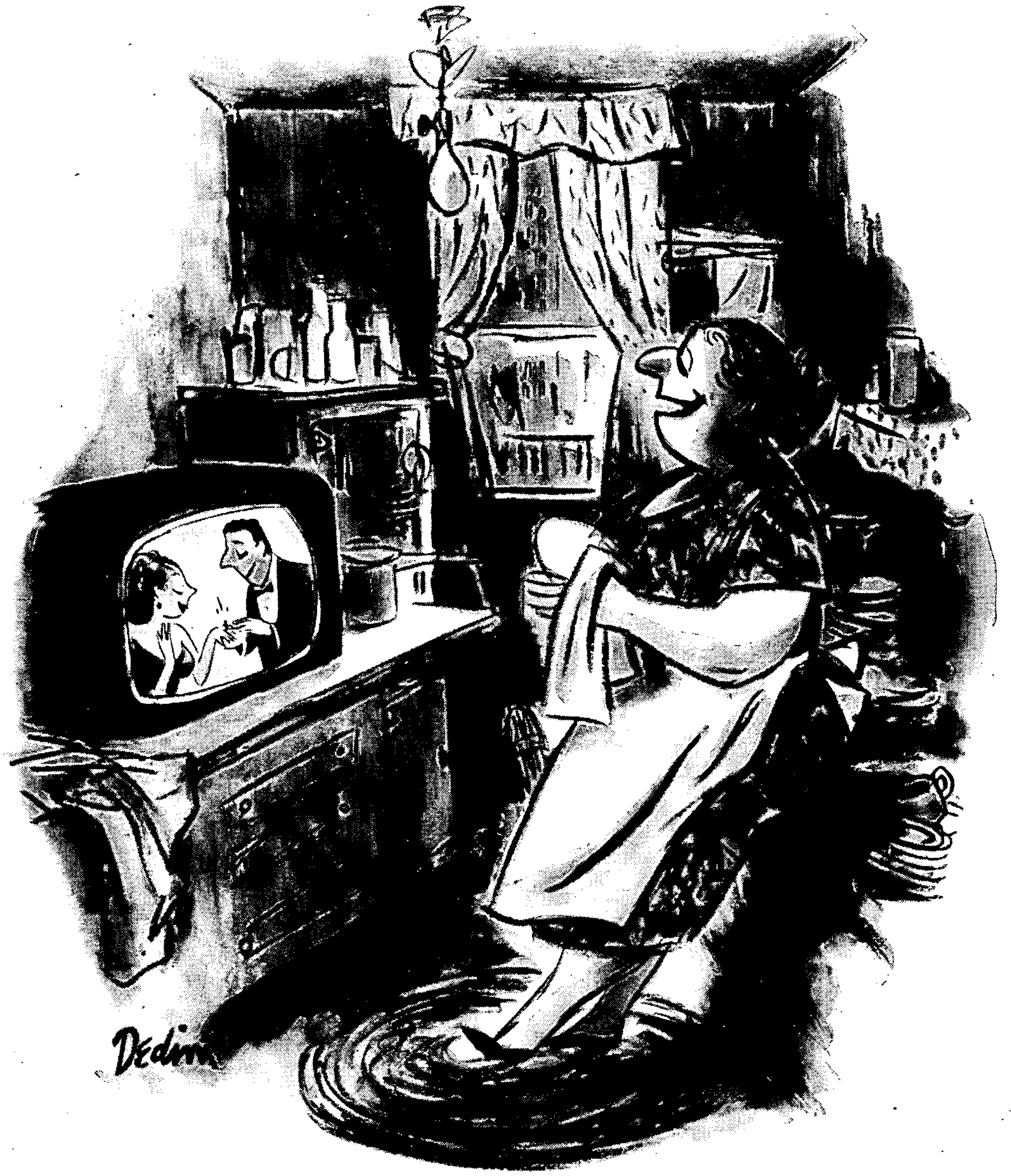
The note was unfinished. Leona put it in her pocket and looked at the ashes in the grate. There must have been several notes. She grew thoughtful. Why, Charles was *anxious* to stay. He was just as anxious to stay as she was to have him here.

Before leaving the room, she cast one last glance around it. It was, after all, a very nice room. It was an enchanting room. Any man would be glad to have such a room.

THAT night, Leona gave the best party she had ever given. Everyone said so. Lady Ailesbury-Rhode was charming, and Charles Runyon was in top form. Leona looked radiant, in a clinging dress of wood-smoke-blue silk that left her sloping white shoulders bare. She was really a marvellous hostess. She seemed to be everywhere at once, and yet she never seemed worried or abstracted. Her confidence was superb, and as she wandered, smiling, from group to group, and from room to room, the eyes of her friends followed her with admiration and envy. Curiously enough, no one noticed that she did not exchange one word with Charles all evening. Only Charles noticed.

This was a new game for Leona, and she loved it. She could feel Charles' tension as she moved lightly through the rooms. She knew that he was watching her, however entertained and entertaining he might seem to the others. She knew it by the turn of his head as she came near his chair, which she passed quickly, laughing to someone at the far side of the room. She knew it by the set of his back as he stood talking near the buffet table and heard her voice calling to someone at his side. She had first felt her power as they met in the living room before lunch, and she challenged his amused, ironical gaze with an amused, ironical gaze of her own, and saw his puzzled frown. How long, Leona thought, pushing open a window to let the cold night air into the loud, warm rooms—how long will I punish him? Will I forgive him tonight, when they've all gone home and he wants that last little nightcap by the fire? Or will I go straight to bed and let him spend the night wondering? I might forgive him before lunch tomorrow. Or wait until Aunt Amelia leaves. That might be best—to wait till she leaves. He'll really be worried by then. But I would like to talk over the party tonight. Oh, well, I have hours yet before they go. And she closed the window (a little of that air was enough) and wandered idly toward the spot where Charles stood, the center of a delighted group, fascinating everyone, as always. Everyone but me, Leona thought, and ignored his hopeful eyes and passed casually by to watch for another opportunity to ignore him. Leona thought she had never had such fun in her life as she was having ignoring Charles.

—MAEVE BRENNAN



"*You fool, you!*"

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Who drove a truck off Pier 21 into the East River early Saturday?

And why?

For that matter, who dumped a suitcase full of men's clothing—including a single size 11 shoe—off the same pier? And again, why?

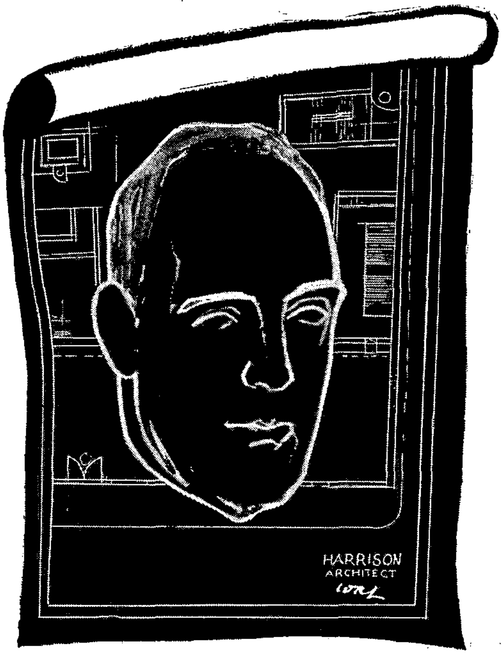
Police were zaffled by the twin hysteries and saw little hope of finding the answers.
—*The Post.*

Nensonce, nothing could be sampler.

PROFILES

ARCHITECT

II—THE SQUARE THAT BECAME A CENTER

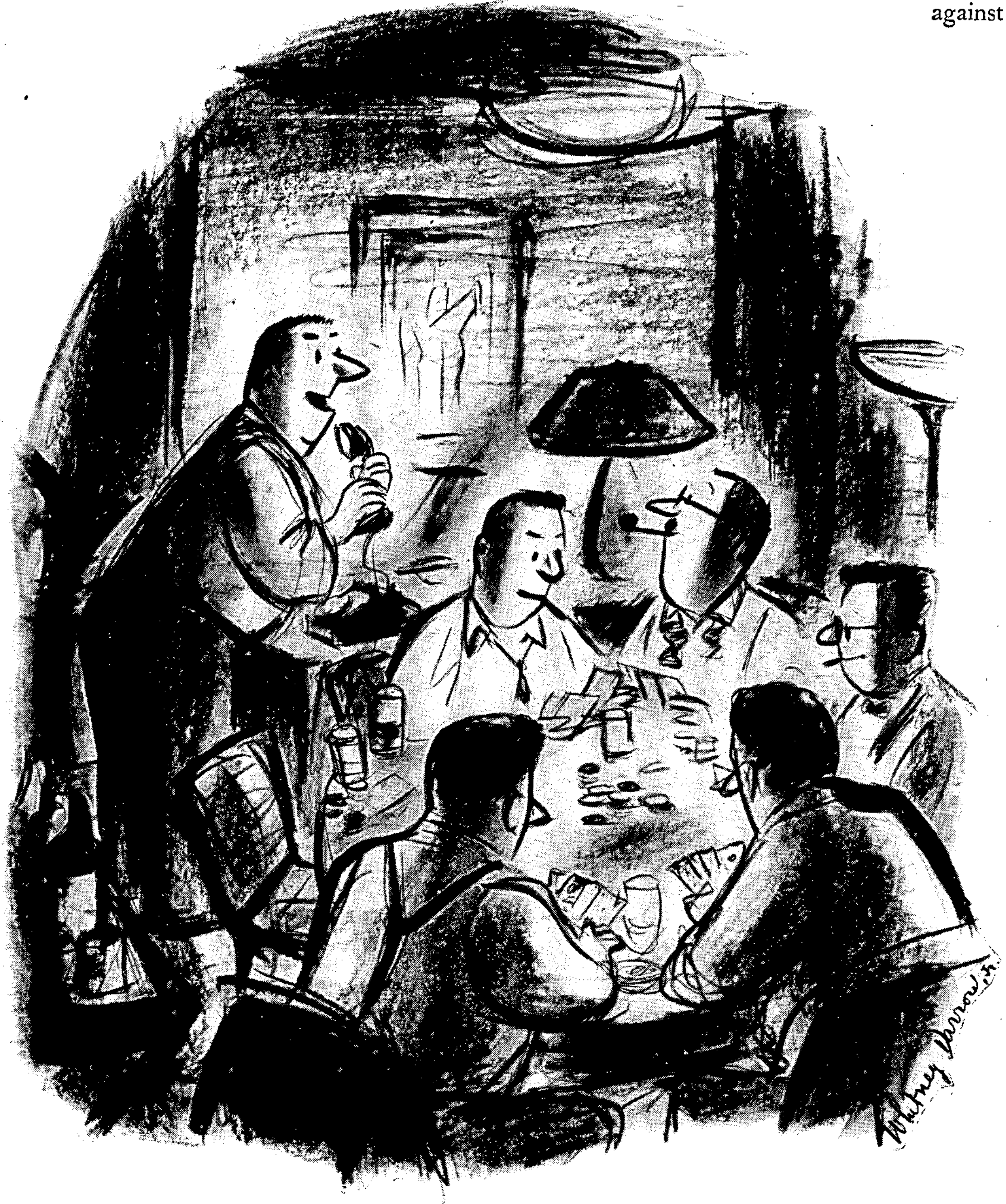


NEXT to Frank Lloyd Wright, who, as the father of modern American architecture and perhaps its only true genius, occupies a unique position in his field, the person commonly regarded as the most influential figure in present-day building design in this country is Wallace K. Harrison. A fifty-nine-year-old New York architect who has been associated with about seven hundred million dollars' worth of new buildings during the last quarter of a century and was a member of the seven-man team of architects responsible for Rockefeller Center, Harrison was nevertheless largely unknown outside his profession until he took on the job of architect-in-chief of the headquarters of the United Nations. Except for his predilection for wearing shirts of faintly Left Bank hues and for daubing away at tortuous abstract paintings when his spirits sag, there is little or nothing in Harrison's appearance or manner that fits the classic concept of a high-geared creative temperament. A tall, rugged man with a stalwart conscience, who fell into architecture by accident when, at the age of fourteen, he went to work as an office boy with a construction company in his native Worcester, Massachusetts, Harrison talks with a raspy New England twang, wears what is left of his gray-brown hair at a conventional length, adheres whenever possible to a nine-to-five working schedule, and regards potato farming as the consummate hobby. "Wally's a perfect Yankee—always was and always will be," an architect who has known Harrison for thirty-five years said recently. "That's one of the reasons he gets along so well with foreigners, like the members of the international board of design who worked with him on the U.N.—he's exactly what they expect an American to be like. Wally's as plain as an old shoe. It's no façade. He really is. But he's a fellow who learns from experience and he's had a lot of it, so today he's also a very sophisticated man. He understands businessmen, politicians, and scientists just about as well as he understands architects and other artistic types. They all feel, when they first talk with Wally, that here, at last, is a kindred soul. He's really a sort of Renaissance man—a latter-day Michelangelo or Leonardo, completely at home in many different worlds, even in this age of specialists."

Over the years, Harrison, who has a way of becoming personally attached to the people he works with, has developed a wide and varied circle of friends that includes painters, bankers, construction foremen, high-ranking statesmen of many countries, Kiwanians, conservative and socialist political philosophers, steel magnates, and Latin-American poets. He is always intensely concerned about their problems, professional or personal, and these are likely to involve him on so many levels at once that his associates sometimes wish they had a score card to identify the players. Last autumn, for example, while he was chatting in his office with a young manufacturer of plastics, his secretary put a phone call through to him. "I had no idea who Wally was talking to," the plastics man said later, "but they were evidently discussing somebody who was in very bad straits—most likely, I figured, one of Wally's floundering artist friends who was only a couple of steps from potter's field. Wally, I could see, was deeply disturbed. He kept pawing his eyebrows and repeating phrases like 'We must do everything we can for him' and 'He was our friend when we needed him.' After he hung up, he didn't say anything for quite some time, and then he told me, 'We were talking about Trygve Lie. We mustn't forget him now that he's left the U.N. and retired to private life. Few people appreciate the terrific job he turned in as Secretary-General.' "

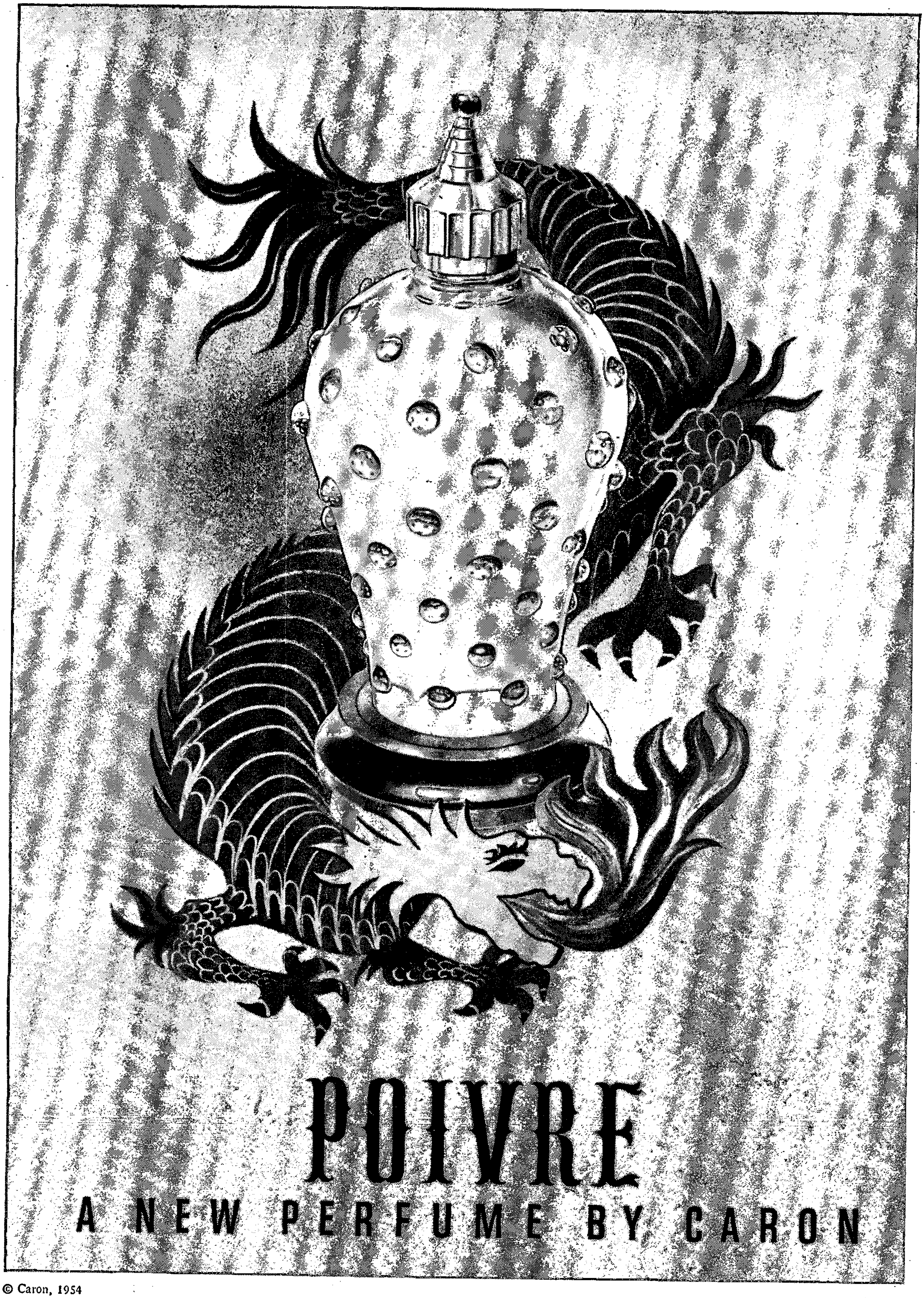
While Harrison's colleagues are generally agreed that he is a sound engineer and an adventurous designer who brings a fine creative continuity to his buildings, they are also generally agreed that, for all his talent, it is his Renaissance-man range of understanding and adaptability that principally accounts for the tremendous influence he has had on modern architecture. "The big thing is the respect Wally Harrison commands in the business world," the eminent architectural historian Talbot Hamlin remarked not long ago. "Over the last twenty years, he's been a partner in firms that have controlled a good deal of the big money. At the outset, his connection with Rockefeller Center gave him a reputation that the business world looked up to. And now, of course, the U.N. job has added enormously to his prestige. It's given him something of the status of an international statesman. All in all, he's achieved an extraordinarily powerful position for an architect, and he's used it admirably. He's been so phenomenally successful in gaining the confidence of businessmen that they've begun to accept innovations in modern architecture more readily than they ever did before. Thanks to him, many business leaders have actually become enthusiasts for the best in progressive design. Harrison has won a new kind of respect for the entire profession. I shudder when I think what could have happened if the same opportunities had fallen into the hands of a man who was less responsible, or less creative, or both." For his part, Harrison is inclined to interpret the aesthetic headway he has made in his dealings with the business community as support of his belief that architecture can rarely, if ever, be approached as pure art. "When Le Corbusier came over to work with us on the plans for the United Nations, he said to me more than once that he had never compromised with his principles," Harrison told a friend a while ago. "That's probably true of Corbu—never compromising. Well, I've compromised more than once. Reality demands it, if the building's going to get built. The people who talk about conceiving perfection and sticking to it have never had to get down on the ground and get their hands dirty. Out in Texas we've been working on an office building for the Republic National Bank of Dallas. It's thirty-six stories high—far and away the tallest building ever put up in that part of the country. To emphasize that fact, our client wanted to top it off with some distinctive emblem that could be seen for miles away across the plains—a landmark by day and by night. We drew up a number of designs. The client didn't like them. He had his own baby. He wanted a replica of the Statue of Liberty, with the torch lit up. Now, what do you do in a case like that? Tell him he can't have it? If he wants it, he'll have one put up anyway. All you can do is present what you consider superior designs as forcefully as you can, and hope your arguments will sink in." In this instance, Harrison gained a distinct victory. The client scrapped the Statue of Liberty idea in the hope of hitting upon a symbol more truly representative of Texas but finally reversed his field and settled for a simple, spikelike spire that Harrison considers not half bad.

A man who thrives on change of pace, Harrison has designed private houses, naval installations, housing developments (in Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx), service men's centers, factories, embassies, a hotel, a hospital, and a building for a zoo. His fellow-architects, however, think of him primarily as a specialist in office buildings, and with reason, for he has had a hand in the design and construction of almost a score of them, nearly all skyscrapers. His firm, Harrison & Abramovitz, is currently at work on two more big office buildings, both of them scheduled to be completed in 1956. One of these is a nineteen-story structure for the United States Rubber Company that is going up on the site of the old Center Theatre, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, and the other, forty-two stories tall, is being built for the Socony-Vacuum Company and will occupy the entire block bounded by Forty-first and Forty-second Streets and Third and Lexington Avenues. Harrison has long pondered the basic arguments for and against skyscrapers, which many internationally minded critics regard as the one truly original contribution America has made to architecture, and he has come to the conclusion that there are more good things than bad to be said for them, provided that there is sufficient space between them—as he feels there is at Rockefeller Center—to admit the proper amount of fresh air and sunlight. Not everybody, of course, has a plot the size of Rockefeller Center's to fool around with, but Harrison believes that ways and means of assuring open space can always be devised if the architect is really sold on its merits. For instance, the base of the forty-two-story Socony-Vacuum Building will be only three stories high; on this will stand two separate, well set-back, eleven-story slabs, connected by a central tower that will rise twenty-eight stories above them. By way of stressing the fresh-air-and-sunlight theme, Harrison is thinking of planting grass, trees, and shrubs on the roof of the three-story part of the building, with, possibly, an abbreviated brook purling among them.


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"It's your wife, Ed. Want to listen to her?"

HARRISON's first experience in designing skyscrapers came in 1928, shortly after he had become a junior partner in the architectural firm headed by Frank J. Helmle and Harvey Wiley Corbett. The firm of Helmle & Corbett was one of the country's busiest and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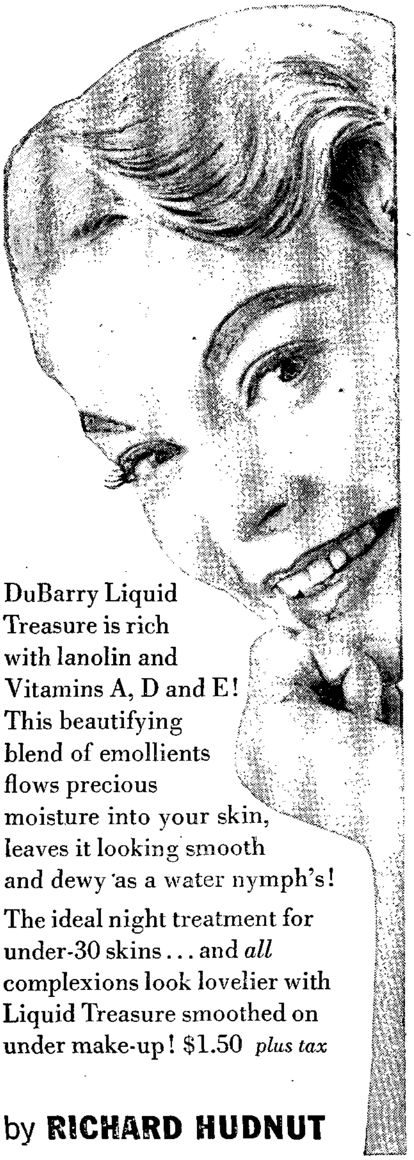

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by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

best, and for Harrison, a rather gaunt and run-down thirty-one at the time he was asked to join it, its decision to take him in was pretty much of a lifesaver. Since he had never had any money except what he contrived to earn, his years of architectural apprenticeship had been rather tough going. During that period, in which he put in a little over a year at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, in Paris, with the help of a scholarship and a thousand dollars he had saved up as a naval ensign in the First World War, he had slowly changed from a devout, if inquiring, traditionalist to a modernist—not an extreme modernist, to be sure, but a thoroughgoing functionalist. This position corresponded quite closely to that held by Corbett, the wheel horse of the firm and a recognized leader in office-building design. From 1914 on, Corbett, an angular, vocal, red-headed engineer from California who had studied at the Beaux-Arts himself, had been championing the so-called "stripped classical" office building, a structure of simple, vertical lines unmarred by banks of Ionic columns or any of the other standard motifs of the well-bred façade. Today, of course, Corbett's views are commonplace, but in the first quarter of this century they were considered radical, for the skyscraper was a long time finding itself.

Since there has never been any real agreement on how high a building must be to be considered a skyscraper, it is impossible to say who designed the first one, but certainly Chicago architects were ahead of all others in recognizing the advantages of height in meeting the problem of housing large businesses under a single roof. In 1885, William Le Baron Jenney put up a ten-story building, supported by a steel framework, for the Home Insurance Company in that city, and six years later the sixteen-story Monadnock Building, also in Chicago, was completed, setting an all-time altitude record for a structure whose entire weight was borne by masonry walls. (To bear that weight, it was necessary to make the Monadnock's walls twelve feet thick at the base.) In 1895, Louis Sullivan, of the Chicago firm of Adler & Sullivan, built, in Buffalo, what many authorities regard as the finest of the early skyscrapers, the thirteen-story Guaranty Building. Gradually, however, New York became the center of skyscraper construction for a number of reasons, including the tendency of big business to concentrate in Manhattan, the consequent rise in the price of land on which to build here, and the island's hard-rock substratum, which provided a good support for the tremendous weights involved. In 1913, Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building was opened on lower Broadway; seven hundred and ninety-two feet high, with an eighteen-story tower rising above its forty-two-story base, it was the tallest building the world had ever seen. Not long afterward, the municipal authorities became alarmed at the spread of shoulder-to-shoulder skyscraper construction, which had already made a sunless gulch of Wall Street, and passed a zoning law that put an end to sheer vertical walls and required architects to provide more light by tapering their buildings with setbacks every few stories. No ceiling was placed on the towers of buildings, however, and in 1931, Shreve, Lamb & Harmon showed the world what a tower could be when the firm's hundred-and-two-story Empire State Building was completed, setting a record for loftiness—twelve hundred and fifty feet—that stands to this day.

At about the time Harrison joined Helmle & Corbett, the firm was drawing up plans for a twenty-three-story skyscraper that the Pennsylvania Power & Light Co. wanted to build in Allentown. "That building, the first skyscraper I ever worked on, has always seemed to me to be the perfect illustration of why the skyscraper was the logical answer to the changing business scene in this country," Harrison remarked not long ago. "Pennsylvania Power and Light had started out with just a simple office in Allentown. As its business kept growing, it had to keep finding new office space. By the late twenties, it had taken over ten or twelve houses on both sides of one of Allentown's main streets and was using each house for a separate department. In the skyscraper we built, these departments were placed one on top of another, and the increase in efficiency was enormous. You can lose a barrel of time, among other things, in a strung-out horizontal layout. To give you an example, when I was down in Washington during the war, working for Inter-American Affairs, my office was at the southeast corner of the seventh floor of the Commerce Building, and my boss's was at the northwest corner of the second floor. One day, I clocked it to see how long it took me to get down there. The trek took seven minutes. In a modern skyscraper, where the horizontal distances don't really matter much, you don't throw time away like that, as long as there is

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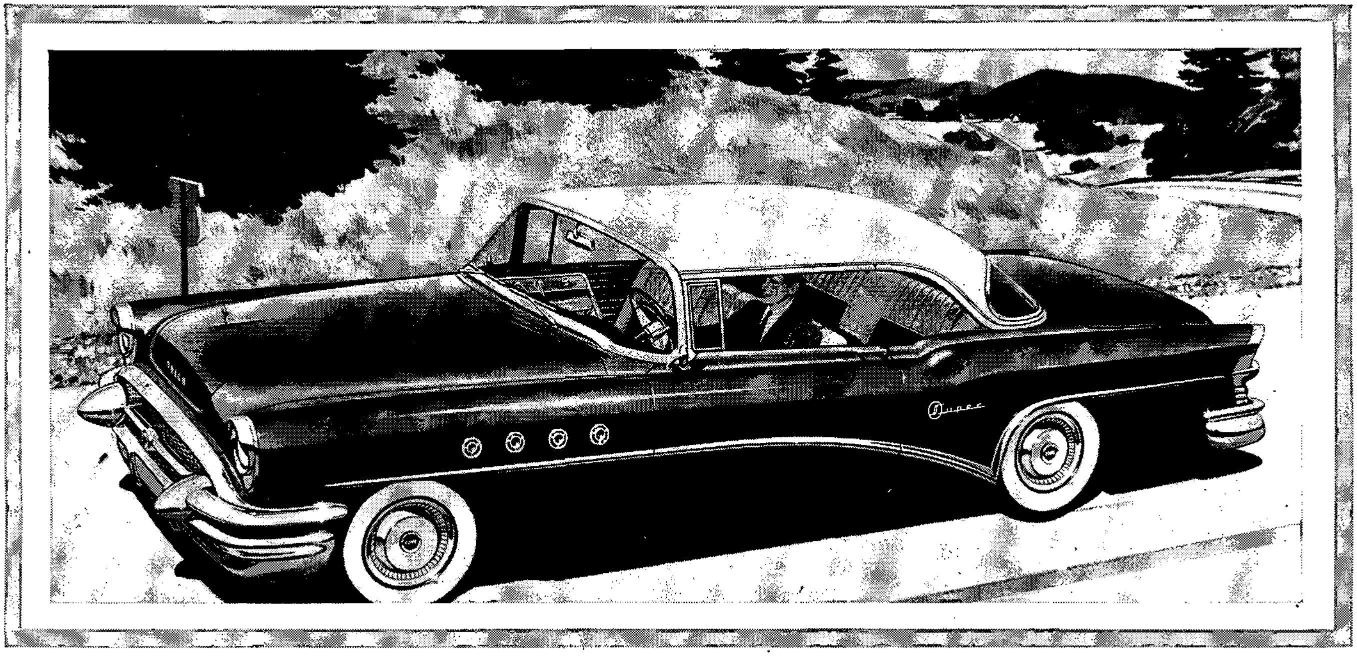

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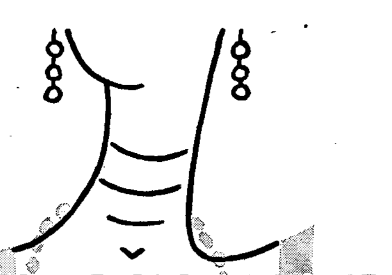
IN April, 1929, about two years after Helmle & Corbett had become Helmle, Corbett & Harrison, Helmle retired and William H. MacMurray was taken in as a partner. Late in 1929, the new firm of Corbett, Harrison & MacMurray was chosen, after a competition, to collaborate with two other architectural firms on the project that in time became Rockefeller Center. Of the two other firms, one, also chosen as the result of the competition, was Hood & Fouilhoux, consisting of Raymond Hood, who had designed the Daily News Building, on East Forty-second Street, and André Fouilhoux, a French-born architect and engineer. The third firm was Reinhard & Hofmeister, consisting of Andrew Reinhard and Henry Hofmeister, who did not have to compete, because they were regularly associated with the construction enterprises of John R. Todd, and Todd had been selected to run the Rockefeller Center show. A highly successful operator in the fiercely competitive field of renting office space, Todd was also a promoter and builder and had been primarily responsible for the construction of such blue-chip ventures as the Cunard Building, the Architects Building, the Ritz Towers, the Barclay Hotel, and the Graybar Building. He was a big, ingenious, and irascible man, and, being suspicious of architects, he was seldom happier than when baiting a prominent one. After summoning Hood to his office, in the Graybar Building, and informing him that he had been chosen as one of the architects of the Rockefeller project, Todd turned to a window, waved a hand in the direction of Hood's celebrated Daily News Building, and growled, "We're hiring you not on account of that but in spite of it."

Todd himself had got in on the project during the summer of 1929, when Rockefeller Center—or Metropolitan Square, as it was then called—was little more than an idea in the mind of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Back in 1927, Rockefeller, though not an ardent operagoer himself, had been persuaded by Otto Kahn that New York ought to have a new opera house that would rank with the finest in the world. When word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of this got around, it was greeted with bravoes and promises of support by the trustees and the more illustrious patrons of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and, thus encouraged, Rockefeller, in January, 1929, leased a tract of land he had had his eye on from Columbia University, which had received it by grant of the state legislature early in the nineteenth century. This tract, of some twelve and a half acres, comprised, roughly, the three blocks bounded by Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues. The lease, calling for an annual rent of about three million dollars, was for twenty-four years, with renewal options until the year 2015. It was originally planned that the opera house, to be designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris, would be situated at the heart of the plot, and buildings on the remainder of the land would be rented out to commercial interests as offices and shops. Rockefeller had barely completed the negotiations with Columbia when word reached him that, for several complex reasons, mostly stemming from clashes of personality, the Metropolitan people's eagerness to have a new opera house had utterly subsided. Jolting as this intelligence must have been even to a Rockefeller, John D., Jr., rolled with the blow. He resolved to go ahead just the same with a midtown cultural and business center, and chose Todd to head a board of five managers who would build and operate the project. Todd's firm, the Todd, Robertson, Todd Engineering Corporation, was to let all the contracts and dig up suitable tenants, including cultural ones. Todd was to be responsible only to Rockefeller.

Early in 1930, after a lengthy search for something that could fittingly take the place of grand opera as the central attraction of the development, Todd and his board decided that the best bet was radio—the big new medium of mass entertainment. With Rockefeller's blessing, Todd took his idea to Owen D. Young, the chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, who passed it along to David Sarnoff, the president of R.C.A., and the upshot was that R.C.A., together with its subsidiary, the National Broadcasting Company, and Radio-Keith-Orpheum, agreed to rent a vast amount of space in the Center and make it their headquarters. Thus the Radio City branch of Rockefeller Center came into being. Actual construction on the first building—the R.K.O.—was started in September, 1931. The riveting could be heard blocks away, for the depression

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was closing in and no other construction was in progress in the city. By that time, Todd agents had been sent abroad to try to interest companies in various European countries in banding together on a national basis, with each group taking a building as a focal point for their commercial activities in the United States. The agents were a diligent lot, and it was out of their efforts that the present British Empire Building, the Maison Française, and the Palazzo d'Italia materialized.

For all the lofty intentions of its backer, Rockefeller Center might have become nothing more than a covey of Graybar Buildings roosting on some of the most expensive land in the world if the architects who designed it had not been an unusually independent lot. For years, American architects had been dreaming of the magnificent things they would do if ever they were given the money, the site, and the freedom to build a city from the ground up—a city of towering buildings and broad vistas that would demonstrate the beauty of space as well as of mass. Of course, none of them expected such an opportunity to come their way, and there were cynics who said that even if it did, high aspirations would soon yield to the pressure of the client's insistence upon the tried and true. Now, all of a sudden, seven of these architects found themselves in a position to design, if not a whole city, at least a city within a city along the lines of their most improbable dreams. To be sure, the fortunate seven could not utterly disregard Todd and his preoccupation with conservative, tenant-pleasing, revenue-producing design, but, by and large, Corbett, Fouilhoux, Harrison, Hofmeister, Hood, MacMurray, and Reinhard managed to create a community of buildings that only a few years before would have been considered hopelessly visionary. They set up their headquarters in the Graybar Building, in two large rooms, one directly above the other, that were connected by a circular iron staircase. Each room was about a hundred and thirty feet long and forty feet wide, so after a conference room and the principals' offices had been partitioned off, there was plenty of space left for the desks and drawing boards of the draftsmen and designers—as many as a hundred at a time—who worked on the plans. The place was also furnished with a large table, on which René Chambellan, the sculptor, made clay models of the various plans under discussion; architects find models useful in determining which of their exploratory ideas will work out best in three dimensions. The architectural combine plodded away in these quarters for some three years, by which time the designs for the first ten of the fourteen buildings that were originally planned for the Center had been completed. Anxious as they were about the individual features of each building, the architects' overriding concern was to settle on a unified plan for the entire Center. Of the hundreds of preliminary plans dreamed up, mulled over, and rejected, the most fanciful was one that proposed covering the three blocks with one mammoth pyramidal complex of structures linked by subterranean streets and aerial ramps for both pedestrians and automobiles. There was a brief period, too, in which some consideration was given to the notion of treating the three blocks as a Chinese walled city, but this was discarded because the architects decided it not only was wrong aesthetically but also might discourage shoppers from entering the compound.

The first plan to be adopted, early in 1930, had as its key structure on Fifth Avenue an elliptically shaped building, fourteen stories high, to be situated between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, with its longer axis running east and west; behind it was to be an open space, now the Plaza, and, behind that, the lofty R.C.A. Building, with its handsome and original setbacks. Todd and his associates were banking on the curving lines to lure the public off the Avenue and into the stores that were to comprise a fashionable shopping center in and around the lower level of the Plaza. In March, 1931, a diagram of this plan and a photograph of a model of the elliptical building were released to the press. There followed what the *Times* called, in an editorial, "a perfect stream of objection, protest, and, one

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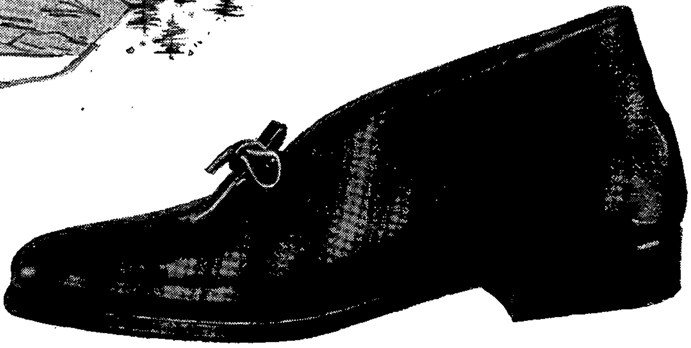

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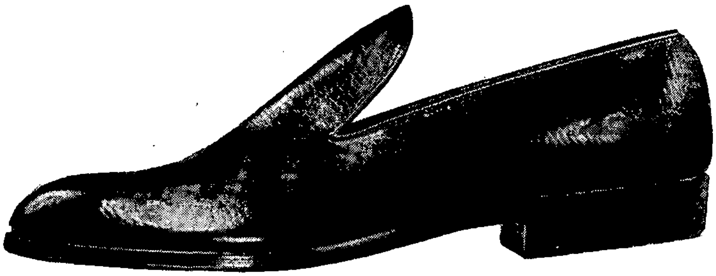

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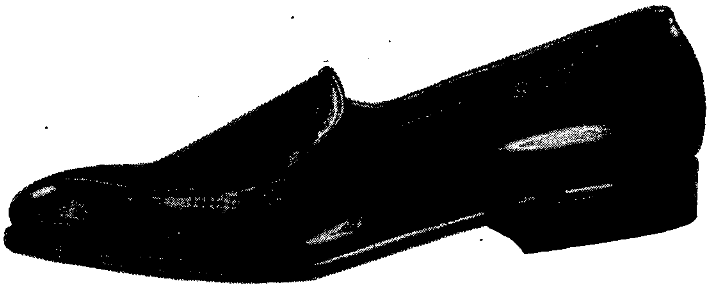

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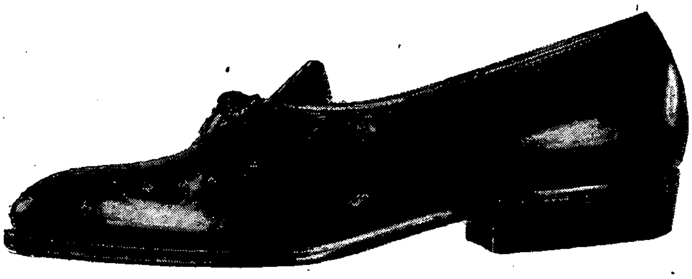

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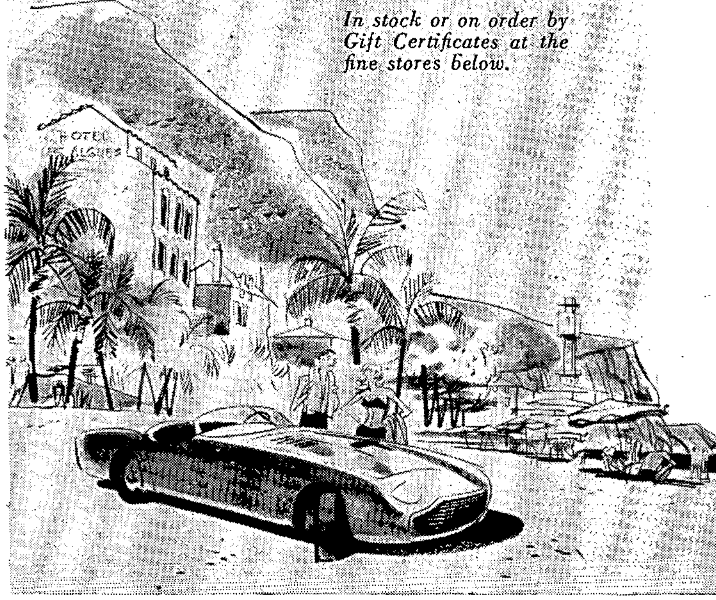

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may say, wondering malediction," directed principally against the elliptical building—it looked a good deal like a lady's hatbox—which, in the opinion of many highly articulate New Yorkers, violated the plan for the whole Center and completely muffed a heaven-sent opportunity to beautify the city. "I doubt if any other architectural undertaking ever received such a lambasting," Harrison says. "All of us at the Graybar thought we'd be fired, but John D., Jr., stood behind us. He simply said, 'I never read the papers when they criticize men who are working for me.' "

Nevertheless, in the face of such violent opposition, the architects decided to abandon the elliptical building in favor of the two rectangular six-story buildings that are now the British Empire Building and the Maison Française. No one will ever know what effect those curving, hatbox lines would have had on shoppers, but there is no denying that the sixty-foot-wide promenade running between the present two buildings has succeeded in luring as many people onto the grounds of the Center as even Todd could have wished. At first, however, most of them just strolled there, and the question was how to entice them down into the shops in the Lower Plaza. Slowly and painfully, while buildings continued to go up all around them, the architects and Todd's building officials fumbled their way to a solution. First, they installed the statue of Prometheus and its accompanying fountains in the Plaza, and then they persuaded the Café Français and the English Grill, which had been operating on the street level, to try their luck at the Lower Plaza's south and north ends, respectively, each of them being given fifty per cent of the open area facing Prometheus for outdoor tables. At that point, cold weather set in, and the Lower Plaza stood as bare and empty as ever. Finally, since there seemed to be no better suggestions, the now famous skating rink was tried out, as a desperate means of putting the empty space to some use, however slight. To almost everyone's astonishment, the rink caught on immediately, and the shops around it have prospered ever since. "That's the way it goes sometimes," Corbett once said. "The skating rink turned out to be the perfect attraction for Rockefeller Center, and planning had nothing to do with it. On the other hand, planning can, of course, work wonders. By giving up sixty feet of Fifth Avenue frontage—an unheard-of thing at the time—and

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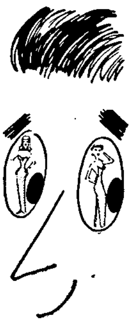

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using it as a channel between the French and British buildings, we sacrificed an obvious source of revenue. But in doing so we increased the value of the land inside the Center immeasurably. It's funny, but when a job of designing is tackled with honest-to-goodness imagination, and perhaps a touch of daring, you usually discover that it produces the only kind of architecture that really pays off in dollars and cents."

By the autumn of 1933, some two years after the excavating started, the first seven of the buildings were finished: the R.K.O. Building (thirty-one stories) in October, 1932; the Radio City Music Hall (ten stories) and the Center Theatre (nine stories) in December, 1932; the R.C.A. Building (seventy stories), the R.C.A. Building West (sixteen stories), and the British Empire Building (six stories) in May, 1933; and the Maison Française (six stories) in September, 1933. By then, too, ground had been broken for three more buildings—the Palazzo d'Italia (six stories), the International Building (forty-one stories), and the International Building North (six stories). This threesome, fronting Fifth Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, opened in May, 1935. Meanwhile, Hood, the driving force of the architectural collaboration, had died in August, 1934, and his death precipitated changes in two of the three firms working on the Center. Harrison dropped out of Corbett, Harrison & MacMurray and, after a year or so as an independent, he and Hood's partner formed the firm of Harrison & Fouilhoux. Corbett, Harrison & MacMurray then became Corbett & MacMurray. Reinhard & Hofmeister remained Reinhard & Hofmeister. This setup prevailed until the thirty-six-story Time & Life Building was completed,

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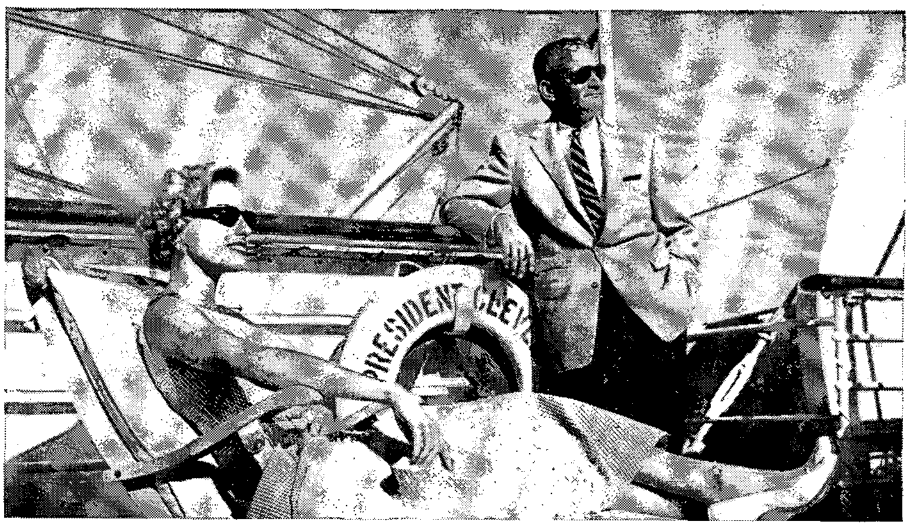

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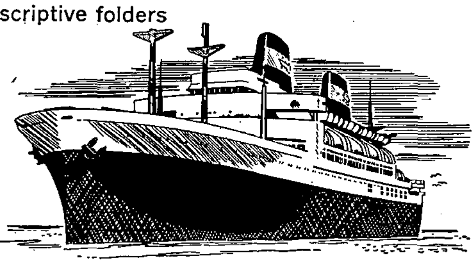

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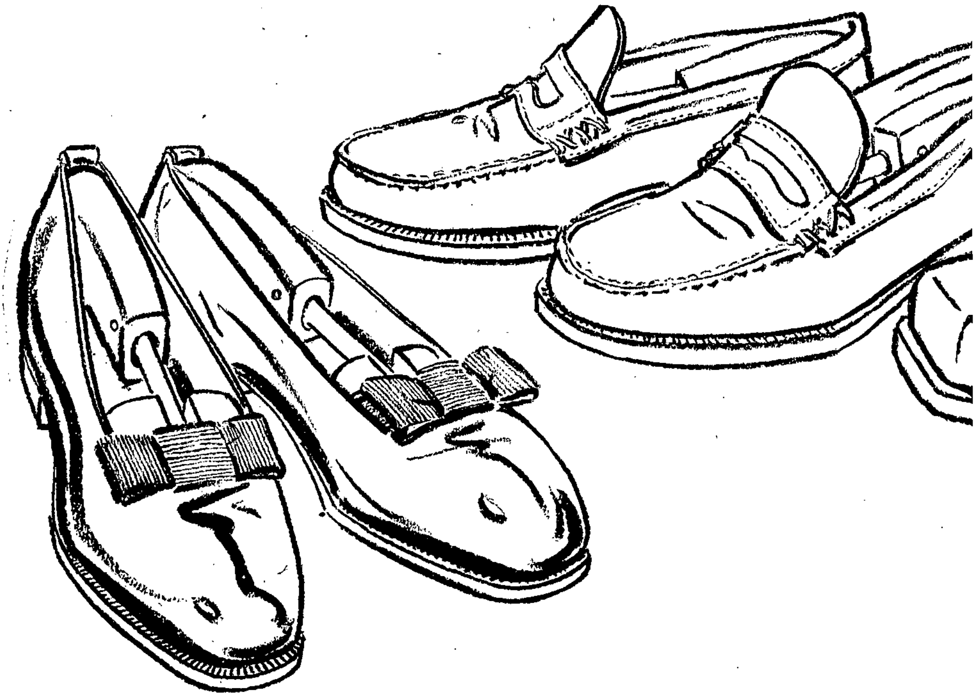

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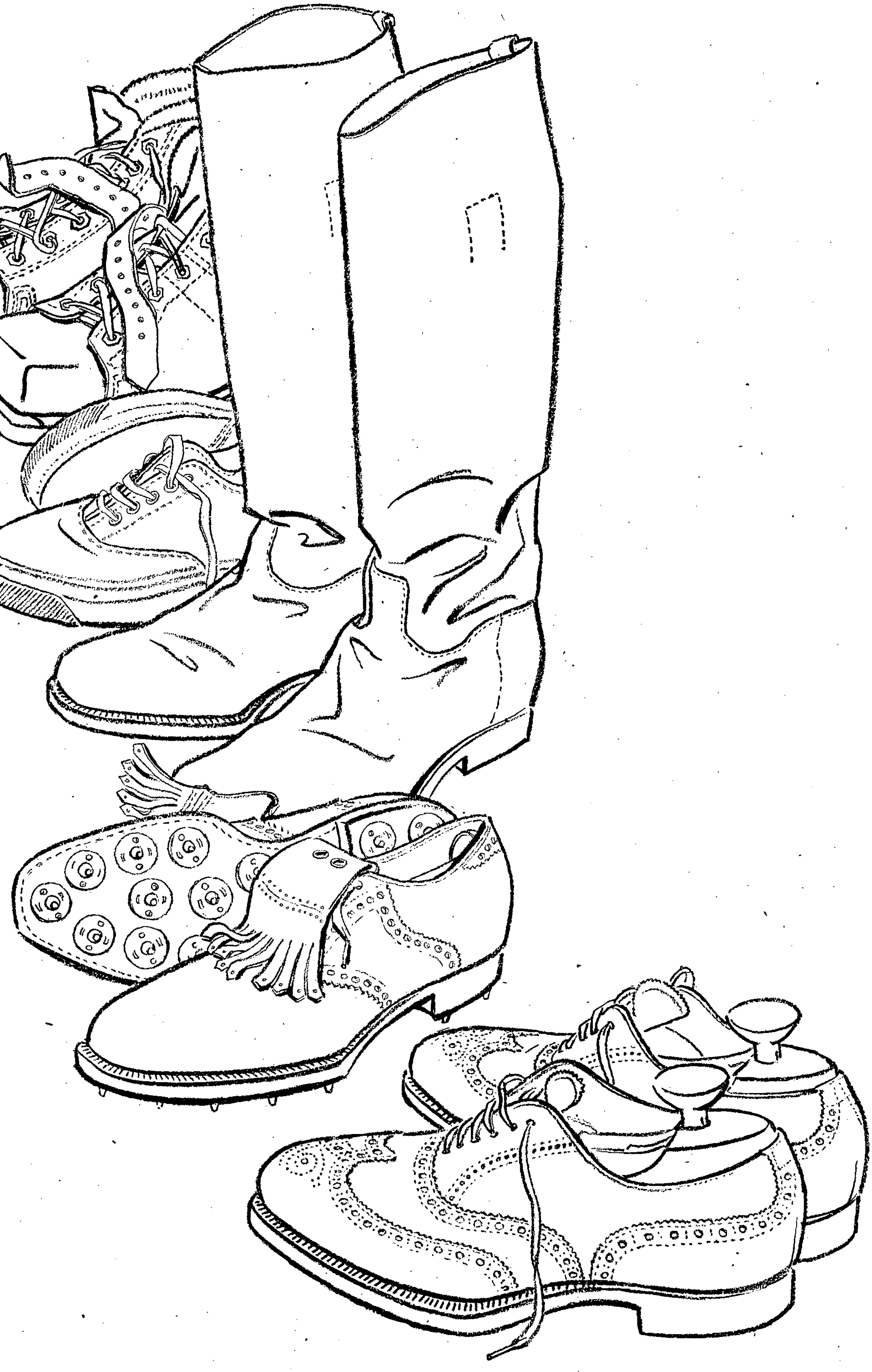

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in April, 1937, after which Corbett & MacMurray stepped out of the picture, leaving the two remaining firms to finish up the Center with three more buildings: the fifteen-story Associated Press Building, opened in November, 1938; the sixteen-story Eastern Air Lines Building, opened in October, 1939; and the twenty-story United States Rubber Company Building, opened in April, 1940. With these done, the architectural team disbanded. In 1946, when the thirty-three-story Esso Building was announced as an added starter, Harrison was named as consultant to the architects in charge.

IN the course of the decade or so that Harrison spent with Rockefeller Center, his status both as an architect and as a man of the world changed notably. In his middle thirties at the outset, he was the youngest of the seven architects, and during the conferences at which high-level policies were threshed out by his associates, Rockefeller's advisers, Todd's men, and officials of companies who had agreed to take office space in one or another of the buildings, he was seldom asked for his views. "I didn't get anywhere until I took up cigars," Harrison says now. "The big conferences were held in the Graybar Building after a lavish lunch or dinner at the Barclay, and I'd come into the conference room from the dining room bursting with ideas. The minute I saw a chance to speak up, I spoke up. Even when I knew my points were damn good, they never made the slightest impression on anyone. It took me a couple of months to figure it out. It wasn't so much that I was a kid compared to the rest of them. The trouble was that I'd been wasting my ammunition—I'd been doing my talking before the older men had digested their meals and were ready to think. I wasn't a cigar smoker, but from that time on, when they passed the cigars around, I took one, and waited till we had all puffed them down to the butt before I said a word. It really made a difference."

As Rockefeller Center took shape, Harrison came to be more and more respected by his associates as a good all-round man to have on the team. A good many of the people connected with the Center in those days feel that it was he who, after Hood's death, emerged as the strong man, capable of pushing through the necessary agreements between the architects and the management before differences of opinion degenerated into a test of egos, as conflicts have a way of doing once the initial enthusiasm for any long-term collaborative enterprise has evaporated. While no one architect can be credited with the design of any of the Center buildings, it is clear that, as time went on, Harrison's ideas began to carry increasing weight with his colleagues, and in consequence, experts think, some of the later buildings embody a good many of them—particularly the Eastern Air Lines Building, which was the Center's first slab-style structure. From the very inception of the Center, Harrison had been plumping for the slab, convinced that the simpler the form of any object, the stronger its impact. For that reason, too, he was opposed to the setbacks on the front of the R.C.A. Building; he argued that they would give it a consciously artistic touch that might not wear well. The front was set back anyway, but six years later, in 1938, when plans for the Eastern Air Lines Building came up for consideration, Harrison's colleagues were ready to go along with him on the idea of unbroken slabs. They approached this new project boldly. The eleven-story tower of the building, rising unindented and unadorned above a five-story spread-out base, is almost as sheerly rectangular as a matchbox. Because the Eastern Air Lines Building looks so small next to its Brobdingnagian neighbors, sightseers are inclined to ignore it, but architects regard it with respect as the trail blazer of a wholly new approach to office-building design—one that, a dozen or more years later, was given its most lucid and striking expression to date in the United Nations Secretariat and in Lever House, which was designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill.

In 1932, after Todd had with some difficulty been persuaded that leading painters and sculptors should be brought in to decorate the Center, Harrison, who had advocated this step after stubbing out many a postprandial cigar, was sent to Europe to line up first-rate artists there. Carl Milles and José Maria Sert eventually came to New York and added their contributions to those of Lee Lawrie, Paul Manship, William Zorach, Diego Rivera, and other North American artists, but Harrison was unable to work out any arrangement with Picasso, Despiau, Matisse, or Maillol. "There was always a conflict in schedules," he recalled recently. "We didn't have any trouble with the French artists about subject matter, since we were willing to leave that up to them. I remember telling old Maillol—we wanted him to do a sculpture for the entrance

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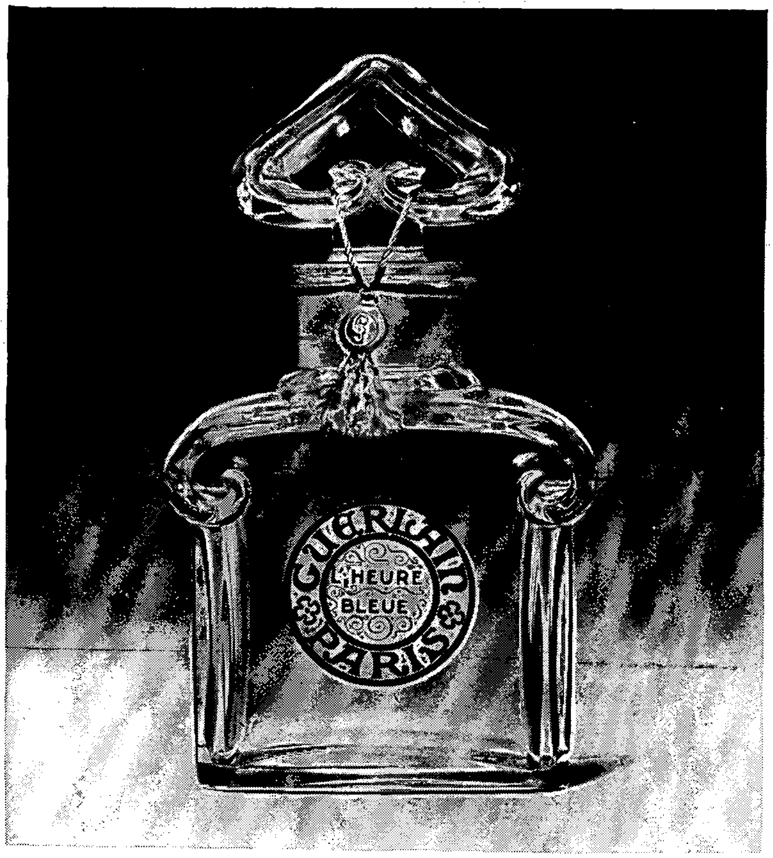

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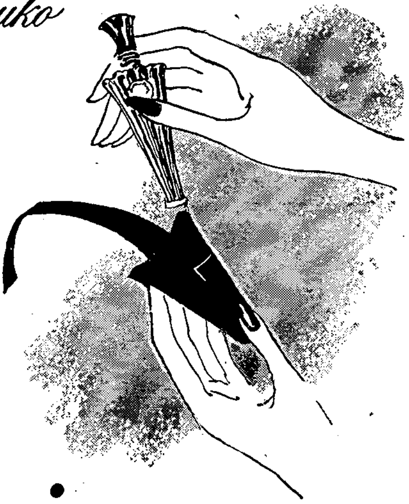

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THE offices of Harrison & Abramovitz are on the second floor of the International Building, in Rockefeller Center, and its staff, which fluctuates in size according to the amount of work on the agenda, averages about sixty-five—a figure that includes forty or so draftsmen, who toil in a much partitioned room the size of a couple of basketball courts. The whole place is air-conditioned and soundproofed; the walls are brightly painted in blue, white, gray, and orange; and, all in all, it is the sort of office that one would expect a successful firm of modern architects to occupy. It is, however, a far cry from what Harrison was accustomed to up to last February, when he moved into it. During the year he operated as an independent, before the Harrison & Fouilhoux partnership was formed, his office consisted simply of a single, bare room on the fifty-second floor of the R.C.A. Building, occupied by a skeleton staff of half a dozen draftsmen. One of the designers who whiled away his time in this room was Harrison's present partner—Max Abramovitz. A graduate of the University of Illinois School of Architecture, Abramovitz spent his first two years in New York teaching elementary and advanced design at the Columbia School of Architecture. He became associated with Harrison quite by accident. Around the time Abramovitz came to New York, Harrison and some other established architects, including Ralph Walker, who designed the Irving Trust Company Building, at 1 Wall Street, and the New York Telephone Company Building, on West Street, were conducting seminars at the New School of Social Research, each consisting of a group of three student-architects. At Walker's invitation, Abramovitz signed up for his seminar, but through a clerical error, he found himself in Harrison's. He meant to change over to Walker's, but somehow he never got around to it, and at the end of the course, he accepted his instructor's invitation to join the skimpy Harrison staff. “There we were, hanging around in that room on the fifty-second floor,” Abramovitz recalled recently. “Wally was too busy at the Graybar Building to spend much time with us. We drew up the plans for a couple of houses the firm was doing in Bermuda, but that was the only real job we had. The rest of the time, we made work for ourselves—or, rather, Wally made it for us. Once, we spent eight months redesigning Central Park—not because anyone had commissioned the firm to do so but because Wally thought it would be a stimulating exercise. We started with the premise that Central Park was a traffic bottleneck. Our problem was to figure out a scheme that would unplug it and still keep the greenery.” Harrison felt that by paying the occupants of the lonely aerie regular wages for solutions to theoretical problems of this sort he was hardheadedly investing in a future staff. “I wanted designers who would attack a problem by thinking about it in fresh terms,” he says. “I wanted a staff that would keep moving away from the stereotype. After Fouilhoux and I formed our partnership, I found he felt as I did, and we carried on that way. I know some critics have said that because we never knew exactly where we were going, our office was weak. Maybe it was, and maybe it still is. That's the way we like it—no assembly-line methods, I mean, no trademarks.”

In 1935, Harrison and Fouilhoux moved their headquarters from the R.C.A. Building to a larger, though not much more formal or attractive, office on the eighth floor of the International Building. Here the firm ran a sort of international clubhouse, where visiting European architects and kindred artists could always count on finding a chair and a drawing board waiting for them. Among those who availed themselves of this hospitality were Alvar Aalto, a Finnish architect and designer who has since done several important buildings in this country, including a dormitory for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the French abstractionist Fernand Léger; Oscar Nitzchke, a Swiss architectural designer; and Maurice Rotival, a French expert on city planning, whom Harrison brought over here to help teach a course in that subject that he had been asked to set up at the Yale School of Fine Arts. All this was in line with Harrison's belief that the people in his firm should keep in touch with what was going on in other parts of the world and in the allied arts, and, to make his staff even more aware of new ideas and techniques, he invited two European painters—Amédée Ozenfant and Werner Drewes—to give a series of after-hours office lectures on form, attendance optional.

As Harrison and his partner put Rockefeller Center further and further behind them, they began to branch

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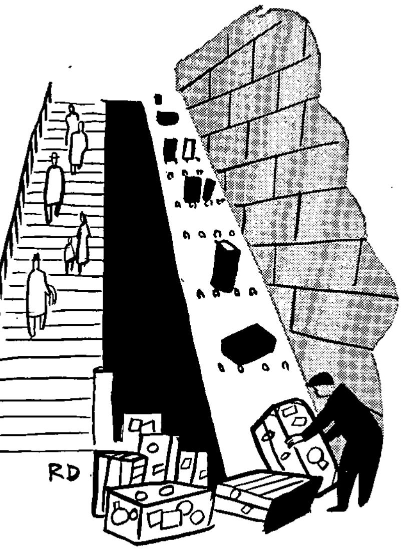
out. During the years immediately preceding the Second World War, they designed the Rockefeller Apartments, on West Fifty-fourth Street; the Theme Center for the New York World's Fair; the Avila Hotel, in Caracas, Venezuela; and, with Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, the architects of the Empire State Building, they drew up the plans for the new Hunter College building, on Park Avenue. The earliest of these projects, the Rockefeller Apartments, grew out of the esteem Harrison and Nelson Rockefeller had come to feel for each other during the construction of the Center, and was the first of many enterprises on which they worked together. The two men first met in 1926, around the time Harrison married Ellen Hunt Milton—making them brothers-in-law of a sort, for Mrs. Harrison is the sister of David Milton, who was married at that time to Nelson's sister, Abby Rockefeller—but they saw little of each other until the Center was well under way. Rockefeller, who was a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art, discovered at the Center's planning conferences that Harrison shared his enthusiasm for modern art. "I came to admire a lot of other things Wally stood for, too, and the way he stood for them," Rockefeller says. As time went on, Harrison and Rockefeller got in the habit of meeting once a week in midmorning or midafternoon in the Gateway Restaurant, to the rear of Prometheus in the Lower Plaza, and exchanging ideas over coffee and a bacon roll—two strips of bacon grilled on the halves of a soft roll, a Rockefeller favorite. The Rockefeller Apartments was one of many ventures that originated at the sessions in the Gateway. The plot on which the apartment houses stand, on the north side of Fifty-fourth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, was originally



RD

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Someone once said of Hanson W. Baldwin, military editor of The New York Times, "He knows more about what the General Staff is thinking than anyone on the Staff." This is another way of putting what one of the editors of a rival newspaper wrote, that Baldwin is the best military analyst in the country.

Baldwin got his start as a military analyst at Annapolis. A member of the class of 1924, he quit the Navy after a 3-year hitch to become a reporter. After two years with the Baltimore Sun, he joined The New York Times in 1929. Since 1937, he has specialized in reporting and explaining military matters for readers of The New York Times.

That year, sensing war, he spent four months in Europe learning all he could about the military establishments there. Finding out about the military at first hand like this has kept him pretty much on the go ever since. Never a "desk" reporter, Baldwin shivers through maneuvers in Alaska one week, sweats through them somewhere in the Tropics the next.

In 1943, Baldwin's reporting from our battle areas in the Pacific won him the Pulitzer Prize. Next year on D-Day, he was ashore with our troops in the Normandy invasion. From Korea, his stories were probably the first to explain the new Russian weapons used there.

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Arnold Newman

set aside by the Rockefellers to serve as one corner of a huge subsidiary Center, devoted to the arts, that would extend north from Rockefeller Center, covering the eastern half of the blocks from Fifty-first to Fifty-fifth Streets. The plan for this undertaking fell through when the Kriendler brothers, the proprietors of "21," declined to sell their building on Fifty-second Street. (Before the Rockefellers became reconciled to abandoning the project, they considered going ahead despite "21," running streets around the restaurant, and setting it off as an island—an arrangement that would certainly have given the holdout Kriendlers an ideal location, making their place a sort of Ile de la Cité, with the arts on one side of them and the Chase National on the other.) The Rockefeller Apartments, consisting of two twelve-story buildings separated by a spacious garden, were an audacious departure from the common, or non-garden, approach to apartment-house design, which, seeking only to provide the maximum number of rentable rooms, used every legal inch of the plot for building. "The real-estate groups were really browned off by the Rockefeller Apartments," Herman Axelrod, a New York builder, said recently. "Those two buildings changed the standards. With Rockefeller and Harrison giving up fifteen per cent more space to light and air than they were required to, you can guess what happened. Before the buildings were half finished, all the apartments had been leased and people were scrambling to get on the waiting list—and, mind you, this was at a time when apartments all over the city were begging for tenants."

The Hotel Avila, which was not only the second collaboration between Nelson Rockefeller and Harrison but Rockefeller's first important sortie into inter-American affairs, was built on an old hacienda a few miles outside Caracas. Constructed of reinforced concrete as a precaution against earthquakes, the Avila was the forerunner of modern tropical hotels. It consists of a central lobby flanked by two long narrow wings, each of them with an open gallery along one side and private balconies on the other; the rooms stretch the width of the wings, from gallery to balçony, and are equipped at both sides with sliding panels for cross-ventilation.

IN 1936, Harrison's firm was chosen to design the Theme Center for the New York World's Fair on the basis of

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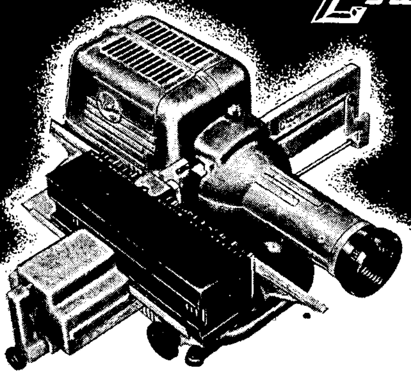

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a competition open to all architects practicing in the city. This competition, which was judged by the World's Fair board of design, made up of a dozen architects, engineers, and industrial designers, was a rather unusual one, in that the designs submitted did not have to be descriptive of the building the candidate proposed putting up, but might consist of no more than an expanded sketch of something that would give the judges an idea of the terms in which the competing firm was thinking about the Fair. Harrison & Fouilhoux entered the competition with a design for a tent. "We'd been asking ourselves and everybody else in the office, 'What's most expressive of the atmosphere of a fair?' " Harrison says. "We had a designer working with us then named Oltar-Jevsky, who was a very talented guy from Leningrad. We got him to tell us what the famous fair at Novgorod was like. He said they didn't have permanent buildings—just huge canvas tents that were lighted at night with colored lanterns. That, we agreed, was the essence of a fair—blowing tent tops and gay, lively colors. Instead of colored lanterns, our tent had a lot of colored balloons." After having been selected to do the Theme Center on the strength of this design, Harrison and Fouilhoux put aside the tent idea because they felt that it hardly suggested a theme, and began exercising their imaginations in an effort to hit upon some architectural concept that would really stir the public and also symbolize the spirit of the Fair. "One of the special functions of architecture is to provide people with a chance to see something they've never seen before," Harrison has since said. "For its day, the Eiffel Tower, the focal structure of the Paris Exposition of 1889, was perfect. There'd never been anything like it. What's more, the visitors could go right up to the top of the tower. That was something in 1889—man had never built that high above the earth before. By 1939, though, height meant nothing. Well, the theme of the Fair was 'The World of Tomorrow,' and the first idea that struck me as a step in the right direction was to use a sphere, a complete sphere, as a major element of the design. Ever since the dome was used by the Romans for the Pantheon, in the second century, architects had been trying to expose a larger and larger segment of it—undercutting it more and more, until, in Persia and India, they succeeded in exposing ninety per cent of it. Why couldn't we do a total-

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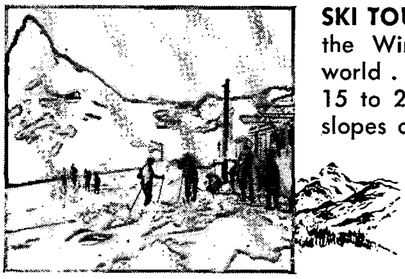

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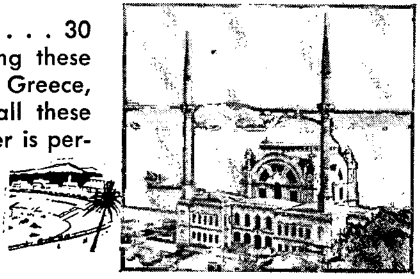

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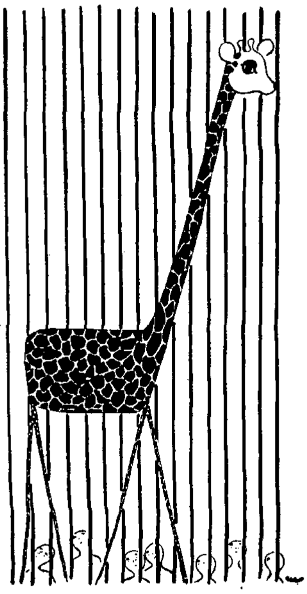
ly exposed sphere? It had one merit, at least—to my knowledge, it had never been done before." Harrison and Fouilhoux and their assistants made hundreds of sketches, experimenting with spheres of all sizes and combining them with objects resembling Maypoles, spinning tops, inverted obelisks, clover-leaf intersections, ellipses cutting across other ellipses, and so on. Sometimes, Harrison thought of discarding the complete sphere, or perisphere, but he found himself returning to it again and again, and finally concluded that it would be most effective combined with a three-sided obelisk, or trylon. After he and his staff completed their one thousand-and-thirty-sixth sketch, he settled on a perisphere two hundred feet in diameter, connected by a circular ramp with a seven-hundred-foot trylon, standing alongside.

Then Harrison was faced with the task of selling the idea of a trylon and perisphere at a meeting of the board of design. In addition to a clay model of the proposed structures, Harrison and Walter H. Kilham, Jr., an architect who had worked closely with him on the design and who accompanied him on this crucial mission, took along to the meeting some twenty photographs of famous Italian buildings, all of them asymmetric in composition. "Wally thought they might come in handy," Kilham recalled a while ago. "He figured that the board might not be very receptive to a design that didn't have a tower at each end, or in the middle. He couldn't have been righter. First, the board wanted to know why the trylon hadn't been placed directly in front of the sphere or directly behind it. Wally replied that if you put the trylon in front, it would cut



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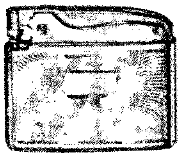

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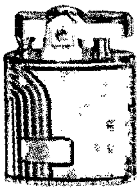

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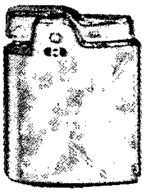

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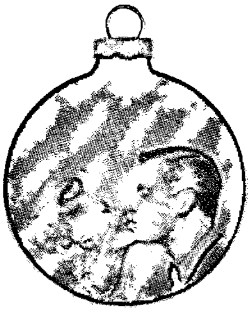

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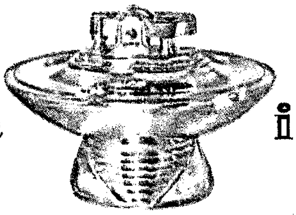

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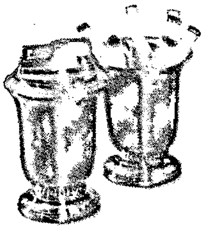

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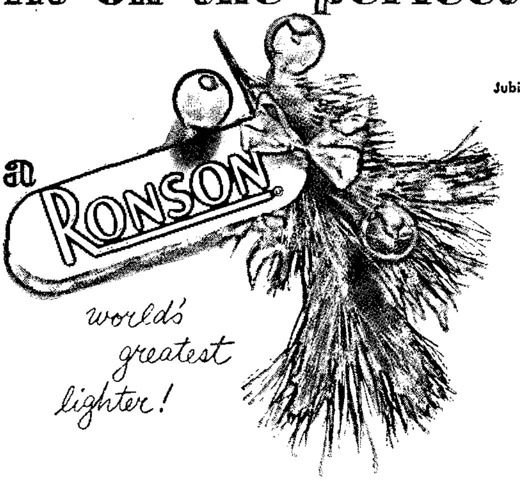

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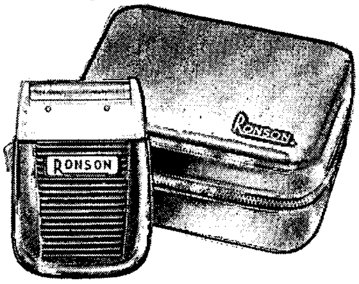

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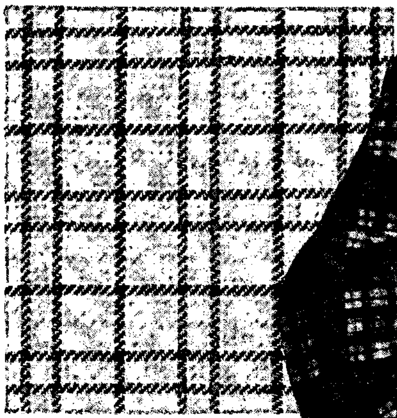

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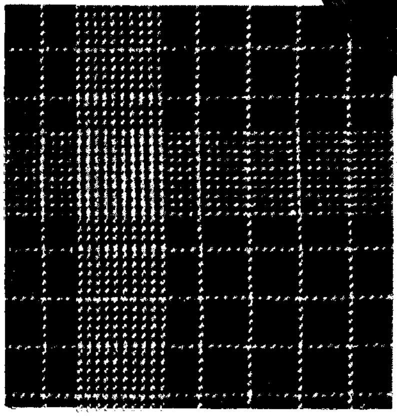

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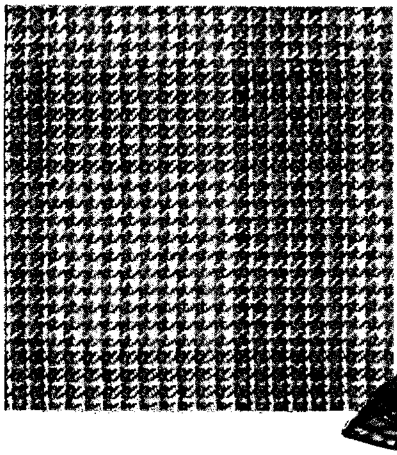

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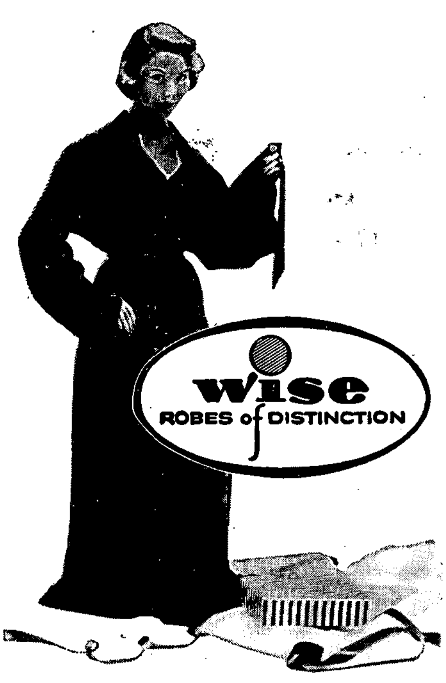

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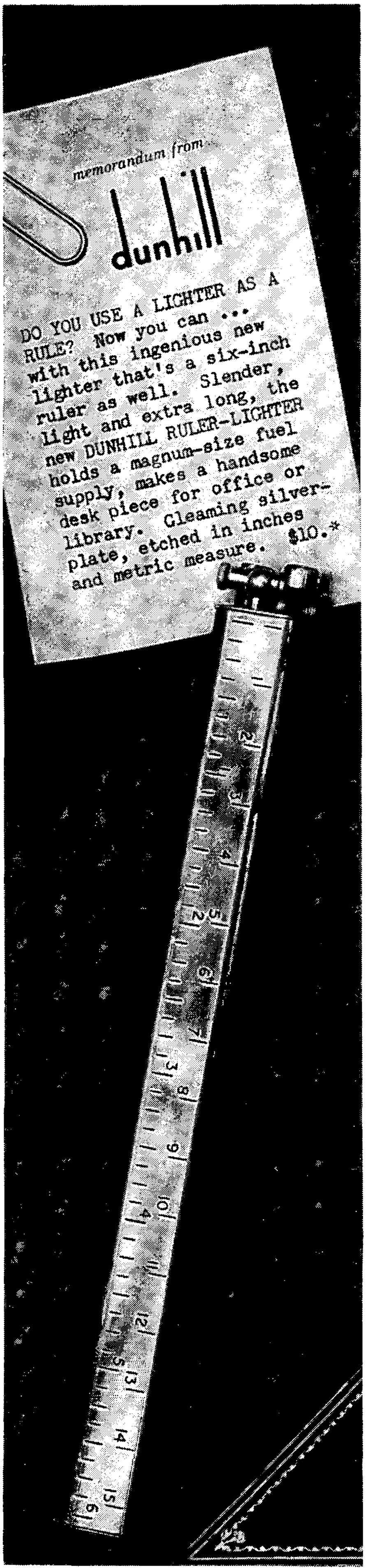
the sphere in half, and if you put it behind, you'd get something that looked like one of those old German war helmets with a spike on top. Then the board objected that placing the trylon to one side of the sphere threw the design off balance and that this was all wrong; monumental buildings were always symmetrical. Wally reached for our pile of photographs and calmly exhibited them, one after another—the Cathedral of St. Mark's and the Campanile in Venice, the Cathedral and the Campanile in Florence, the Cathedral in Padua, and several others. If that sold anybody, they concealed it beautifully. There was some long-jawed hemming and hawing; and then Wally suddenly grabbed a cigar from his breast pocket, stood up, and threw it angrily on the floor. I've never asked him, but I don't think he ever intended to smoke that cigar when he put it in his pocket. I'm almost certain he brought it along in case the meeting got bogged down to the point where a violent gesture was needed to shake everyone up. That's the only time I've ever seen him go into an act, and it was an awfully effective one. The discussion got right down to business, and pretty soon Walter Dorwin Teague came out for the design. That broke the ice. One by one, the others dropped their reservations, and the design was accepted." To save money, the Fair's board of estimate later reduced the size of the trylon and perisphere by some twenty per cent. Harrison has always believed that the design would have been far more effective in its original dimensions, but, having won his main point, he settled for the diminished trylon and perisphere cheerfully enough.

IN the late nineteen-thirties, Harrison found himself associating more and more frequently with a group of other comparatively young New Yorkers who had risen precociously to the top of their professions, and were now turning their attention increasingly to community and national affairs. Besides Nelson Rockefeller, this coterie included William Benton, Adolf Berle, Beardsley Ruml, Buckminster Fuller, Robert Moses, and John Hay Whitney. With the approach of the Second World War, it began to appear inevitable that those of its members who had not already gravitated into government service would turn up in Washington sooner or later. Harrison turned up there in June, 1941—ten months after Rockefeller, who had prevailed upon the Roosevelt



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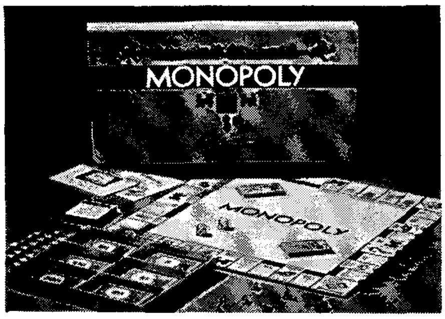

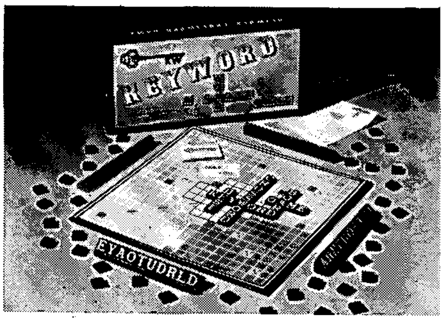

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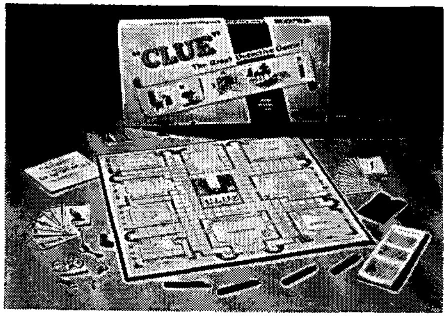

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administration to set up the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs and had then been asked to head it. Harrison joined the office as director of the Cultural Relations Division and turned over the job of running the architectural firm to Fouilhoux and their new partner, Abramovitz.

When Harrison was shown the office in the Commerce Building that he was to occupy, along with his assistant, George Dudley, a young member of the firm he took down to Washington with him, his first reaction was "Let's throw these desks out and get some drawing boards in here." By the time the drawing boards came, Harrison had made a successful adjustment to the standard-model desk, but otherwise he accepted little of the apparatus of bureaucracy. Arriving at his office after a breakfast to the accompaniment of a lesson in Spanish from a young Mexican member of his Washington staff, he would swiftly dispose of the mound of paper that had accumulated in his "in" basket overnight by jotting down a few notes to himself on whatever inter- and intra-office memorandums he considered important, pencilling on a corner of certain letters a laconic instruction to his secretary, such as "Say no politely" or "Make appt.," and tossing the residue into a drawer. "If you stick this stuff in a drawer, it almost always takes care of itself," he once explained to a fellow-administrator. "And, that way, you have time to see people and get on with the job." Even though Harrison and Dudley had adapted themselves to desks, they spent a great deal of their time in a chart room, where they built up a collection of maps and diagrams bearing on various aspects of the Central and South American countries, such as railroad lines, areas where yaws were endemic, locations of branches of the Export-Import Bank, and sites of strategic mineral deposits. "The mission of our office was to work out a program that would improve the standard of living in the twenty countries we were working with," Dudley says. "The charts proved invaluable when it came to clarifying our reams of data and pointing up the key areas to concentrate on—areas where, if we improved living conditions by combatting yaws, let's say, we might also improve relations between the Americas. In the chart room, we had it all at our fingertips." Since the products of the Harrison-Dudley chart room could be easily and quickly grasped, a visit to it was looked upon as essential by many foreign dignitaries who came

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here to get filled in on what was happening south of the border.

In December, 1944, when Rockefeller was appointed Assistant Secretary of State in charge of relations with other American republics, Harrison moved up to Deputy Coördinator of the Office of Inter-American Affairs, as the agency had been more simply renamed, and later he became Coördinator. He found the work fascinating, and threw himself into it with a conscientiousness that made some of his fellow-bureaucrats smile. Once, on a trip to Caracas, after he had spent a morning being taken on a tour of the city by a ranking government official, he met a labor-union leader at lunch whom he persuaded to take him on a second tour of the city, so that he could get the other side of the picture. “On the whole, I think our Latin-American program was damn successful,” Harrison says. “The Act of Chapultepec, which the nations of North, Central, and South America signed in 1946, is one of the best defense pacts in existence today. Nelson took several of us down to Mexico City for the signing, and it gave us all a terrific feeling of accomplishment. Government work can be dull as the devil, and frustrating, but there were stretches during the four and a half years I spent in Washington when I’ve never been more engrossed in my work, or happier. As a matter of fact, there were days at a time when things were humming along so nicely I never even gave a thought to architecture.’”—HERBERT WARREN WIND

(*This is the second of three articles on Mr. Harrison.*)

•

NEW YORK, Oct. 16 (AP)—Mrs. Magdalena Marsili, of Rockford, Ill., sailed today on the S.S. Constitution, for Rome. She will attend the beautification of a younger sister . . . —*Chicago American.*

It’s a long way to go.

•

She was graduated from Huntington High School and has been employed as a secretary in New York City. Her husband is a buyer for a Philadelphia Dept. Store and deserved four years in the U. S. Air Force.—*The Long Islander.*

Maybe it’s not too late.

•

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THE THEATRE

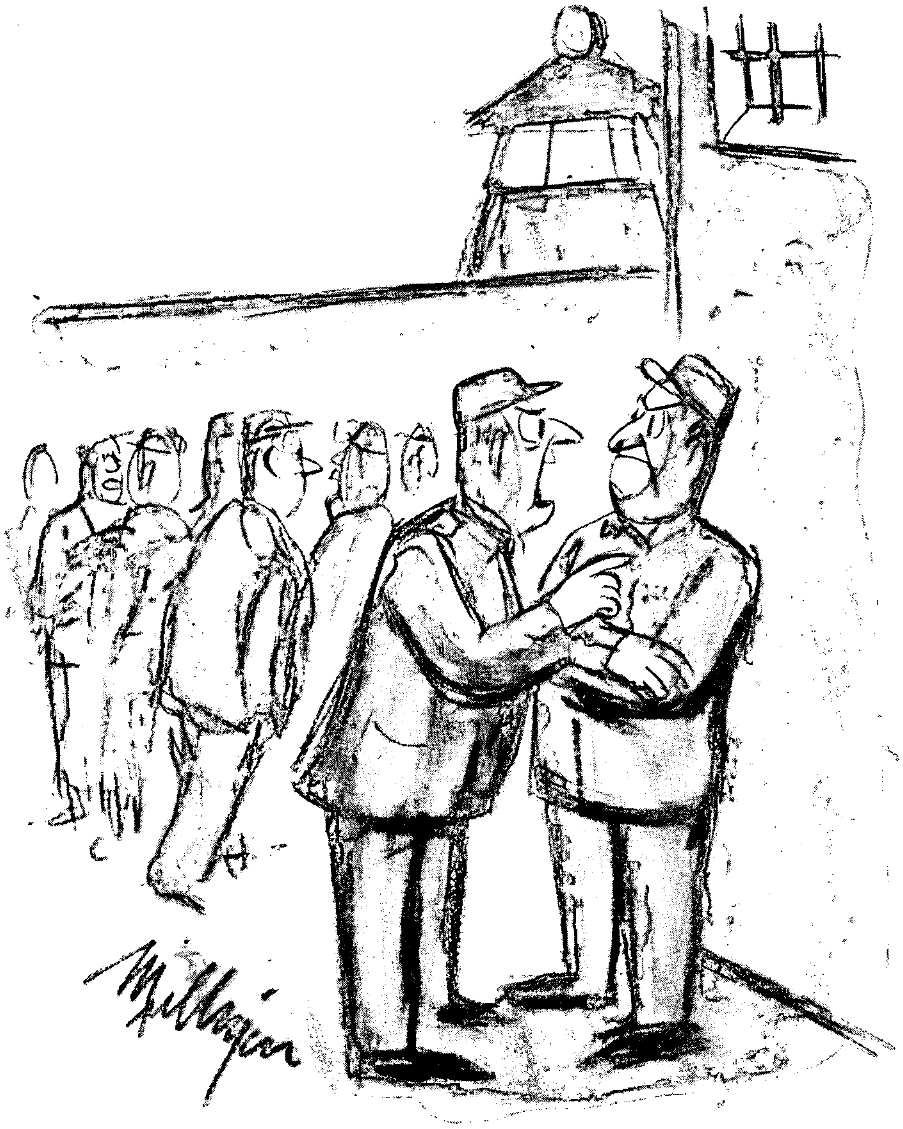
MR. GREENE'S TRAGEDY

GRAHAM GREENE leaves almost no hope for the people in his play called "The Living Room," at the Henry Miller. These are principally Rose Pemberton, a young and beautiful girl; Michael Dennis, her married lover; Father James Browne, who is certainly one of Mr. Greene's most exalted clerics, permanently confined, for reasons not essential to this essay, to a wheelchair; two of his sisters, preoccupied almost exclusively with the thought of death; and the invalid victim of the erring couple, who finally succeeds in planting the idea of suicide in the heroine's mind. Mr. Greene's idea presumably is that God's mercy is infinite, and that while a terrible price may be exacted for sin, there is a measure of forgiveness for everybody in the end. He has, of course, said all these things before, and I think more eloquently, but "The Living Room" remains a distinguished play, filled with beautiful writing, practically unendurable suffering, and a kind of understanding that, if it can never offer hope, can at least promise salvation.

In the beginning, the girl in the play is happy with her lover, a psychologist some twenty years older than she is, but it is clear that the relationship between them is doomed. She is fatally innocent; he is a man of the world, whose motives are high but who is somehow lost in the complexities of his own nature; and one of the priest's sisters has a venomous piety that cannot tolerate the thought of the adultery between them. It occurs to me, possibly from reading Greene's "The Heart of the Matter," which is an intensely Catholic work, that to some extent Father Browne represents Mr. Greene's own moral sentiments, but it is always dangerous to identify a presentment of the author on the stage, and I think we will avoid it here. The psychologist, the psychologist's wife, whose illness and spiritual need for him are more than she can bear, and the priest's second sister, this one endowed with both charm and sympathy, have somewhat the air of literary inventions, but no author can hope to avoid these devices altogether, and, after all, the theatre makes its own strict and special demands.

In one of the most difficult and perplexing parts I can recall, Barbara Bel Geddes gives a very fine and touching performance, establishing herself again as one of our most gifted young actresses. And there is also excellent work by Michael Goodliffe, as the psychologist; Walter Fitzgerald, as the crippled priest; Carol Goodner, as the ailing and pathetic wife; and Nora Nicholson and Ann Shoemaker, as the two sisters, benign and malignant, respectively. Raymond Sovey has designed a room that properly suggests the suicide that will eventually take place in it.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



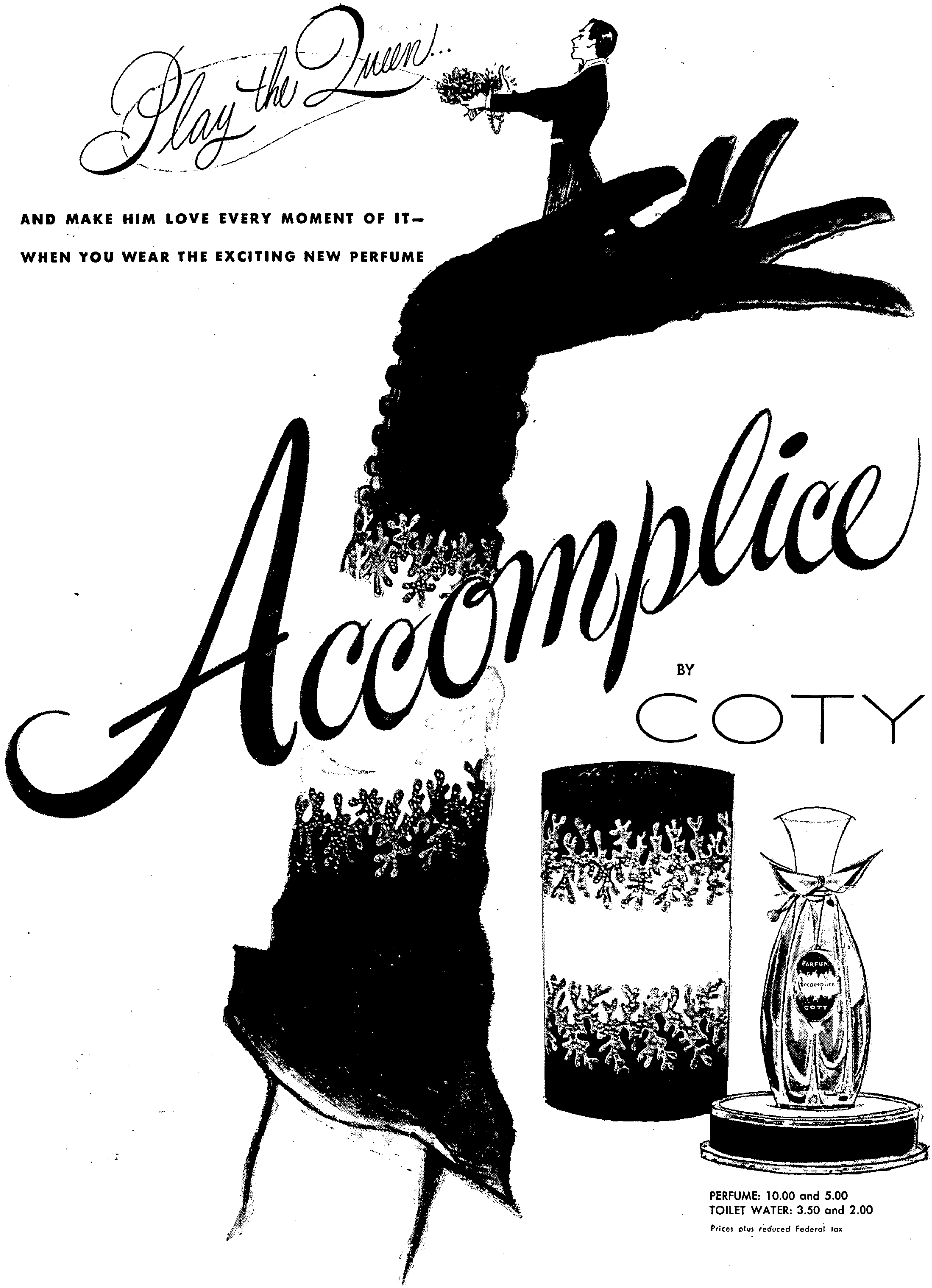
"Brockhurst, this place isn't big enough for both of us."

•

COMA

I am lapped and enwrapped and
  enwound
By the hands, by the sands, of decay.
The ship of the dead is a mound.
My shroud is the clay that I wear.
In a boat without oar, without sail,
I embark on the tide of despair,
On a waste without break, without
  bound,
Without wave, without wake, without
  shore.
By the dust in my throat and my
  hair,
By the sound of the dark, I am
  drowned,
By the sigh of the dark, by its sound.
For no water or wave is as loud,
However it whisper or wail,
As the sea of the grave, of the ground,
As the rush, as the deafening roar,
Of deaf and inanimate air.

—MARTHA KELLER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MUSICAL EVENTS

Smasheroo

TO judge by the roof-raising applause and the cries of delight that welcomed the new production of "Andrea Chénier" on Tuesday evening of last week, the Metropolitan Opera House has presented its customers with a hit. The production itself, with very handsome scenery and costumes, by Frederick Fox, and reasonably adroit staging, by Dino Yannopoulos, was quite lively, and the sheer physical impact of the loud and enthusiastic singing that went with it was enough to jolt even the most critical and detached operagoer into a mood of elation. Since I like to think that I'm a fairly critical and detached operagoer myself, I resisted these jolts as well as I could. I reminded myself that "Andrea Chénier" is actually a somewhat crude concoction, compounded of obvious melodrama and rather thick, Wagnerian music, that it nowhere contains a really memorable aria, and that its composer, Umberto Giordano, had neither the melodic gift of his rival Ruggiero Leoncavallo, who wrote "Pagliacci," nor the unfailing dramatic skill of his other celebrated Italian contemporary, Giacomo Puccini. I was aware of the general triteness of the libretto, which recounts the troubles of a poet and his aristocratic girl friend during the French Revolution and leaves them ecstatically united in prison, happy in the thought that their heads will tumble into the same basket immediately after the final curtain. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the evening, and this shows what blood and thunder, coupled with lung power and a lavish spectacle, can do.

Much of the agreeable result was due to the exuberance with which the singers threw themselves into their parts. Zinka Milanov, though her lower tones were sometimes uneven in quality, sang as beautifully as I have ever heard her sing, especially toward the end of the opera. Leonard Warren, who has long shown himself to be a baritone of notable grace and subtlety, handled his role—that of the servant Carlo Gérard—with both musical taste and dramatic conviction. Mario Del Monaco proved to be so ideally cast as Chénier that I am confident his performance will go down in the records as the most successful one he has ever given at the Metropolitan. Delicacy and poise have never been among his more evident virtues, but "Andrea Chénier" requires neither, and what it does require—vocal force, ringing tone, and emotional abandon—he possesses in extravagantly generous quantities. It was very much Mr. Del Monaco's evening, and I could only concur in the verdict of the audience, which greeted his vocal heroics by stopping the show on several occasions with demonstrations of approval.

ASIDE from an exquisite performance of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, I found Wednesday evening's concert by the Boston Symphony in Carnegie Hall pretty much of a bore. This feeling was not induced by the playing of the orchestra or the conducting of Charles Munch, which were always of the most lucid and elegant quality. It arose from the singularly vapid character of the two contemporary compositions Mr. Munch had settled upon to make up the better part of his program. The first of these, Arthur Honegger's Fifth Symphony, seemed to me a mere concatenation of stale tricks and formulas that might have aroused some purely intellectual interest a generation ago, and so lacking in any sort of vigor or feeling that I felt it was hardly worth the meticulous trouble the musicians took in performing it. The second was a new violin concerto by an Italian composer named Mario Peragallo, in which the extremely able and scrupulous violinist Joseph Fuchs appeared as soloist. This concerto, I learned from the notes in my program, won first prize in an international contest for musical composition held under the auspices of the Congress of Cultural Freedom in Rome earlier this year. After listening to it, I am obliged to conclude that the Congress for Cultural Freedom must have been terribly hard up for something to award a prize to. It was a rather subdued composition, calling for a considerable amount of sawing, plucking, and twittering on the part of Mr. Fuchs and a great deal of tediously precious crooning and woodblock knocking on the part of the orchestra. I could discover in it not the slightest gleam of either inspiration or originality.

BRUNO WALTER returned to the podium of the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening,

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bringing with him that particular atmosphere of warmth, charm, and relaxation that invariably attends his performances. As a matter of fact, there was, I thought, just a shade too much of the relaxation, and in consequence a reading of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto was a little ragged orchestrally. The English pianist Clifford Curzon, however, played the solo part with great technical clarity and impeccable style. Later on, Mr. Walter gave Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" his romantic and affectionate touch, with results that were happier and frequently quite revealing. The program began with Wagner's "Faust Overture," a work I had not heard in several years. Upon rehearing it, I found myself suspecting that if it were not for the fact that Wagner wrote it and that it has some vague associations with the archetypal hero of Goethe's drama, it might easily have been forgotten long ago. It seemed to me, somehow, a remarkably tawdry piece of music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From a list of instructions to would-be contributors in the Poetry Review, London*]

If helpful editorial suggestions are made with a returned MS, please do not reply challenging the advice. Requests for criticism, moreover, are not invited. It should be remembered that The Poetry Society already has a well-organized service for expert advice, as announced in each issue.

Not more than four poems should be submitted at one time. Two is an ideal number.

The Editorial Board does not accept responsibility for the safe custody and return of any unsolicited MSS. Authors are requested not to write expressing anxiety lest their MS is lost in the post. MSS are seldom or never lost in the post.

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*A letter handed to an American woman in Fukuoka, Japan*]

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THE RACE TRACK

Jamaica Finale

BY way of providing a conventional ending last week to the racing season on Long Island, Jamaica rounded out its meeting on Monday in a blaze of cockeyed form. Not a favorite won. There was something rather fine about everybody's gay indifference to the pari-mutuel's inexorable law of diminishing returns. With every setback—and the setbacks began with the first race, in which *Faneli's Alley* beat *All In One* by a nose and paid $51.30—people bought tickets more extravagantly. And when the debacle ended, the crowd of 32,818 had tossed $3,262,245 into the tote. That's roughly a hundred dollars a horseplayer, and there hasn't been any betting to match it all year, but I suppose it was the last chance a lot of people had to get even and they made the worst of it. The most exciting race, and to me the most disappointing, was the Sport Page Handicap, won by Joe Jones from Canadiana and four other sprinters. Canadiana, an old pet of mine, popped off into a clear lead at the start, which is the way she loves to run, and I hoped that she'd manage to stick it out, but Joe Jones, who saved ground at the turn into the stretch, caught her in the last half furlong. Laffango was no better than third, despite the efforts of Arcaro, who rode him. In fact, Arcaro had a pretty unhappy afternoon, for all five of his mounts were well fancied and the best he could do on any of them was second. The most heavily backed of them all was an animal named Seebit, who, for no reason I could see, was bet on as though it was all over but the collecting. Well, it wasn't; Safety, from the Brookmeade Stable, beat Seebit easily. Safety was saddled by Preston Burch, just home from a trip abroad. It's not true, as rumored, that Burch trained Safety by ship-to-shore telephone.

WHETHER you think the local season should have continued indefinitely or ended weeks ago depends, I daresay, on how many tickets you cashed. I haven't asked the average racegoer about his fortunes or misfortunes. There's hardly any need to. I can report on one winner, however. The Department of Taxation and Finance, in Albany, is $34,785,088 to the good because of its take from the pari-mutuel handle and its share of the admission tax. If you care to go deeper into statistics, $363,306,510 was wagered by 4,395,673 cash customers in 1954—a drop of more than two per cent from the betting in 1953. (Betting in Jersey is off about that much, too—owing, they say, to the increase in the state tax on the take.) Still, it's a soft touch. The last fascinating tabulations aren't in from the twenty-four states where the pari-mutuel is legal, but it's estimated that the total betting will again be more than two billion dollars. What price a *federal tax on the tote?*

BY now, I should think, most of the racers who were on Long Island last week have stomped off to Maryland, Rhode Island, California, or Florida. Jamaica will be closed, as usual, but thirty or forty horses, including the ones Jim Fitzsimmons isn't taking to Miami, will winter at Aqueduct, and forty or so will spend the next four months at Belmont Park. Belmont is all tucked in nicely for the cold weather. The tracks are being covered with old straw to prevent erosion, and most of the barns have been cleaned and boarded up. I saw all this when I made a grand tour of the place the other morning with Alex MacLeod, a not at all dour Scotsman who for twenty years was a member of the uniformed branch of London's Metropolitan Police and for the past two has been in charge of the security patrol at Belmont Park. As you might guess, the security patrol keeps a sharp eye on everything. It's especially fussy about letting people who don't work there get into the stable area, and about smoking in the stables. Incidentally, Belmont Park takes a bit of patrolling, for it covers some six hundred acres, and, in addition to the grandstand, the Turf and Field clubhouse, and the administration buildings, there are fifty-two barns, forty-five dormitories, and thirty trainers' cottages. During the season, eight hundred-odd men live inside its gates. MacLeod thinks as big a problem as any this year was keeping the grooms and exercise boys from losing dormitory keys. "I solved it, though," he said. "Every man had to put up a dollar deposit before he got a key, and if he lost it, we kept the dollar. They made an awful row, but it worked."

—AUDAX MINOR

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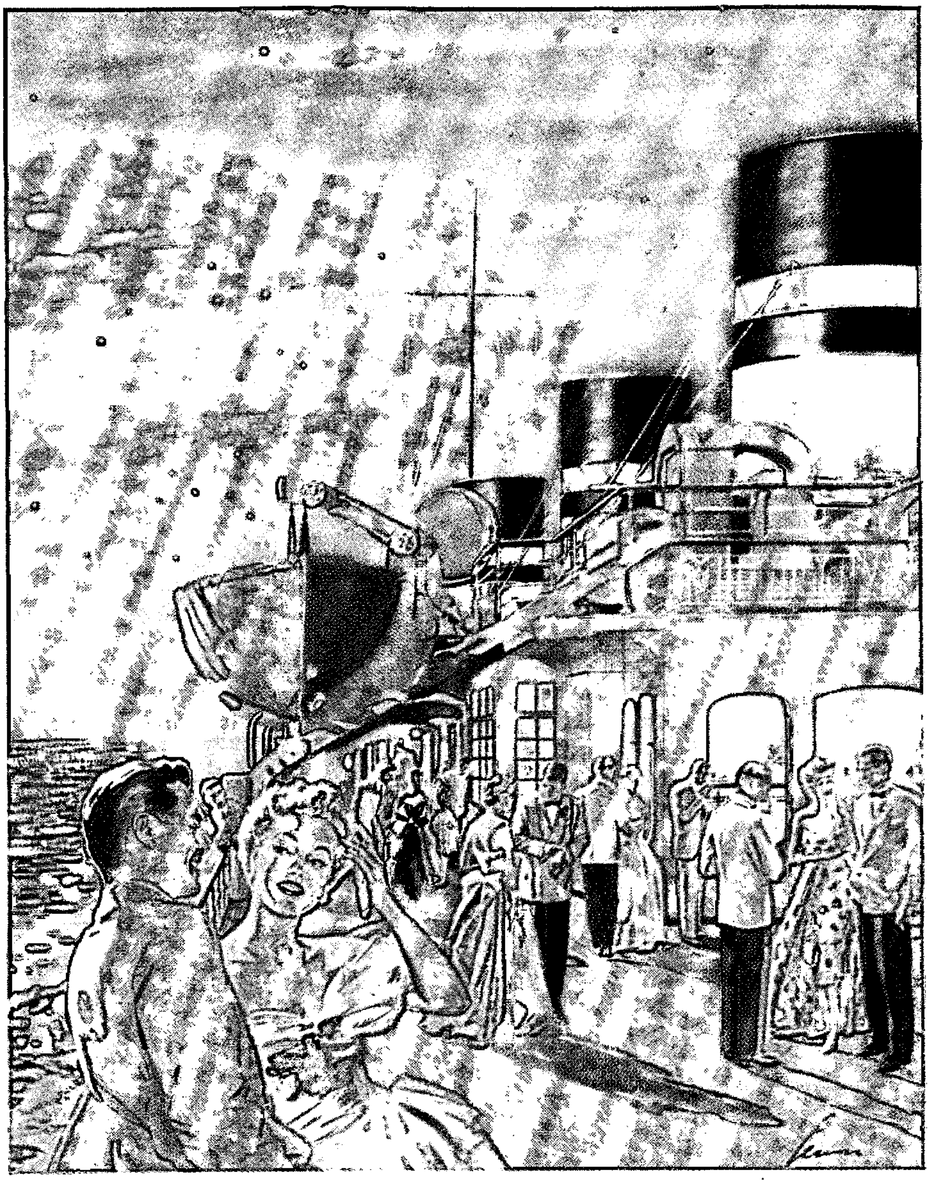

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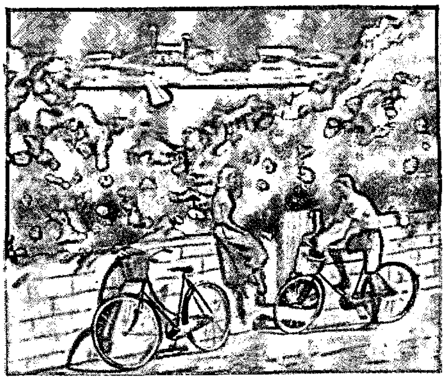
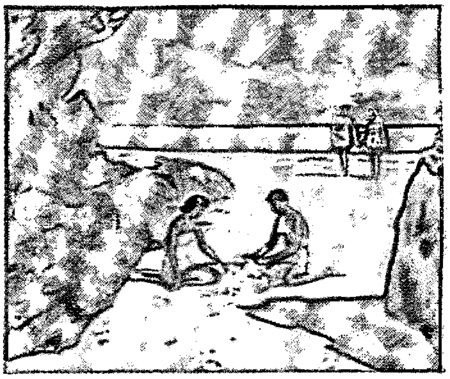


GAYLY CYCLING along the harbour road.



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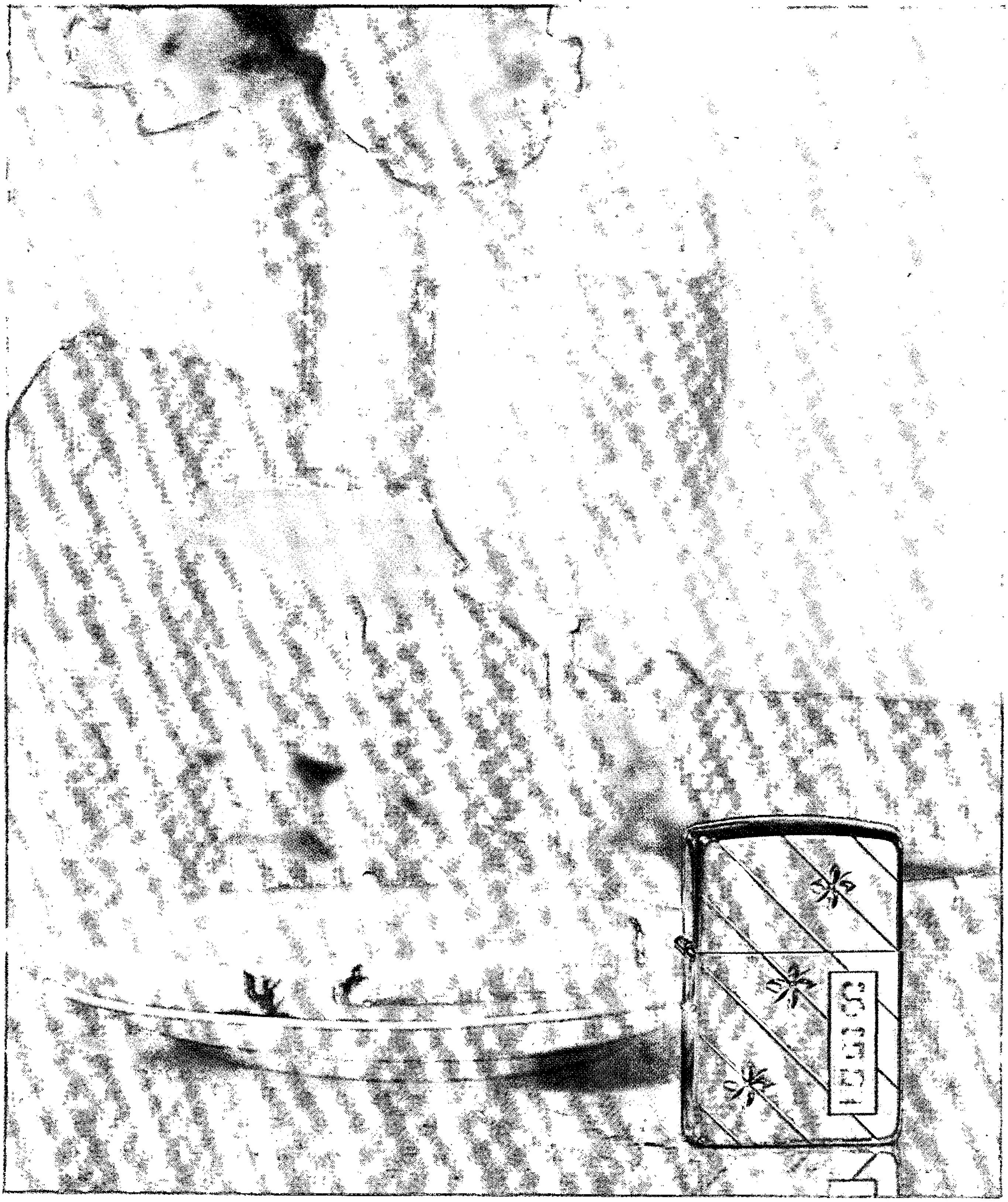

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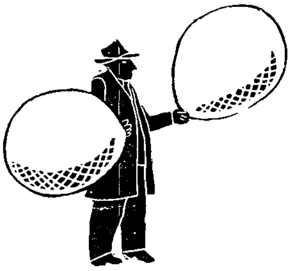
GRANDFATHER ENCOUNTERS A NONPAREIL

IN the fall of 1882, when the coming of freezing weather was about to stop traffic on the Erie Canal until spring, Archie Cossett's father leased a stretch of the canal west of the Exchange Street Swing Bridge, in Rochester, and announced that it was to be a public skating rink. Junior season tickets, which Archie peddled to his schoolmates, cost two dollars and a half. For a boy to amass so great a sum involved arduous labor at small pay, as well as various privations: walking to school, rain or shine, instead of taking the horsecar; shunning the drugstore's five-cent soda water; eschewing the corner bakery's cream puffs.

We four Adams cousins prayed for an early snow, so that we could make a dime an hour cleaning sidewalks, and snow did considerately set in early that year. By Thanksgiving, our hands were blistered and we had collected a common fund sufficient for four brick-red junior season tickets, which announced in bold, black type that they were nontransferable and were revocable for "ill, disobliging, or unruly conduct." But winter dawdled. Temperatures hung tantalizingly in the thirties. Soggy day succeeded soggy night. Archie Cossett's father sat on the official platform he had planted in the canal bed and glared across a surface of unprofitable, water-streaked ice with the silent and savage patience of his Scotch Presbyterian nature.



Two days after Christmas, the four of us—John, Sireno, Charles, and I—slung our skates over our shoulders and trotted down to the canal, as we had done a dozen times before, only to be greeted by the grim legend "NO SKATING."

"May as well go and thank Grandpa for our Christmas presents," John said.

Dejectedly, the rest of us agreed, and we followed him across the Genesee River aqueduct and through the tainted slush of Union Street to our grandfather's small, snug cottage. There, we presented ourselves to the old gentleman and, with mechanical politeness, acknowledged the gifts he had given us, all of which had been selected with an eye to economy and utility.

The old gentleman received us and listened to us with his usual austere amenity, and then remarked on our depressed demeanor. "This is the Yuletide season of bright and cheery faces," he reminded us.

John set forth our grievances, and asked, "Isn't it *ever* going to freeze up, Grandpa?"

"*Nil desperandum*," Grandfather said, "if I make myself clear."

"Yes, sir," John returned briskly. " 'Never say die.' It's our class motto."

The old gentleman frowned. "A free—in fact, a licentious—rendering," he said. "Today's youth has no Latinity." And he bade us present our skates for his inspection.

John's and mine, I recall, were Barney & Berry All-Clamp. They were put on with a key, and were death on the soles and heels of shoes. Reno's were an older type, handed down to him by his father; they had a single screw clamp for the heel, and a strap that could be double-wrapped across the instep and over the toes for firm support. As befitted a learner, Charlie had skates with box supports—double blades, like a sled's runners—fore and aft. Every blade of every skate was highly polished and fresh-ground. Our host approved them all except Charlie's. "Too sharp in front," he declared. "The blade will bite the ice."

"There's no ice to bite," Charlie said.

"Patience, patience," the old gentleman said benignly. "I can remember one season when there was a thunderstorm on New Year's Day, and the next noon three of us skated all the way from Palmyra to the Wide Waters of the Erie, so sharp and swift was the freeze."

"You must have been a wonderful skater, Grandpa," John said.

"It is true that I could perform many evolutions not inelegantly," Grandfather said. "On Erie Water, Ganargwa Creek, or even Canandaigua Lake there were few, if any, to surpass me. Had I remained at home, I might have preserved a fine conceit of myself. Ah, well! One lives and learns."

Charlie asked what in particular Grandfather had learned, and received a surprising answer. "The dark duplicity of man," the old gentleman said. He lost himself in gloomy retrospection, then spoke again. "And what a man!" he said dreamily. "Pitted against him, I was as a barnyard fowl challenging a soaring eagle. He could do the outside edge or the inside edge—forward, back-

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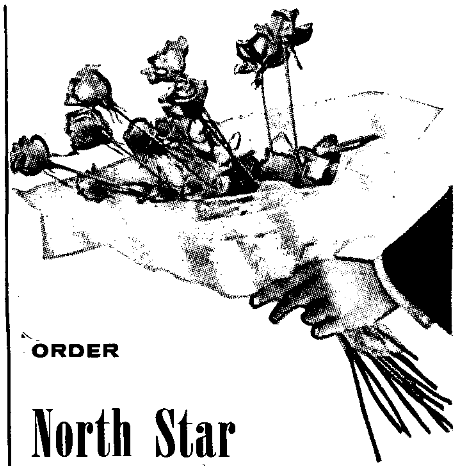
ward, and crossfoot. He could skate spread eagle, toe to heel, double spinner. I shall not live to see his like again."

Grandfather closed his eyes—a propitious sign, provided he did not fall asleep. We waited in hopeful silence, and after a few moments' recollection he opened them again and set out upon his narrative.

"THAT was the iron-hard winter of 1826, when the black ice held on all waters from Lake Ontario to Chesapeake Bay," Grandfather said. "I had gone by side-bar sleigh on an official mission of the Wayne County Horse-Thief Society, down to Pennsylvania, where the local farmsteaders were sorely plagued by the running of stolen stock across the York State border. In Owego, I encountered a former Hamilton College crony named Lathrop, who, being footloose at the moment, readily agreed to accompany me to my destination, the flourishing town of Athens. We arrived on a Saturday evening when a winter gala was in progress on a broad reach of the Susquehanna River, at the town's edge. We went first to the inn, and there our host suggested that we participate in the festivities, which we were not loath to do. Happily, we had our skates with us. Sagacious winter travellers went thus equipped, for rivers or lakes or canals often afforded better facilities for travel than the rough turnpikes."

Warming to his subject, the old gentleman pictured the scene he and his companion found. A huge bonfire near the riverbank was kept at a high blaze by brush from an adjoining wood lot. It lighted up the figures of men and women gliding, darting, and swooping upon the glass-smooth ice. Bedded in embers from the fire, a large iron kettle simmered and steamed with water to be used in preparing the hot buttered rum that was the inspiration and support of such occasions. Grandfather and young Lathrop were welcomed by Squire Maurice of the ironworks, and invited to partake. Being teetotal in principle and practice, Grandfather politely lifted his palm in refusal. Young Lathrop was of another mind. In college, he had been known as one who, in Grandfather's phase, frequently bowed his manly form to the killing cup. Presently, under the stimulus of several potations, he began to *diminish* the skill of the local skaters and to vaunt the repute of his companion as the most accomplished ice-man in York State.

Grandfather protested in vain. Nothing would do but that he must display



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his prowess. Despite his modest disclaimers, the ice was cleared of the others, who now ranged themselves expectantly along the bank of the river. While he was making his preparations, Lathrop performed a grandiloquent introduction. "Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried. "Mr. Myron Adams, Esquire, of East Bloomfield, New York, will exhibit for your kind approval some of those elegant evolutions which have famed him far and wide as the champion of the Grand Erie Canal and adjacent waters."

Thus presented, Grandfather could do no less than his best. He performed creditably, he thought, and the generous applause of the Pennsylvanians spurred him to more daring experiments, one of which broke a strap and brought him down—fortunately, unharmed. Expressions of admiration and approval accompanied him as he limped to the fire to repair the damage. "They gave me more éclat than my efforts merited," Grandfather told us. "But it was not unanimous. As the applause died down, a loud and scornful gardaloo offended the peaceful night."

"I know what a gardaloo is," John said quickly, and delivered what in modern parlance would be called a Bronx cheer.

"Precisely," Grandfather replied, though he was not too well pleased. He enjoyed puzzling us with his archaisms. "The unmannerly interruption came from near the fire, where a worm fence enclosed a sorrow of stones."

He paused, and we three others turned to the knowledgeable John.

"A sorrow of stones?" John asked.

"Yes," Grandfather said. "Headstones and footstones."

"Oh! A graveyard," said John.

"Farmer Fergus's family burying ground," Grandfather said. "The perpetrator of the gardaloo sat on the fence surrounding the graves, and an unpleasing sneer was upon his face."

Getting down from the fence and stepping forth into the full light, the stranger revealed himself as the possessor of a broad and bestial face with squint eyes and protuberant cheekbones, a squat and powerful form, arms whose hands dangled to the knees, and bow legs. He wore a coonskin cap, a gay linsey-woolsey jacket, morocco boots, and gold ear hoops, like a gyppo. "Altogether a prodigious apparition," Grandfather told us. "His aspect was that of the ferocious African gorilla."

The stranger advanced, shivering ostentatiously, and the Squire poured a tot of rum into a horn cup, filled the

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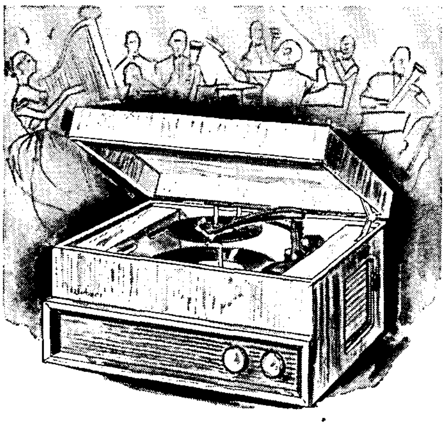

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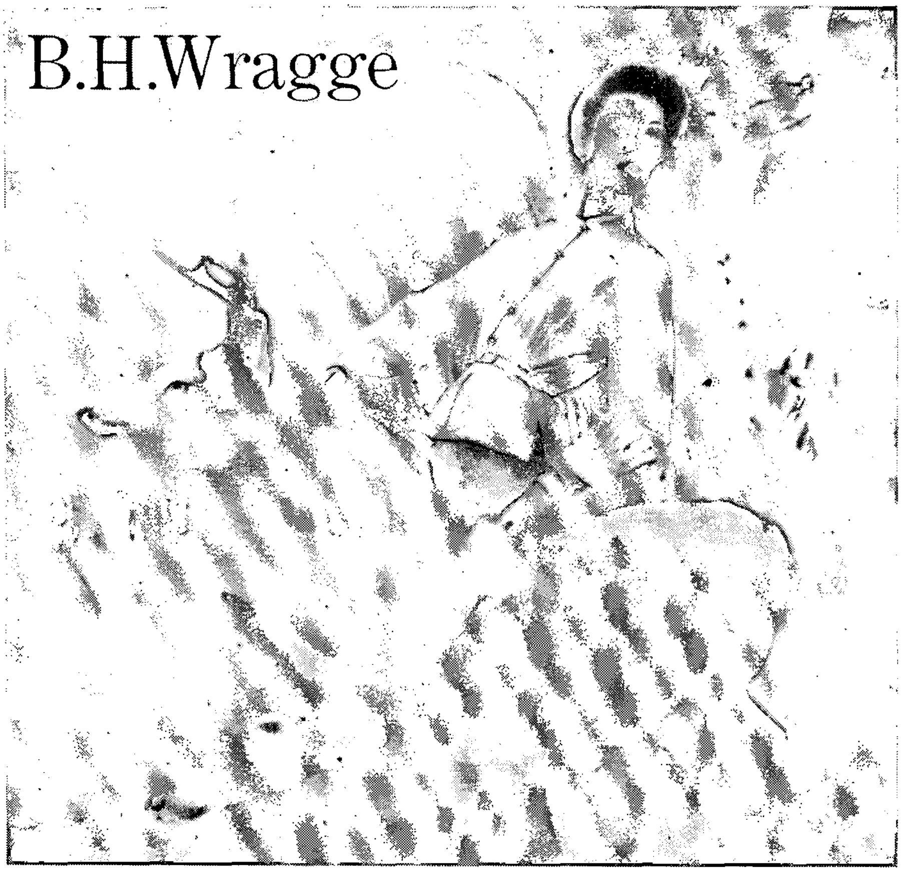

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cup with smoking water, added a dollop of butter, and handed the confection to the man, who took it and nodded. "Solomon Silliman's obediences to one and all," he said civilly.

"Solomon Silliman," Reno said with relish. "Was that really his name?"

"I don't know," Grandfather replied. "Nobody knows." And he resumed his story.

"WHAT fetches you here, friend?" Squire Maurice asked the newcomer.

"I stopped to observe this young sprig," the man answered, jerking a thumb toward Grandfather. "A pawky exhibition."

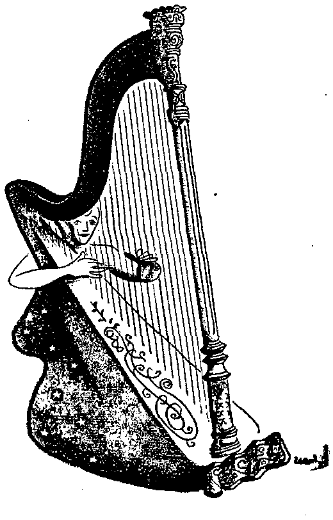
Lathrop, indignant at the slur, ruffled up to the fellow. "Do you think you could better it?" he asked.

"With a skillet bound to one foot and a sadiron to the other," the stranger said.

Lathrop turned and spoke to the crowd. "Who will loan this brag-hard a pair of skates?"

Several men offered the stranger their skates, and after consideration he selected a pair belonging to B. Saunders, the whitesmith. He affixed them with precision, rose to his feet, ambled to the river, and stamped on the ice several times, as if to satisfy himself about its texture. Then he gazed about him with a confident smile. "A simple exercise to start with, good folk," he announced, with a wave of the hand.

Striking out quickly, Solomon Silliman then spanned and respanned the river, shifting from the outer to the inner edge of his skates, with the nonchalance of a pedestrian crossing a corner. Every stroke proclaimed the expert. Returning to the ice near the bonfire, the skater obliged with a swift succession of figures—the Dying Hawk, the Dutchman's Delight, the Double Buck and Wing, the Fairy Float, and the



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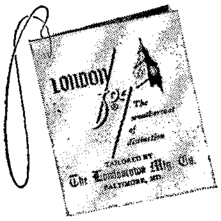

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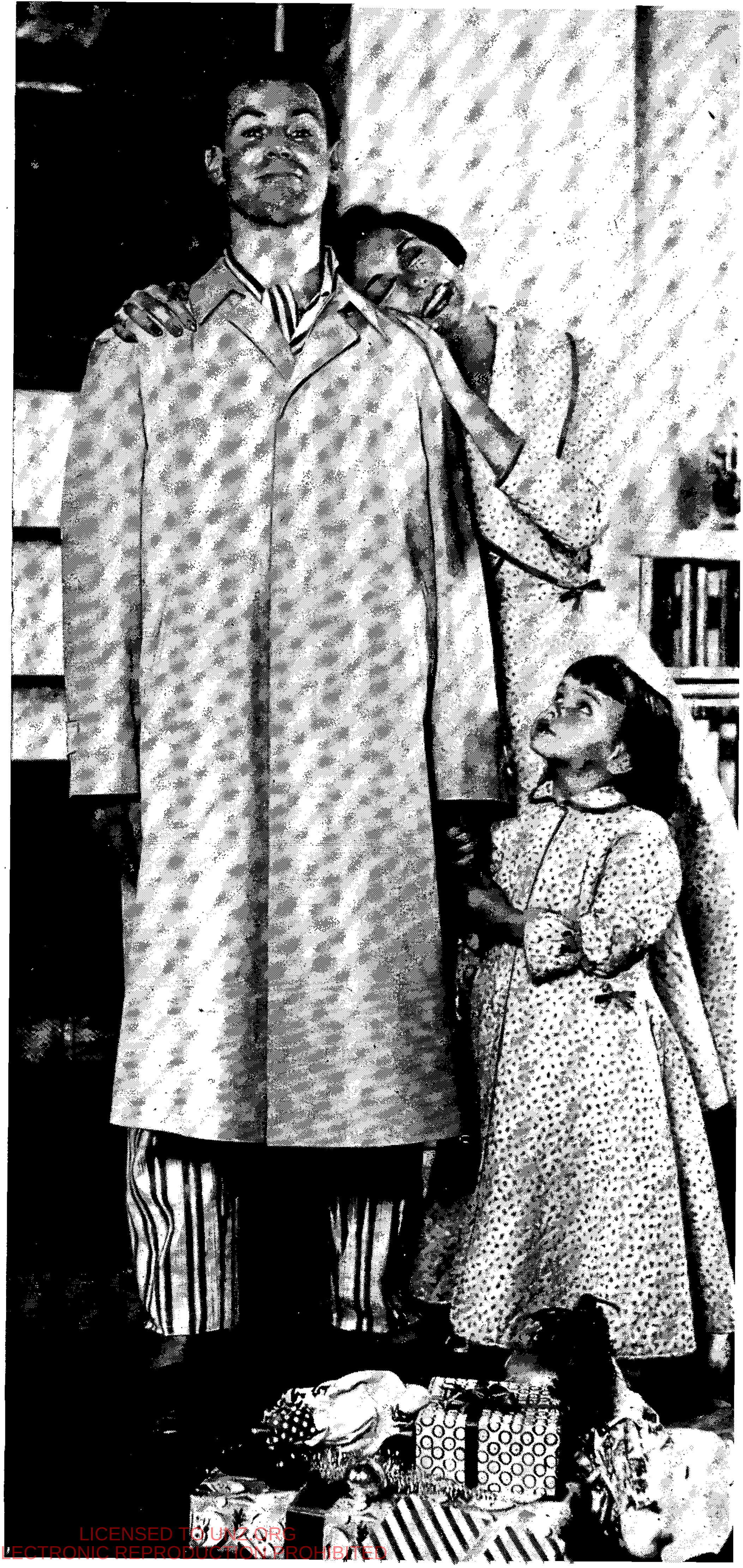

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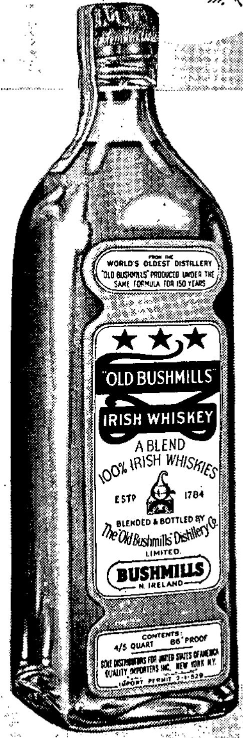
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There was a general demand that Solomon Silliman return to the ice. He looked to his straps, made some adjustments, and said, "Another pair of skates here."

"What's amiss with mine?" the whitesmith asked.

"They serve well enough," the man replied, offhand, "but a single pair does not suffice for a man of my quality." He looked over the crowd and accosted the town baker, "Here, you! You're a big fellow," he said. "Yours will do. Off with them, if you want to see something that will bung out your eyes like warts on a toad."

"Aren't you going to take those off first?" the baker asked.

"No," said Silliman. "I shall attach yours to my hands."

The dazed baker began to protest but, at an imperious gesture from the stranger, removed his skates, and handed them over.

Solomon Silliman examined the blades of the baker's skates and shook his head. He walked over to a sandbank on the river's brink, and hacked and picked at the frozen sand until he had dislodged several large chunks, which he pulverized. He rubbed sand gently upon one blade after the other; and then filled both his side pockets with the residue, casually explaining that the sand would be useful ballast for the feat of delicate balancing he was about to perform. With the baker's help, he strapped the skates to his hands, and when he had done so, he swept out on the ice once more in an easy turn and addressed the spectators. "My friends, you are about to be gratified by the presentment of a paragon which no other living man can equal. It has won the deserved plaudits of kings and emperors in the high courts of Europe, where I am known under my professional style as Four-Skate Pilkington. With your kind permission, I shall now withdraw a few rods upriver. There I shall turn and retrace my course at lightning speed, hand and foot, foot and hand"—his voice swelled to a booming basso—"in the unprecedented feat of *skating on all fours!*"

At that moment, the high, quavering neigh of a horse in distress floated

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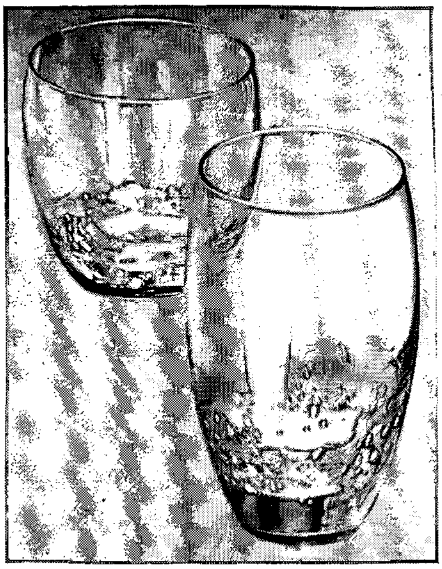

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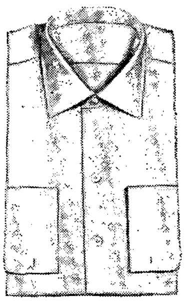

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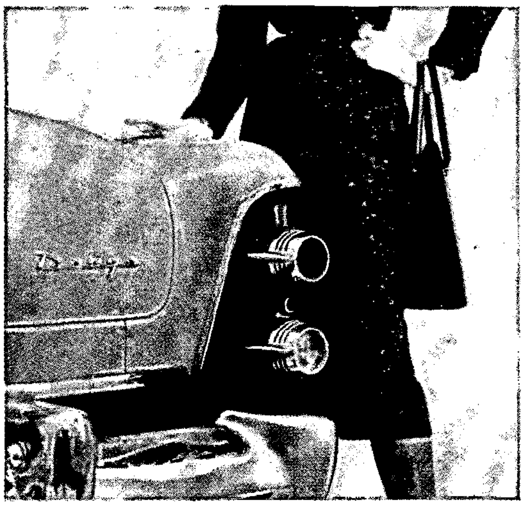

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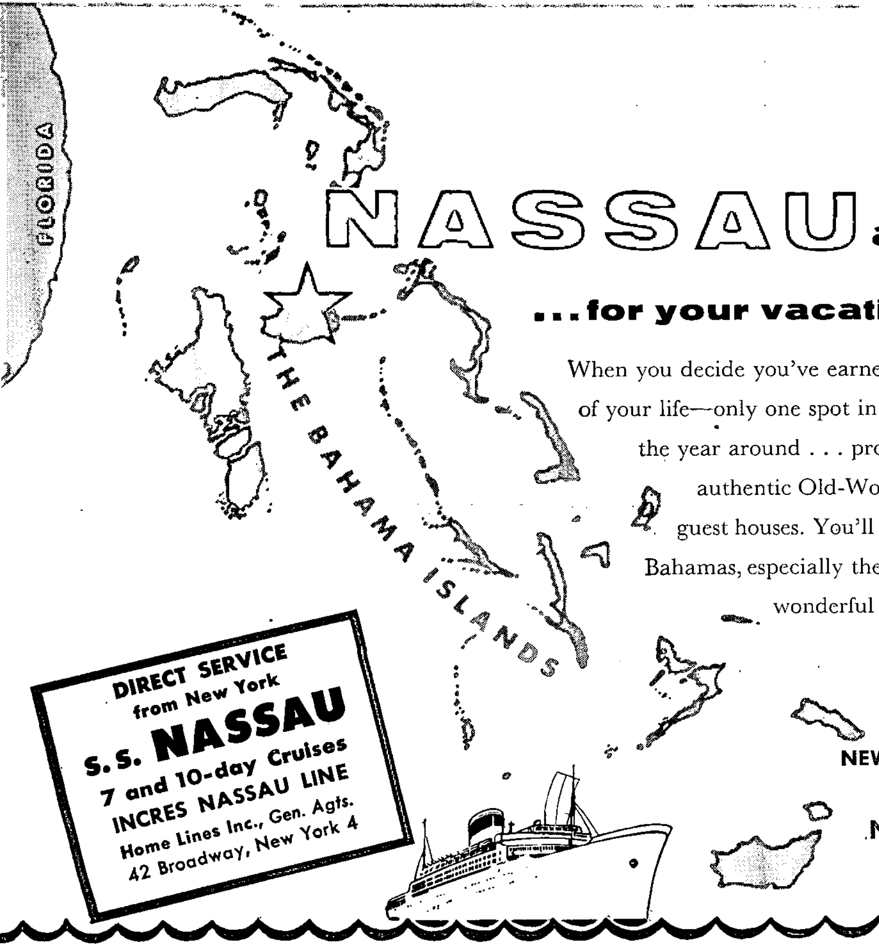

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through the air from the direction of the nearby pike. Several men set off to investigate, and Silliman, who had seemed about to elaborate his speech, abruptly set off upriver, though at an easy pace.

"I'm notional that there is something queer afoot, and that our four-skating friend may have a hand in it," Squire Maurice said in Grandfather's ear. "In my quality of J.P., I will have a word with him when he comes back."

The retreating skater's easy pace quickened at five rods. At ten rods, he was streaking for the bend, half a mile away. In the clear moonlight, Grandfather and the Squire saw him shake the encumbering skates from his hands and begin to swing his arms in wide, sweeping movements, like a farmer sowing seed, and his pace made it clear that Four-Skate Pilkington—now Two-Skate Pilkington—was not coming back.

The Squire was the first to realize it. He raised a shout, "Tallyho! After him! He's off for the border!" he cried.

"With my skates!" the whitesmith yelled.

Grandfather plunged out on the ice in pursuit. Close behind him came Lathrop, Squire Maurice, and the Methodist parson, who had a brisk foot. The rest of the crowd strung out back of them, leaving the skateless whitesmith and baker hopelessly outdistanced.

Fancy skating, Grandfather told himself as he settled into his swing, was one thing; the long pull to the state line, beyond which the Squire's magistracy would be impotent, might be quite another, but he speeded up with a grim determination to overtake and capture the fleeing man. "And so I might well have done," the old gentleman told us, "had my wits been as swift as my feet. As I rounded the curve and again sighted my quarry, both my feet checked with instant violence. Forward and upward I soared, and then came down in the most calamitous fall of my existence. Hardly had I come to earth when Lathrop crashed upon me, and then the parson was entangled with both of us. Attempting to hurdle the heap, Squire Maurice tripped and broke a rib, and each following skater, as he reached the area of the disaster, went skittering across the ice on belly or back, for the rascally ingler, with his graceful gestures, had sown the ice with the sand from his pocket. My last sight of him was as he twisted his head about to cock a snook at the mass of us, helpless and far in his rear."

The thwarted pursuers limped and

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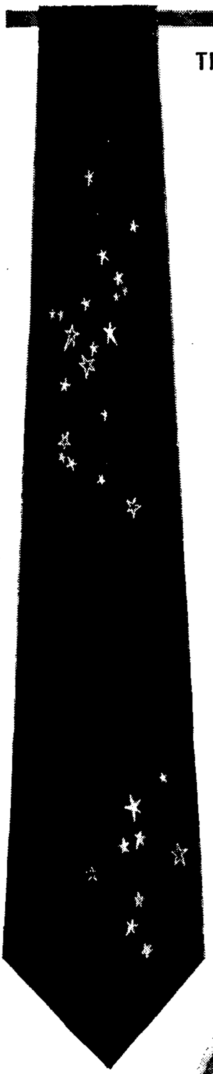

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crawled back to the fire, Grandfather said, proceeding with his story. In the meantime, one of the other men had found the horse that had neighed. It was crippled, and, as was later established, had been stolen earlier, in good condition, by Solomon Silliman, or Four-Skate Pilkington, or whatever his name was, from a farmer in the next county. Apparently, he had abandoned it after it was hurt, and had seized the opportunity afforded by the merrymakers to devise his ingenious escape.

"Then he didn't skate on all fours?" Charlie asked.

"Nobody ever skated on all fours," said Grandfather.

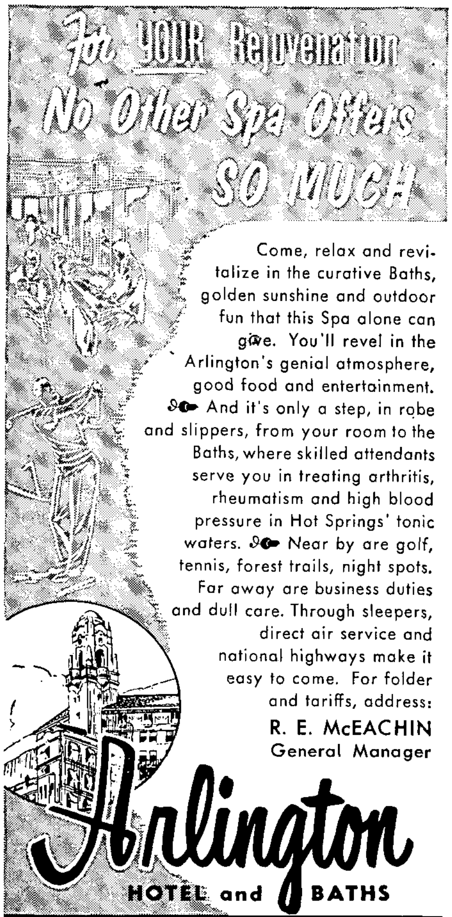
"And it wasn't true about the kings and emperors?"

"All folderol and fahdoodle," Grandfather replied. "He was a vagabond, an ingler, and a horse thief, with a touch of immortal genius."

THE old gentleman went on, then, to outline the subsequent career of the skating horse thief. After pawning the whitesmith's skates for the price of a night's lodging in Owego, the fugitive made his way up and westward across New York State, reaching Rochester before Grandfather got back to that part of the country. There he gave an exhibition and made a successful exit with two pairs of skates and nine dollars, which he had collected in advance of his heralded performance on all fours. Travelling canalside, he then struck westward across the state. At Syracuse, he had the impudence to go to the printer and order, on credit, an issue of guttersnipes ("They would now be called 'dodgers,'" Grandfather obligingly told us) exploiting his skill and citing personal testimonials from numerous crowned heads. It was ruefully estimated that there must have been nearly twenty dollars tucked beneath his flying coattails when they were last seen, levelled out in the wake of his departure.

The winter broke as he reached Utica. The ice rotted and sank. His profitable kantikoy was over. He stole a sorrel mare, and the Oneida Horse-Thief Society chased him all the way to Lake Ontario without once catching sight of him. At Oswego, he made a hasty sale of the mare and looked about him for passage to Canada.

The two-masted sloop Fairaway was readying to put out on the first voyage of the season. The escaping thief made a quick deal with Captain Asa Birdmaster, a man who asked no questions about money except how current the



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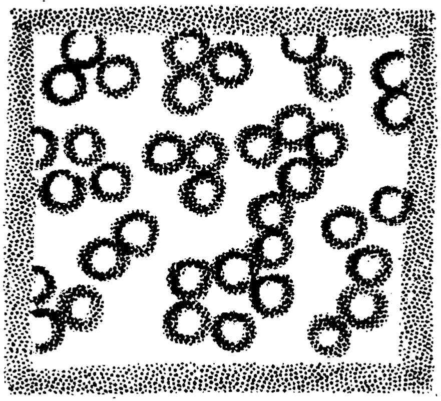

ANSWER: VIEW FROM CHANDELIER OF YOUR NEXT COCKTAIL PARTY WHEN THE WORD GETS AROUND YOU MIX DRINKS WITH ANGOSTURA. A LIQUID BLEND OF TROPICAL HERBS AND SPICES, ANGOSTURA "GENTLES" THE TASTE OF WHISKY WHILE ACCENTING ITS FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE. NEXT TIME THE SPIRITS MOVE YOU TO WHET YOUR WHISTLE WITH A MANHATTAN OR SOMETHING ON-THE-ROCKS, PIQUE YOUR PALATE WITH A PERFECT DRINK — ONE MADE WITH A DASH OR TWO OF WORLD FAMOUS ANGOSTURA!

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notes were, and shipped as a passenger. He was never heard of in York State again.

"He was as rascally a man as ever I met in my life," Grandfather said, "and as great a genius in his own line. A virtuoso, a master, a nonpareil. Never shall I set eyes on his like again."

There followed a long silence, until Reno said, "I suppose they had *real* winters in those days, Grandpa."

"Times do not change. The old rule holds," the old gentleman said pleasantly, and quoted a familiar line from the *Hop Bitters Almanac:*

> "As days do lengthen
> The frost doth strengthen."

He stood up and took the *Almanac* from its shelf. Then he crossed the room and opened the door leading to the stoop. Our step-grandmother, in the kitchen, must have been listening. "Mr. Adams! Mr. Adams! Muffle up your throat or you will catch your death of a rheum!" she cried.

"Don't pester me!" Grandfather called back to her. "I'll be only a moment."

Stepping outdoors, he moistened a finger and lifted it to test the rising wind. He came back, opened the *Almanac*, and studied it briefly. "My respects to that worthy Scotsman, Mr. Cossett," Grandfather said. "Advise him from me that we shall have a month of ice."

Grandfather's forefinger, backed by the weather forecaster of the *Hop Bitters Almanac*, turned out to be correct. Solid winter set in that night.

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

DR. GOLDEN, MEET NUNNALLY JOHNSON!

Dr. Francis Golden tells of a judge in his home town who was noted for his gentleness. One day a contrite and woebegone prisoner was standing before him.

"Have you ever been to prison before?" the judge asked.

"No, your honor," answered the man, weeping bitterly.

"There, there, don't cry," said the judge, compassionately. "You're going to be now."—*Journal of the American Medical Association, September 25th.*

Nunnally Johnson tells of a judge in his home town in Georgia who was noted for his gentleness. A contrite and woebegone prisoner was standing before him. "Have you ever been sent to prison before?" the judge asked.

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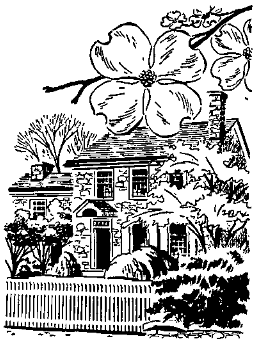

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C. Bracelet, dogwood blossoms and leaves	75
D. Earring, 2 dogwood blossoms with cultured pearl	38
with semiprecious stone	43
without stone	34
E. Brooch, single dogwood blossom	24
F. Spray Brooch, 2 dogwood blossoms with leaves	44

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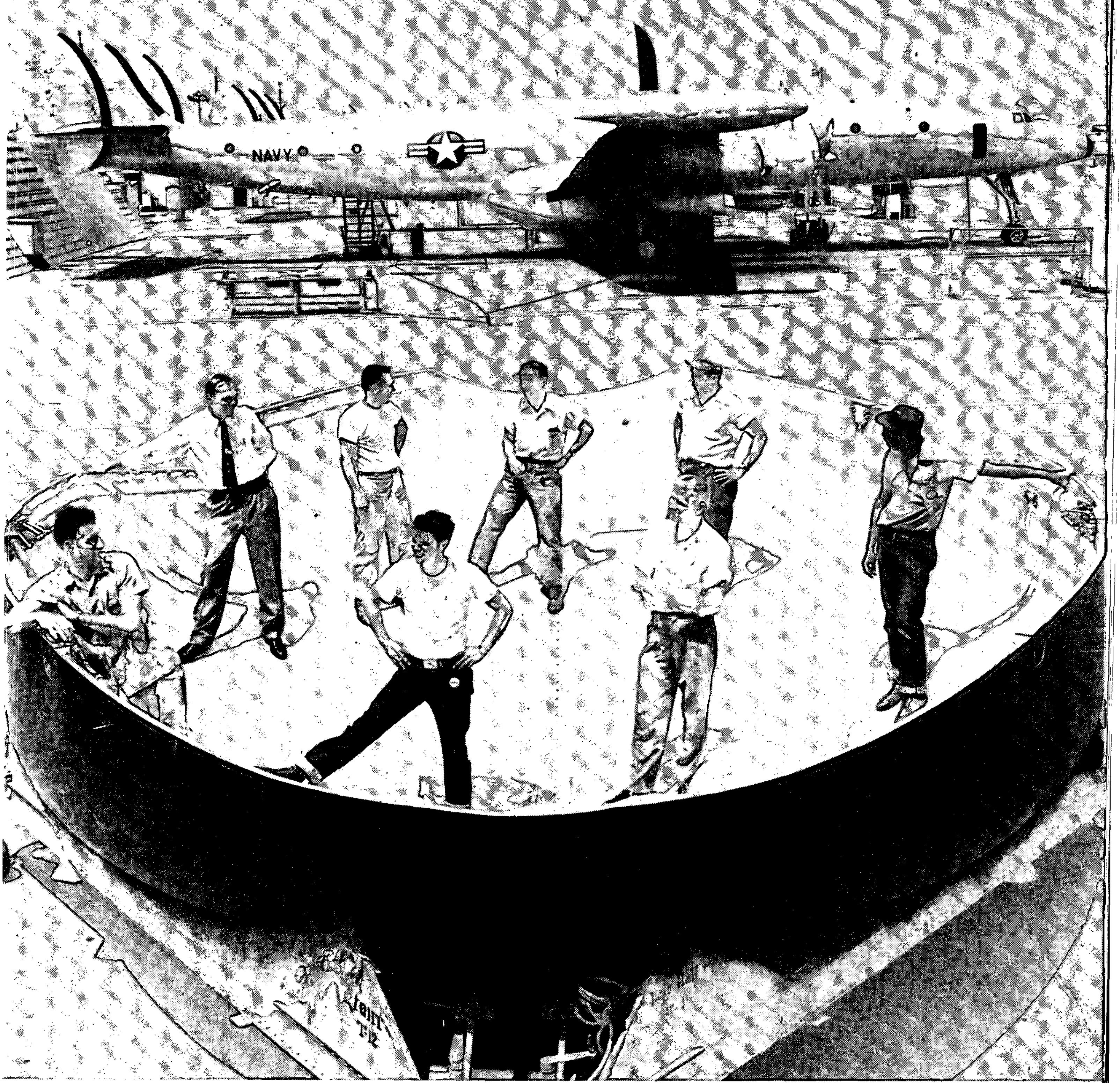
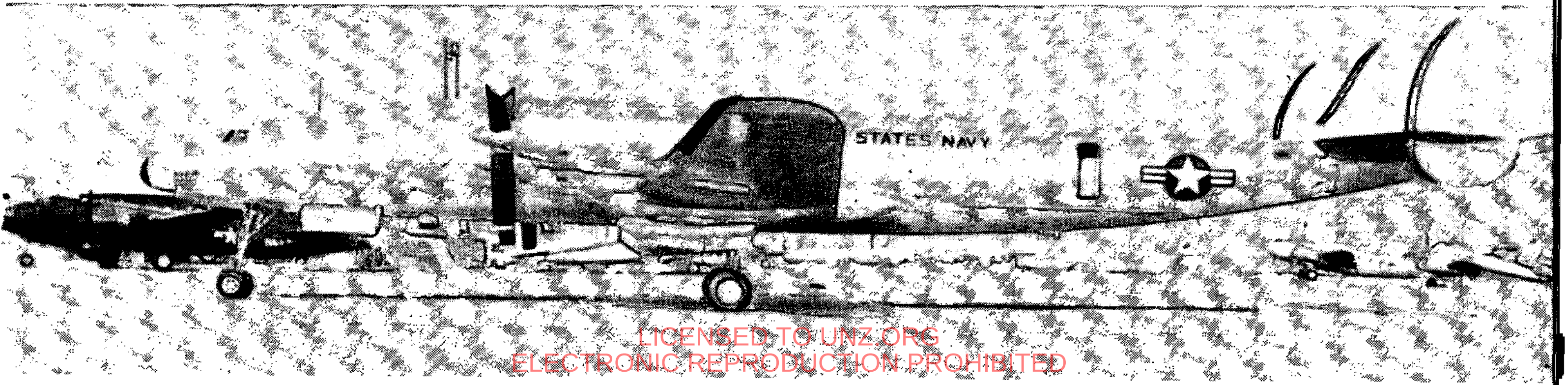
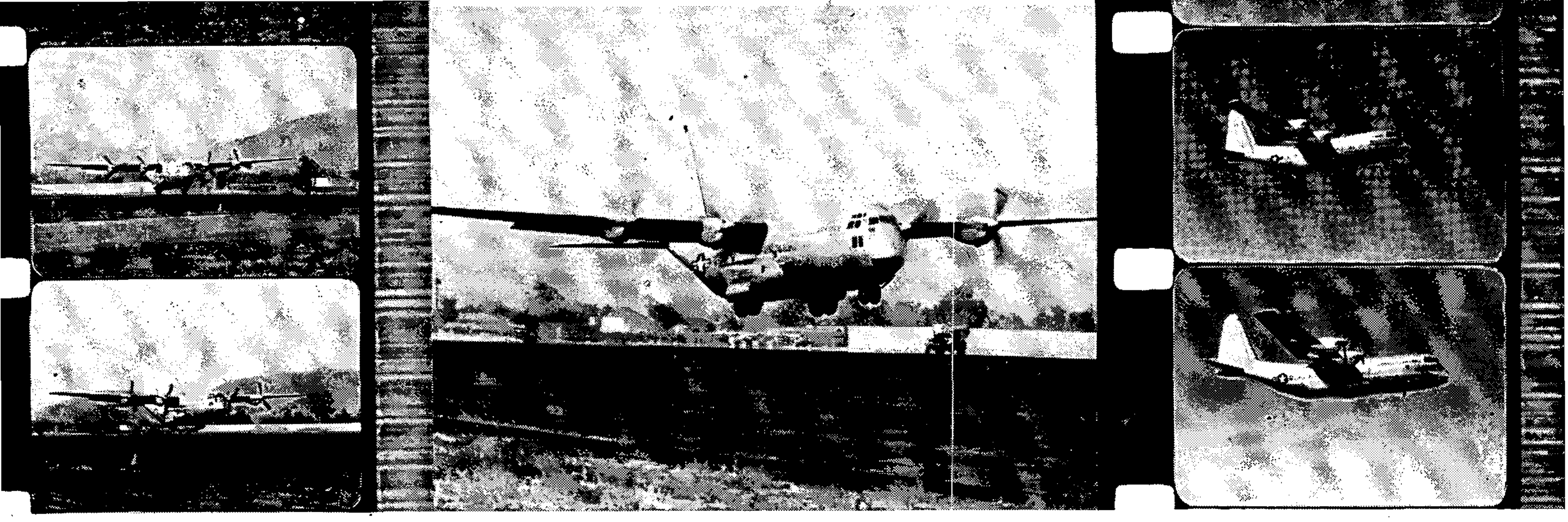


BIGGER RADOMES FOR MORE PROTECTION. The radar Super Constellation picket plane is an extremely vital unit for U. S. protection. It can warn the nation hours earlier of enemy attack, because it has long range, high speed, plus six tons of electronic intelligence packed in radomes as big as swimming pools (like the bottom one pictured above).

WORLD'S FASTEST PROPELLER-DRIVEN AIRPLANE is turbo-propeller Super Constellation for the U.S. Navy (shown below). Now flying, it will be capable of speeds 100 mph faster than any propeller airplane now in service. Powered by Pratt & Whitney T-34 turbo-propeller engines, this plane promises new speed, new performance and greater economy potentials.





NEWEST TRANSPORT CONCEPT is Lockheed's C-130A turbo-prop assault transport, shown here in its dramatic first flight. Now in production at Government Aircraft Plant No. 6, operated by Lockheed's Georgia Division in Marietta, this giant plane literally jumped off the runway in one-third the distance required for today's commercial transports. This new cargo plane incorporates scores of new features for better handling of troops, materiel and equipment.

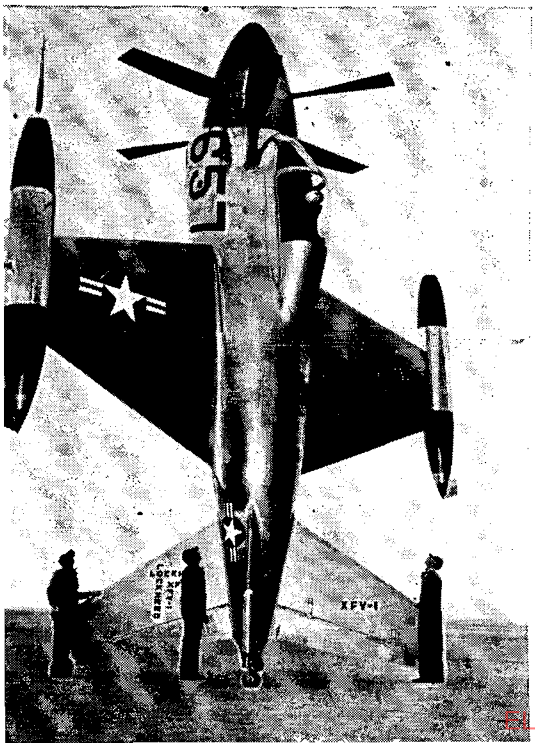
6 New Lockheeds for U.S. Protection

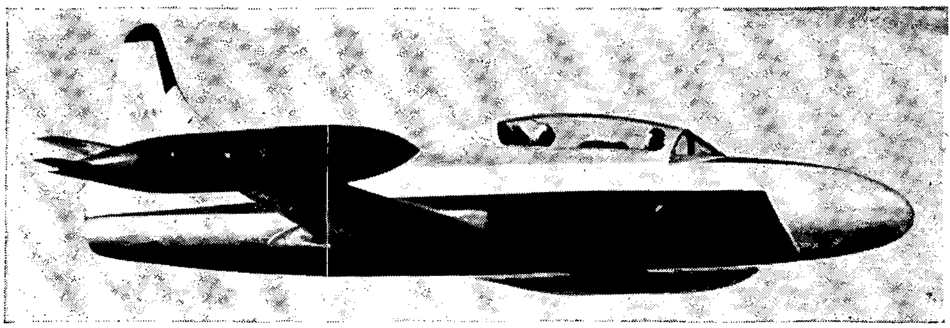
Powerful Team Includes Truly Amazing Jet Fighter, High-Speed Assault Transport and Vital Picket Plane

When you go to bed tonight, you can sleep easier because of the remarkable development of U.S. air power in recent years. A vital part of this development is Lockheed's unique team of new defenders, a wide variety of aircraft that alone would constitute the entire air force for most nations.

These new planes help the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy protect our Pacific shores from Alaska to Mexico and our entire Atlantic seaboard. They include sub hunters, long-range patrol bombers and a flying radar station with radomes as big as swimming pools to warn the nation hours earlier of enemy air attack. And other new models, too secret to photograph or talk about, include the XF-104 Day Superiority Fighter, now undergoing rigorous Air Force evaluation tests, so successful the Air Force already has issued a production contract for an undisclosed quantity.

FLIES STRAIGHT UP, LANDS STRAIGHT DOWN. This is the Lockheed XFV-1 Vertical Ascender, a revolutionary new concept of aircraft developed in cooperation with the U.S. Navy. Now, every ship can have its own protective fighter umbrella, every back yard could become a landing field if needed.





NEW NAVY ADVANCED JET TRAINER. Often called the world's safest jet airplane, Lockheed's new T2V-1 advanced trainer for the U.S. Navy has so many new safety and performance features it can be used for carrier landing and takeoff and can utilize existing short fields for propeller aircraft. By training better jet pilots quicker, this trainer boosts Navy's ability to protect America. Another product of close Navy-Lockheed design teamwork.

ADVANCED GUIDED MISSILE SYSTEMS DEVELOPMENT

Eminent scientists, nuclear physicists, and engineers have joined forces at Lockheed's new Missile Systems Division in Van Nuys, California. Their mission is to solve the nation's prime defense problem, to give our armed forces *totally* reliable means of delivering our defensive and retaliatory weapons to their targets. To accomplish this vital task, Lockheed has appropriated $10,000,000 for a program of laboratory research and development.

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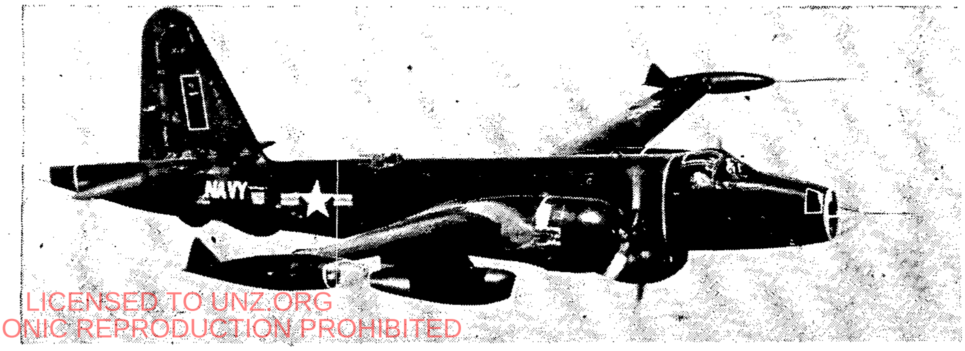
NEWEST SUB HUNTER is the Navy's latest version of the Lockheed P2V Neptune Patrol Bomber, a rugged, radar-laden flying sentinel with many secret missions. Its primary job: patrolling coastal waters against possible enemy submarines. Note new jet engines for added speed, power.



ANNALS OF CRIME

THE LONG STOMACH ACHE

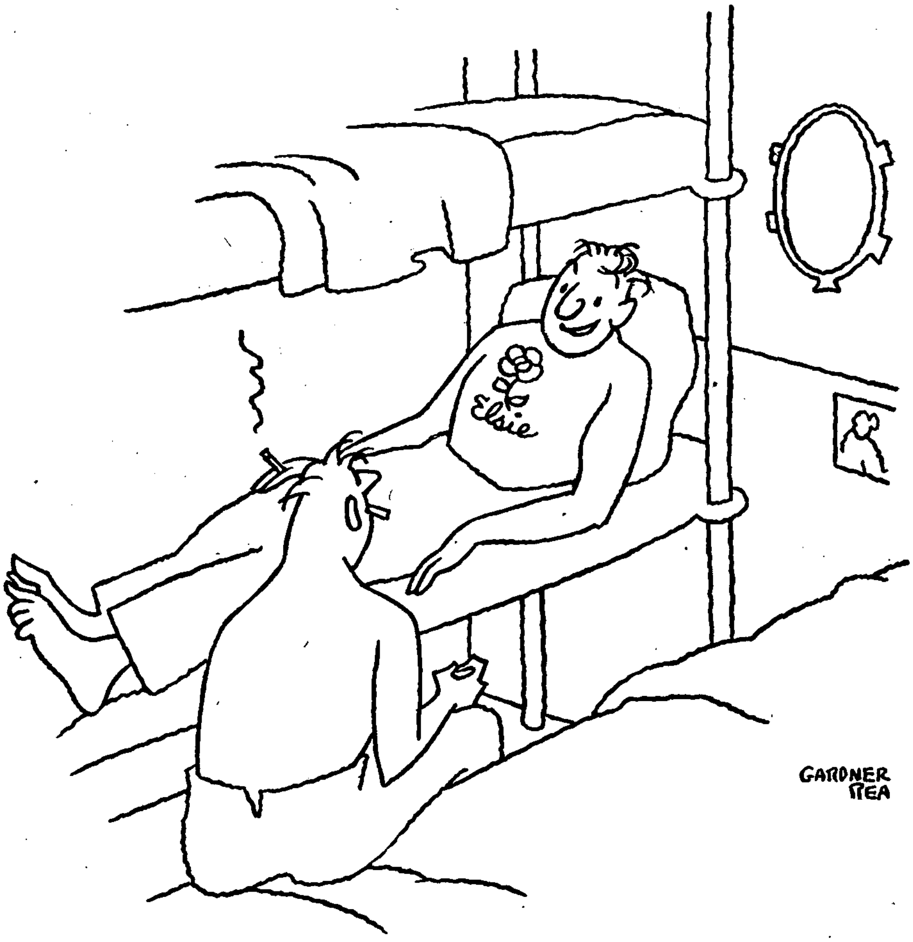
BETWEEN the Presidential election of November 8, 1932, and the inauguration on March 4, 1933, while the country was waiting perhaps as impatiently as it has ever waited for an old administration to go out and a new one to come in, President-elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt wound up his duties as Governor of New York, selected his Cabinet, conferred with his advisers on ways and means of coping with the economic situation, and managed to squeeze in a few short fishing trips. During that period, too, he narrowly missed losing his life. What probably saved him was the fact that on the night of February 15, 1933, Giuseppe Zangara, a thirty-two-year-old bricklayer from New Jersey, arrived at an amphitheatre in Miami, where Roosevelt was to speak, an hour or so too late to get a front seat. As the crowd began to break up after the speech, Zangara leaped onto a chair, drew a revolver, and shot five rounds at the President-elect. But Zangara's perch was shaky and he was not much of a marksman anyway, and he hit five other people, including Mayor Anton J. Cermak, of Chicago, who three weeks later died of his wound. Zangara was immediately arrested.

The prisoner—a swarthy man, barely five feet tall and weighing a hundred and six pounds, with bushy black hair, a long, narrow face, dark-brown eyes, a square jaw, and a thick accent—was found by the police to be neither a Communist, nor a Fascist, nor a Socialist, nor an Anarchist. He was a registered Republican. He was not much interested in organized politics, however, and it was not from partisan motives that he had attempted to assassinate Roosevelt. He said he would just as soon have shot at President Herbert Hoover, but Hoover was in Washington, where it was cold, and Roosevelt was in Miami, where it was hot, and Zangara was under the impression that chilly weather was bad for his health. At any rate, he told the police, he was in favor of assassinating all presidents, kings, and prime ministers, and didn't much care in what order they went down. He promised that if he was given a chance, he would do away with Mussolini and the King of England.

Zangara's animosity toward heads of state dated from the time he was six, when his father, a farmer in Italy, took him out of school and put him to work in the fields. This labor, he said, had soon given him a maddening and almost constant pain in his abdomen, which tormented him like fire for the rest of his life. He was suffering from it the night he shot at Roosevelt. "The capitalists get to be boss to my *father, keep the money from my father*, and my father send me to work, and I have no school, and I have trouble with my stomach," he testified in court, "and that way, I make my idea to kill the President—kill any president, any king." Later he said, "I want to make it fifty-fifty. Since my stomach hurt I get even with capitalists by kill the President. My stomach hurt long time."

Zangara was tried twice—before Cermak's death and again after it. In the first trial, charged with assault on others in an attempt to assassinate the President-elect, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to eighty years in jail; in the second, charged with murdering Cermak in a premeditated attempt to kill Roosevelt, he again pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death. In pronouncing sentence, Judge Uly O. Thompson, of the Circuit Court of Dade County, observed: "No living man could foresee what might have happened if Mr. Zangara had been successful in the assassination of Mr. Roosevelt. A similar but, in degree of importance, a far less offense was sufficient cause to engulf the universe in the late World War. . . . The assassination of President Roosevelt would have been a disaster well calculated to affect the peace of America, if not the whole world."

GIUSEPPE ZANGARA was born on September 7, 1900, in Ferruzzano, a village in Calabria, the toe of the Italian boot. His childhood was dogged by misfortune. As an infant, he had an ear ailment; when he was three, he fell down a flight of stairs; the next year, he stumbled into a fire; and the year after that, he fell down another flight of stairs and broke his wrist. When



"There's one thing any dame I go for has to have. Her name's gotta be Elsie."

What do you mean . . . we're neglecting our child?

"He's getting a three-wheeler like the kid across the street, a set of kindergarten blocks and his first pair of 'grown-up' trousers."

Yes, Mom and Dad, we're sure Santa Claus will bring that youngster everything your intelligence and money can buy! But pardon us, if we point out one important gift you've overlooked—a gift that will remain with him for years—long after the bike is outgrown and Santa is just a pleasant memory. The gift is *beauty*—and a love for fine music.

Experts tell us this love comes from learning and listening, and that, with direction, even a very young child can learn to listen and develop an appreciation for the great masters. Now, A Child's Library of Musical Masterpieces presents a new concept in music for children—fine work in its original form, unchanged, unadulterated, performed by a full symphonic group.

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This Christmas give your youngster a gift of everlasting beauty—selected great works that will have special appeal for him now and will lead him to a mature understanding of music as he grows older.

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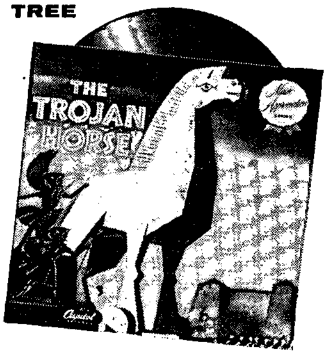
"NUTCRACKER SUITE"
Chin Chow And The Golden Bird
Little Abou, The Camel.....No. 3193
Waltz Of The Flowers....No. 3204

BIZET'S **"CARMEN"**
El Torito, The Little Bull..No. 3194



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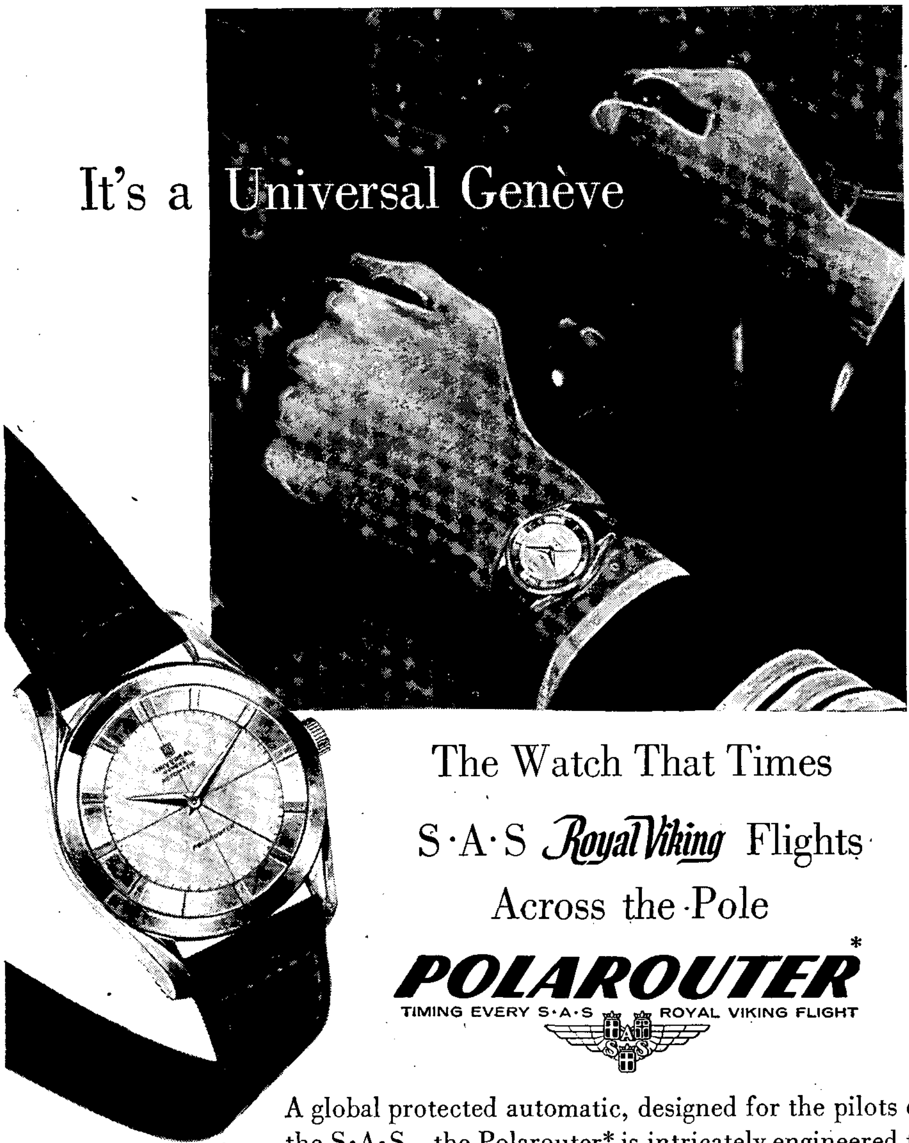

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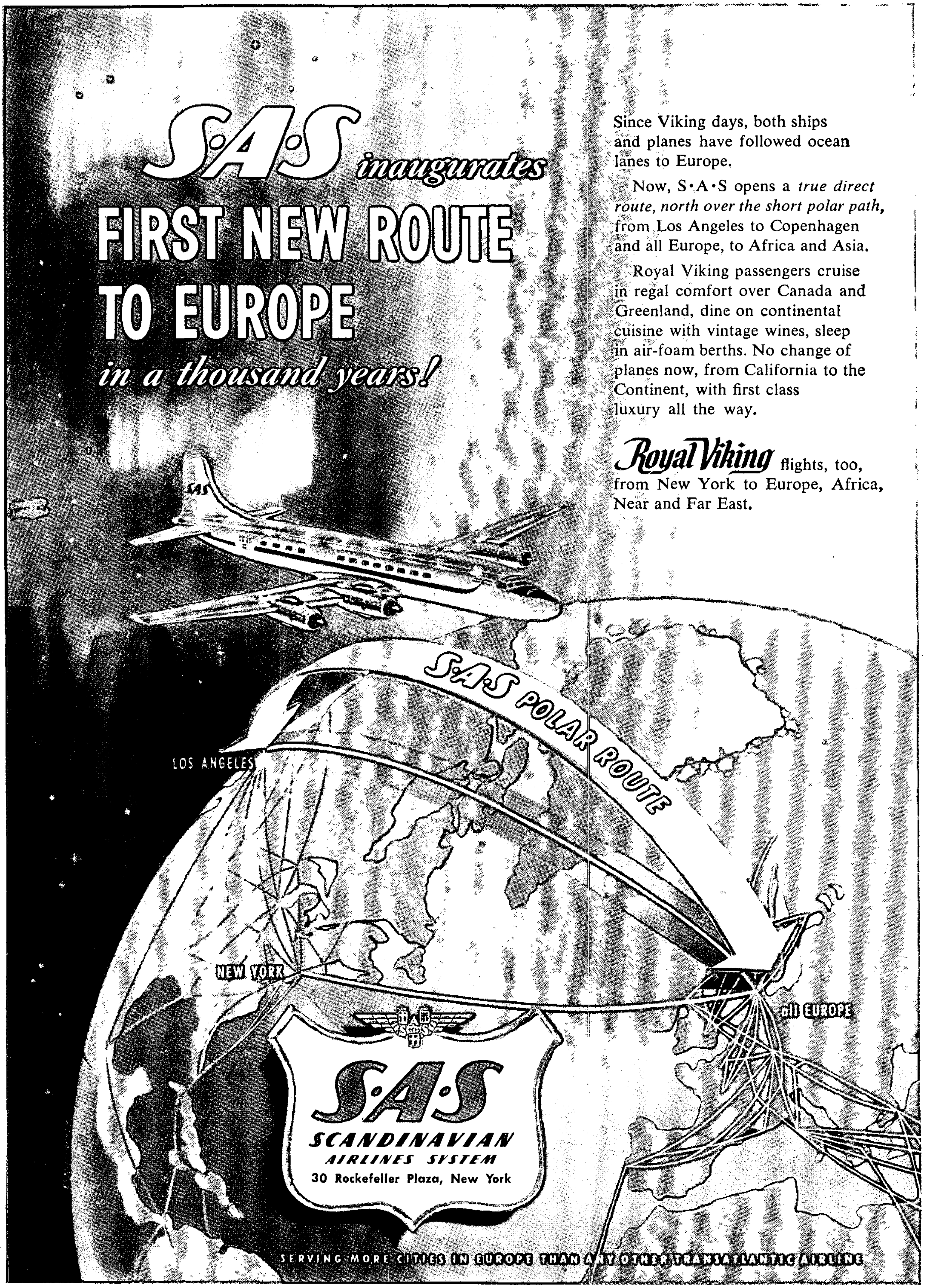
he was two, his mother died, and before long, his father married a widow with six daughters. According to Zangara, there was no insanity in his family, but his father had been a man who, like his son, was chronically resentful of authority. Giuseppe had been going to school for scarcely two weeks when, he recalled in prison, "My father come and take me out like this"—he gripped the scruff of his neck—"and say, 'You don't need no school. You need work.' " A few days after he was removed from the classroom, he was shovelling dirt beside a road when a carriage filled with children on their way to school passed by, and the memory of their good fortune still made him smart with envy twenty-five years later. In his testimony, he kept reverting to the subject of education. When an attorney asked him what kind of political change he had hoped to bring about when he shot at Roosevelt, he replied, "I think the change is: New government. No money so everybody is same like. Everybody just the same as the country. I have no sick stomach because I have the right to go to school same as everybody else. Then the children of the capitalists make no difference. All born equal. All people just the same. All people can read just the same."

Zangara had little to say about his life in Italy after he quit school. He told the police that he had become a bricklayer in his youth, and that later on he had put in some time in the Italian infantry. Somewhere in Italy and sometime around 1922—he was vague about places and dates—he had set out to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel III, but he had been deterred by the presence of the Royal Guards and the density of the crowd. As soon as he was discharged from the Army, he headed for the United States.

On September 2, 1923, Zangara arrived in Philadelphia on the Cosulich liner Martha Washington, and went straight to Paterson, where he moved in with an uncle, his only relative in America. Presently, he began mulling over the idea of assassinating President Coolidge, but nothing ever came of this project. In 1923, the country was having a building boom, and with the help of his uncle, who was also a bricklayer, Zangara soon got a job. To his distress, however, he discovered that he had to violate one of his principles and join a union—the Bricklayers, Masons & Plasterers. In 1924, he filed a declaration of intention of becoming a citizen—doing so, he testified later, only because it was a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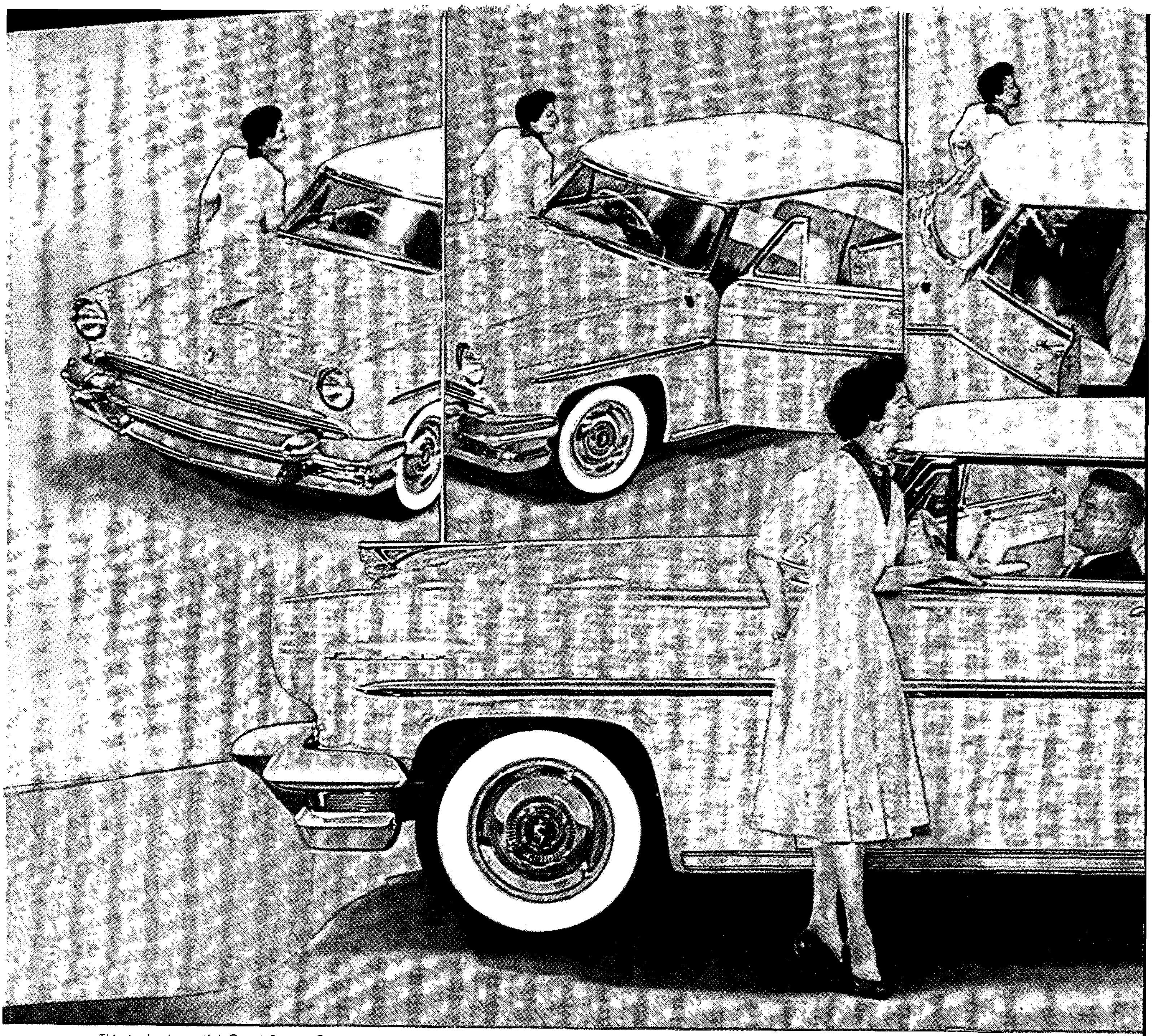

This is the beautiful Capri Sports Coupe in a brand-new shade called Palomino Buff. Interior is a buff and cream combination in supple leather.

Presenting the new 1955 Lincoln–with

...and new all around performance: new Turbo-Drive for the utmost in smooth-but-quick acceleration—new high torque V-8 engine for instant response in every performance range

Take a good, long look all around the new Lincoln for 1955.

Note it is new from every angle. Up front, you see a new grille, visored headlamps, brightwork that accents low lines.

Now pass your eyes along Lincoln's longer, sweeping side, past the gleaming new fender guard. You're now at the imposing new rear deck, highlighted by those distinctive tail-lights.

But don't linger too long on the outside; there's fresh excitement *when you open the door.* For here you see colors and fabrics and leathers that have never taken the road before.

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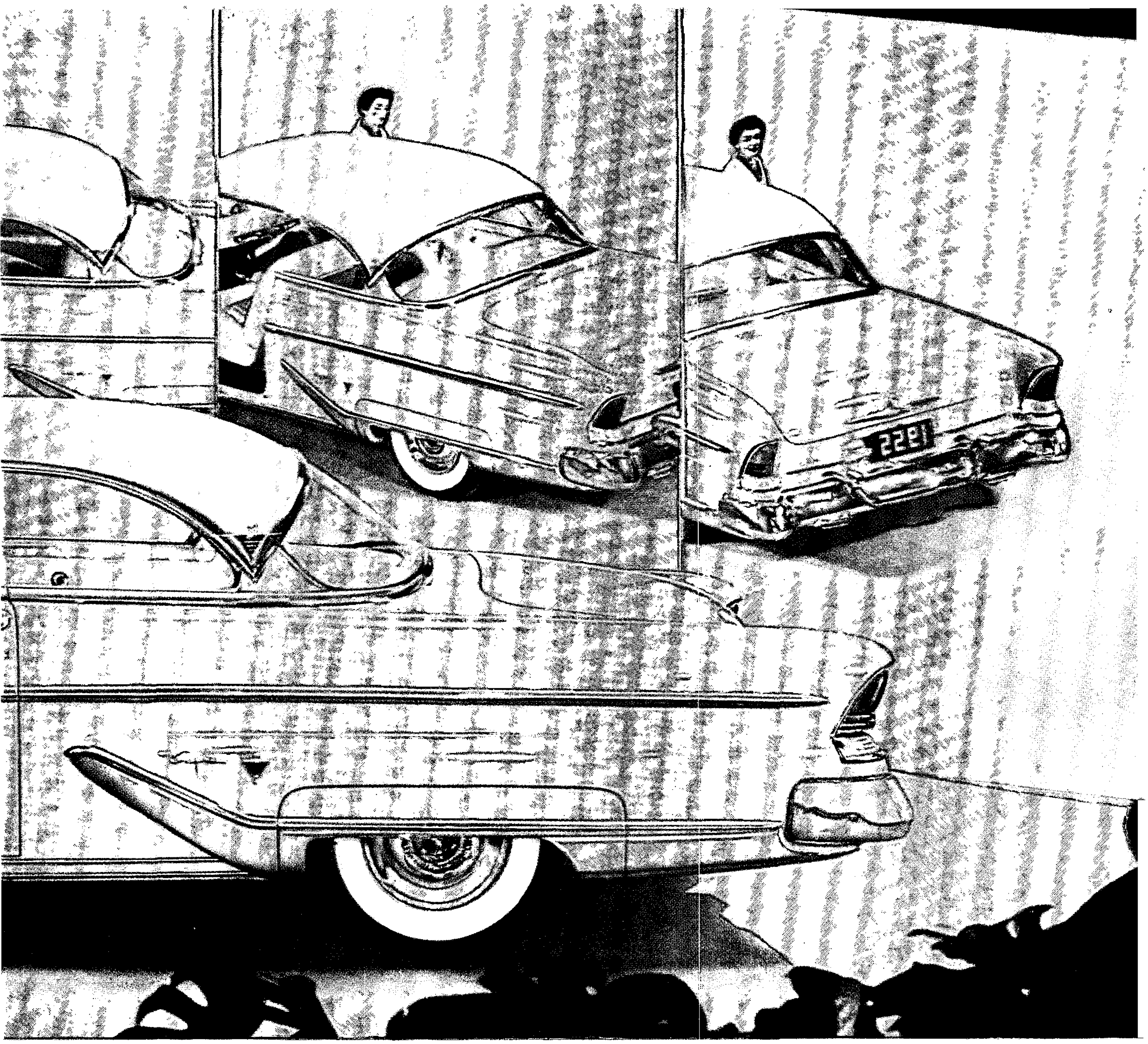

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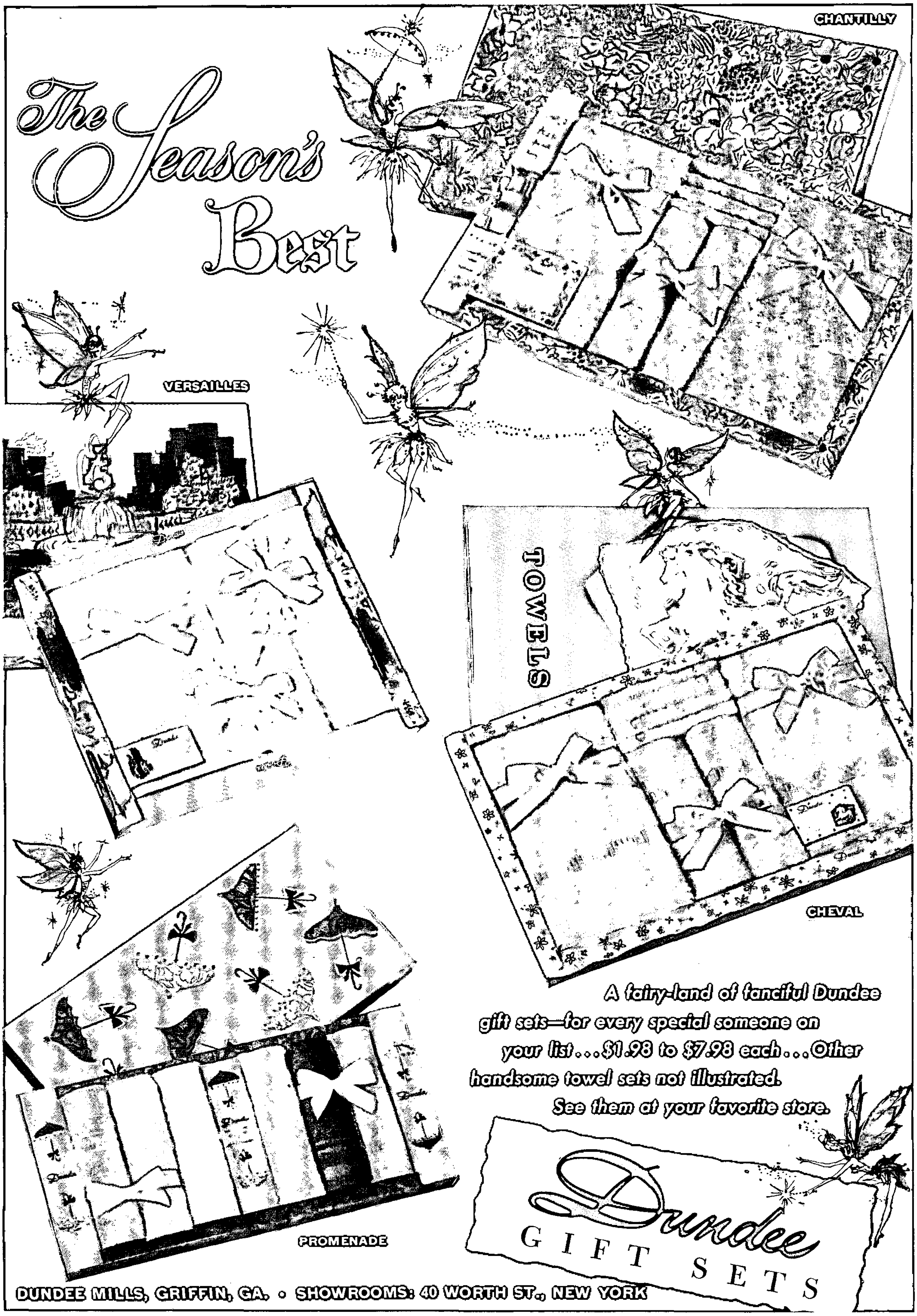
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prerequisite to holding a union card—and on September 11, 1929, he was naturalized.

From 1923 to 1931, Joe Zangara, as he was known to his acquaintances, lived in and around Paterson, usually in boarding houses but sometimes with his uncle, and worked fairly steadily, either as a bricklayer, on large construction jobs, like the Alexander Hamilton Hotel and the Fabian Theatre, in Paterson, or as a small contractor, on his own. He made good money—twelve or fifteen dollars a day—and he bought good clothes and a Chevrolet, and frequently sent generous gifts of money to his father in Italy, but, perhaps because his stomach ache forced him to lead an ascetic life, he managed to put quite a lot aside. At one time, he had twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank. As he grew older, he became so fond of solitude that once, when he was living in Hackensack, he rented two adjoining rooms, one to use himself and the other to make sure nobody else rented it. He never smoked—"I smoke a couple of months, I'd be dead," he once said—and drank only an occasional glass of wine, for he found that alcohol set his stomach "on fire." He never went out with girls; when his uncle suggested that he return to Italy and find himself a wife, he protested that he was far too sick even to consider the idea. His only diversion was checkers, which he played silently and competently, and during his long solitary sessions in his room, he taught himself to read and write a smattering of English. He dreaded the winter, and once told his fellow-workers, "The cold—it is no good for you. When it is cold my stomach hurts." From fall to spring, he went outdoors as seldom as possible, and almost never after dark, for he especially feared the night air.

When Zangara was twenty-five, he went to the Barnert Memorial Hospital, in Paterson, complaining of sharp, shooting pains in the abdomen and of lack of appetite. The doctors couldn't find anything wrong, but, to be on the safe side, they operated on him for chronic appendicitis and duodenal adhesions. As they had expected, the appendix turned out to be in fairly good condition. (After he was executed, an autopsy indicated that he had suffered for years from chronic indigestion, but that he "was a healthy, well-nourished individual.") Zangara ate heartily at the hospital and was an exemplary patient, and after two weeks, he was discharged as completely recovered. In no time, he was grumbling harder than ever, and

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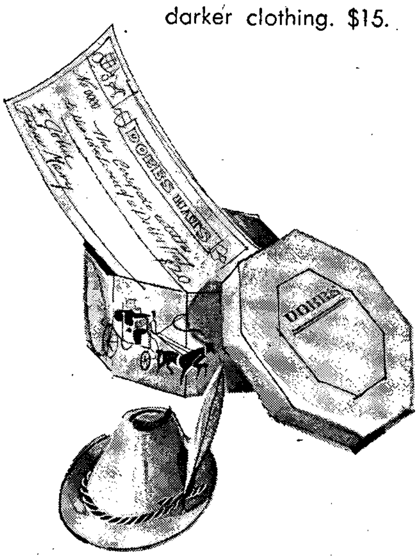

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he continued to lead the life of a valetudinarian.

At work, Zangara had something of a reputation as a lunch-hour orator on the privileges of the rich and the hard lot of the workingman, but he never caused any trouble on a job and he was regarded as a docile, diligent employee. Although he was vocal enough about the pain in his abdomen, he is not known to have given anyone the slightest inkling of the murderous feelings toward kings and presidents that it inspired in him. After his arrest, his uncle said, "He never talked to me or my family about politics. He had no interest in anything except to eat and sleep while he was with us. He wanted to be left alone to suffer with his stomach."

Although Zangara came of a Catholic family, he never went to church after his childhood, and even then, he said, he had had no faith in God or the clergy. "I don't believe in God because I see lots of things," he told the police. "I see in my mind everything wrong. Somebody trying to kill and steal and everything wrong. I figure no God, no nothing. Only air and land. I feel to myself that. If there was a God here, why I suffer all the time? Everything wrong."

"What do you believe in?" he was asked.

"The land, the sky, the moon—what I see."

"Who makes the world?"

"Nobody knows."

"Joe, if you kill a man, you don't care if you die or where you go?"

"No."

"You have no soul?"

"No."

"No Heaven or Hell?"

"No. I go into the ground."

At his first trial, he was again asked whether he belonged to a church, and he replied, "No, no. I belong to nothing. I belong only to myself, and I suffer."

When Zangara had been in this country about eight years, he gave up work in favor of travel. According to his statement in court, he did not even look for regular work after 1931, and, aside from showing tourists around Miami occasionally, he had no gainful employment for the rest of his life. The depression had, of course, made a steady job hard to come by, but Zangara insisted that it was his stomach ache, not economic conditions, that had set him wandering. In 1929, he had had a pleasant vacation in Miami, and this had convinced him that warm weather was good for his stomach. In 1931, he left a boarding house in Hackensack with the laconic announcement to his landlord

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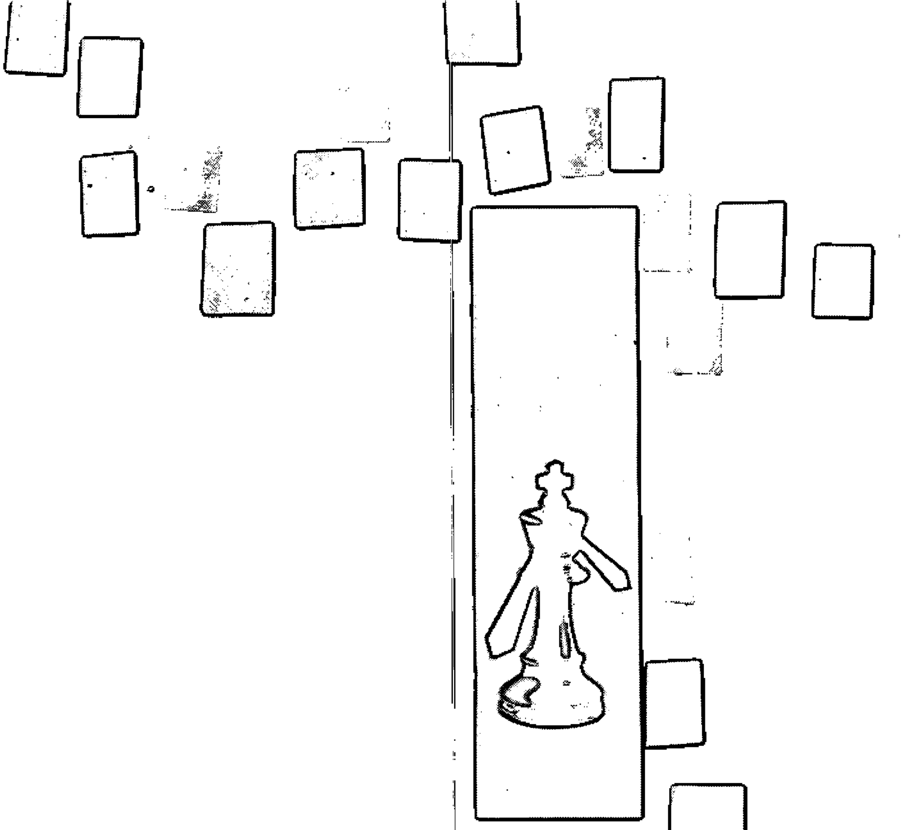

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that he was pushing on, and went to Los Angeles. From there, he made another trip to Miami, and then returned briefly to New Jersey, where he paid a visit to his uncle. Then, around the middle of 1932, he headed south for the last time.

In Miami, Zangara became an out-and-out loafer and even something of a playboy, idling about the wharves, playing shuffleboard in Lummus Park, betting, with no success, on the horses, and losing two hundred dollars at the dog races. By the time of his arrest, his resources had dwindled to about three hundred dollars—forty-three dollars in cash and two hundred and fifty in Postal Savings accounts. For a while, he shared a small cottage with a dishwasher who worked in an Italian restaurant, and then, in November, 1932, he moved into his last residence—a dingy, two-dollar-a-week attic room, with a sloping ceiling. When police went there after the shooting, they found all his possessions in a small cheap suitcase. In addition to some clothes, there were three books—"Wehman Bros.' Easy Method for Learning Spanish Quickly," "Italian Self-Taught," and an Italian-English grammar—and a few clippings about Roosevelt's visit to Miami and a clipping about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Sometime in that troubled winter of 1933, Zangara was stirred by his old desire to kill a President. After his arrest, he said that in January or February, "I was figuring to go to Washington—straight to Washington—to kill Hoover before Hoover go out," but that he was put off by the thought of how cold the capital would be. Then one day—it was probably Monday, February 13th—while he was sitting on a pier, he heard a newsboy yell that Roosevelt was coming to town. He bought a paper, and read that the President-elect, who had been fishing off Florida on Vincent Astor's yacht Nourmahal, would disembark in Miami on February 15th, and make a speech in Bayfront Park. Zangara decided that he could spare himself the trip north. Around this time,

CINZANO
VERMOUTH
CINZANO
CINZA

Act one, scene 3 from the new musical hit, "FANNY"*

Cesar (Ezio Pinza) in his waterfront cafe in Marseilles, makes one last effort to teach his son Marius (William Tabbert) how to make a Vermouth Cassis:

CESAR

(Firmly)

Now!

(He arranges the bottles, the glasses and the soda water on the bar. He suits his actions to his words)

One *medium* third vermouth.

(He pours with the precision of a master chemist and twists the bottle to avoid the last drop rolling down the side)

And twist the bottle to trap the last drop. You leave your bottles as sticky as fly-paper!

(He pushes the drop in with the cork, then puts the bottle down carefully and picks up the cassis bottle)

Clear?

MARIUS

(Nervous)

Yes, very clear, Father.

CESAR

Now, man-to-man – one *small* third cassis –

(Then giving Marius a look)

– and trap!

(He picks up the seltzer bottle)

Two *large* thirds . . . bubbles.

MARIUS

That makes four thirds.

CESAR

It depends on the –

(Catches himself shouting, puts his hand on Marius' shoulder and smiles as one adult to another)

– it depends on the size of the thirds!

STAGE NOTE:

The carved mahogany bar in this scene is the real thing, discovered in Marseilles by the Joshua Logans.

Just as authentic is the bottle of Cinzano Vermouth which Cesar flourishes so eloquently. (Cinzano *means* vermouth on the Continent.)

Cinzano belongs here, too, in well-appointed homes as well as cafes. It makes a perfect Vermouth Cassis, regardless of the size of your thirds. It's worth your while *as is*, or on-the-rocks. And it really *makes* your cocktails.

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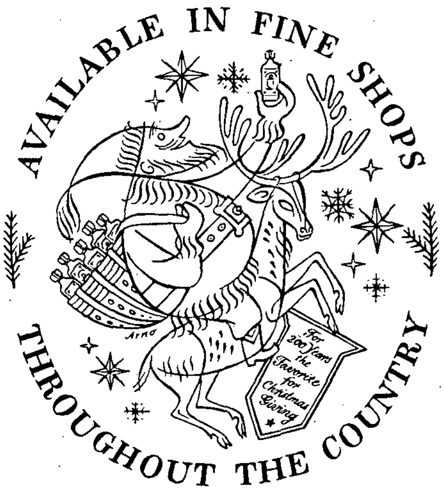
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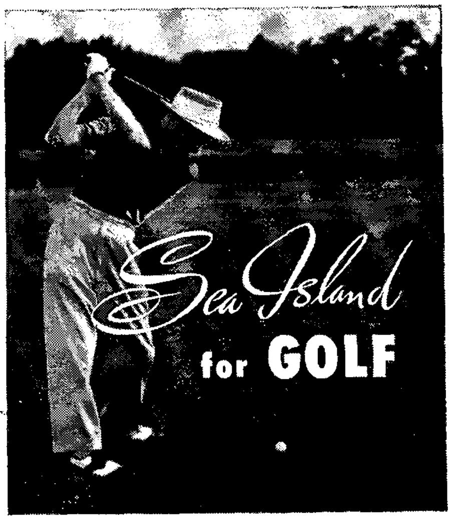

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he went to a pawnshop in downtown Miami and bought, for eight dollars, a five-inch, .32-calibre revolver, with a fluted nickel-plated barrel and a black handle, and ten bullets. The pawnbroker asked no questions. “He got the money—that's all he wanted,” Zangara said. After the shooting, he couldn't remember whether he had bought the weapon while he was still planning to murder Hoover or after he had decided to murder Roosevelt; one project had just shaded into the other in his mind.

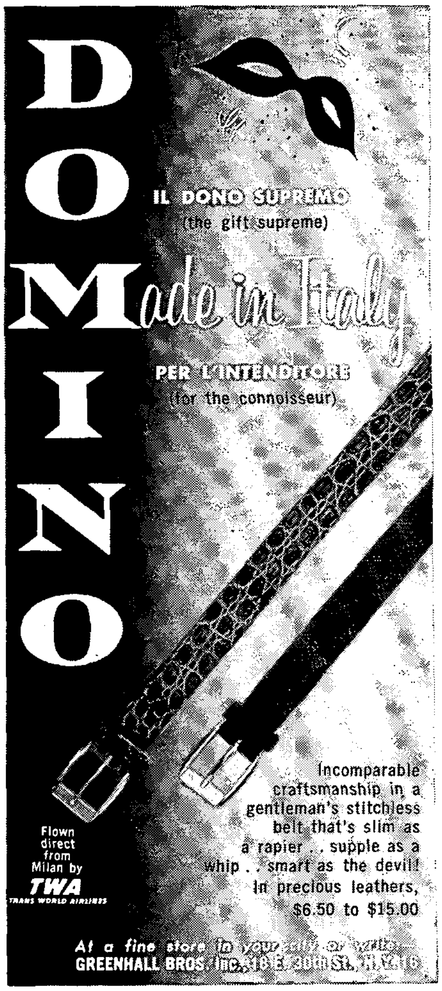
THE Miami season was at its height on the balmy night of February 15th, and about ten thousand people flocked to hear Roosevelt speak in the park, a forty-acre expanse of palm trees and tropical shrubbery, on the shore of Biscayne Bay, where there was, and still is, an amphitheatre with some eight thousand seats. In 1933, it had a bandstand that had been built for a Shriners' convention, and looked it—a squat, grotesque pile with an acorn-shaped dome at each end, and a yellow stucco stage of Oriental aspect, surmounted by a green, yellow, orange, silver, and red marquee. (All this was torn down in 1948, and a graceful music shell was put up in its place.) From the center of the stage, steps descended to a semicircular paved area, and it was on this pavement that Roosevelt was to speak from his car, facing the public and with his back to a group of dignitaries, including Mayor Cermak, who had been assigned places on the stage. In honor of the President-elect, the royal and coconut palms fringing the amphitheatre were bathed in red, white, and blue lights, and the air was filled with the blaring music of a silver-helmeted drum-and-bugle corps from a Miami post of the American Legion.

At eight o'clock, an hour and a half before Roosevelt was due to arrive, Zangara turned up at the amphitheatre, dressed in white trousers with a dark stripe, and a white shirt open at the collar. He found he had made a serious miscalculation, for not only were all the seats occupied but the aisles were rapidly filling up. Elbowing and squeezing his way down one of the aisles, he managed to get within about fifteen feet of the first row, but there he came up against a knot of women and a determined man from Ottumwa, Iowa, named H. L. Edmunds.

“Where do you think you're going?” Edmunds asked.

“I'm going right down front,” Zangara said.

“Well, I'm sorry, but you can't go



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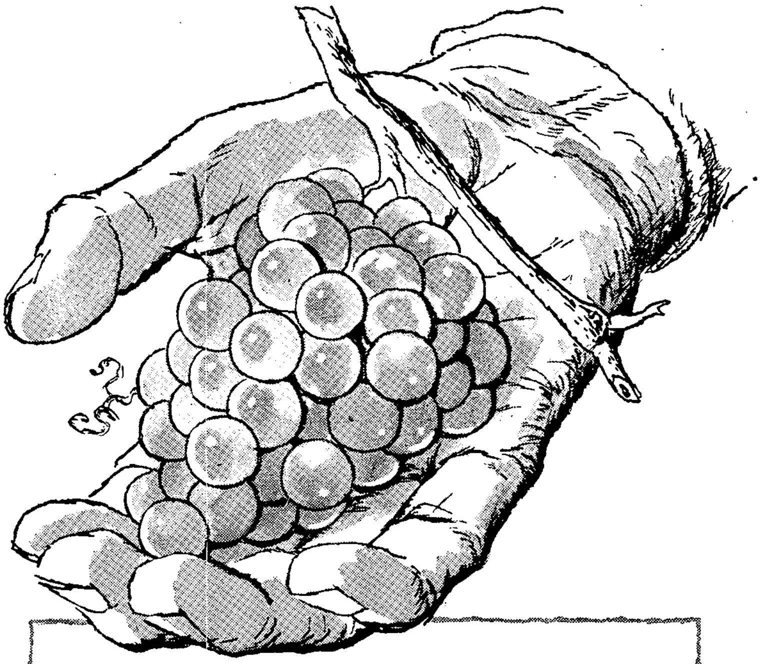

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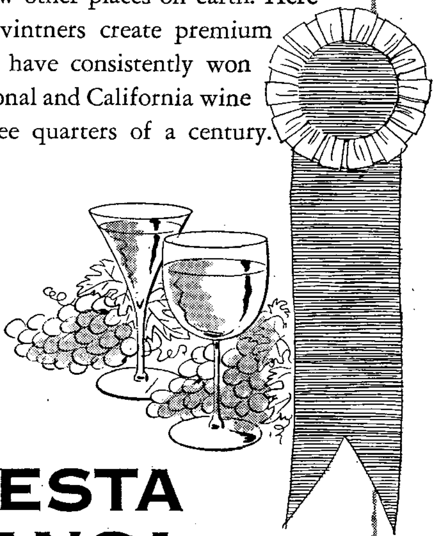

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*Zinfandel
*Pinot Chardonnay

SILVER MEDAL

*Riesling
*Sparkling Burgundy
Claret
Burgundy
Vin Rosé
*Sauvignon Blanc (Sweet)
*Champagne (Sweet)
*Sylvaner

BRONZE MEDAL

*Champagne
Pinot Noir
Sauterne
Chablis

HONORABLE MENTION

*Sauvignon Vert
*Folle Blanche
Dry Semillon
Muscatel

LOS ANGELES COUNTY FAIR

GOLD MEDAL

*Dry Semillon
*Claret

SILVER MEDAL

Sauterne
Champagne
Sparkling Burgundy
Gamay
Sylvaner
Sweet Vermouth
*Sauvignon Blanc (Sweet)
*Sauvignon Vert
*Folle Blanche

BRONZE MEDAL

Cabernet
Champagne (Sweet)
Pink Champagne
Muscatel
Pinot Blanc
Pinot Chardonnay
Riesling
Haut Sauterne
Chateau Sauterne
Sauvignon Blanc
White Vermouth

HONORABLE MENTION

Grey Riesling
Sweet Semillon

CRESTA BLANCA

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Visitors welcome at CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY • LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA down there," Edmunds told him. "It's full."

"It don't look like to me it is full," Zangara retorted.

"There are many people sitting on the ground—ladies and children sitting on the ground—and it isn't proper for you to go and stand out and push yourself in front of someone else," Edmunds said.

Zangara drew back a little.

At nine-thirty, Roosevelt rode into the amphitheatre, waving and smiling. He was in the rear seat of a light-blue Buick touring car owned by the Miami Police Department, sitting between Mayor R. B. Gautier, of Miami, and George E. Hussey, chairman of the reception committee. Immediately behind the Buick was a car full of Secret Service agents, and behind that was a car carrying, among other people, Vincent Astor and Raymond Moley, the President-elect's chief economic adviser. All the way from the dock, Astor had been complaining that it was risky for Roosevelt to use an open car, but Moley made light of the danger, recalling that during the campaign Roosevelt had ridden within a few feet of great throngs of people without coming to any harm. As the cars entered the semicircular runway, from the east, they were about twenty feet from Zangara, but his view was cut off by a mass of people taller than he, and there was nothing he could climb up on. Roosevelt's car drew up in the center of the amphitheatre, about thirty feet from Zangara; somebody handed the President-elect a small microphone, and, after lifting himself to the top of the back seat, he made a pleasant, informal speech of a hundred and sixty-two words, which was broadcast over a Miami radio station. Sitting up there in the glare of a floodlight, he made a fine target, and all through the talk Zangara tried to maneuver himself into a spot where he could take aim, but he didn't manage to. "I have had a very wonderful twelve days' fishing in these Florida and Bahama waters," Roosevelt said. "It has been a wonderful rest, and we caught a great many fish. I am not going to attempt to tell you any fish stories, and the only fly in the ointment on this trip has been that I have put on about ten pounds."

As he finished, at about nine-thirty-five, some newsreel men, who had been caught with their cameras out of position, surrounded his car and begged him to repeat the speech, but he refused and slid down into the seat, diminishing himself as a target. Afterward, he said that this saved his life. Meanwhile

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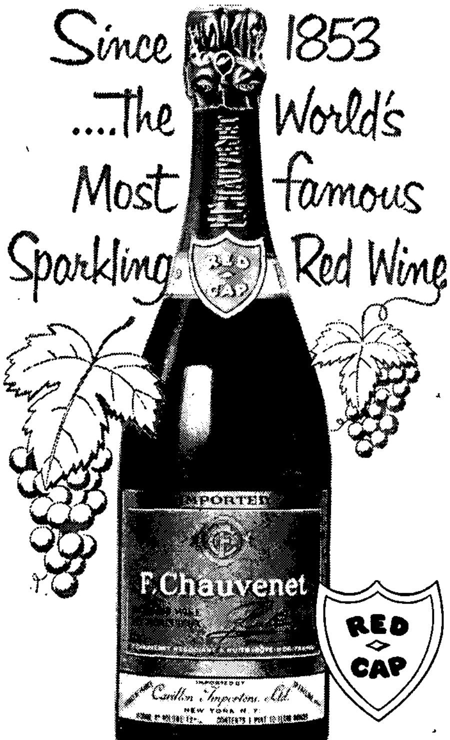

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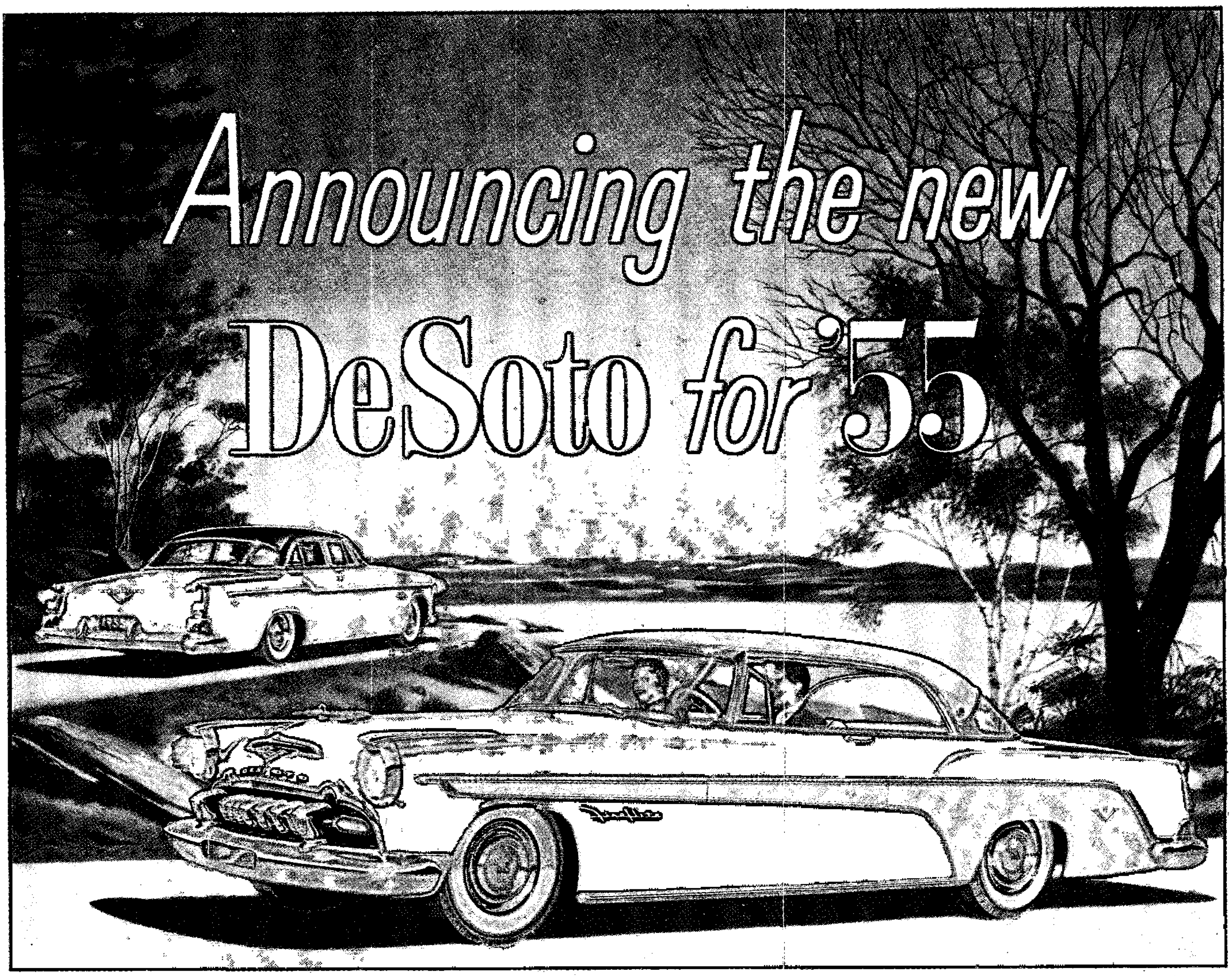

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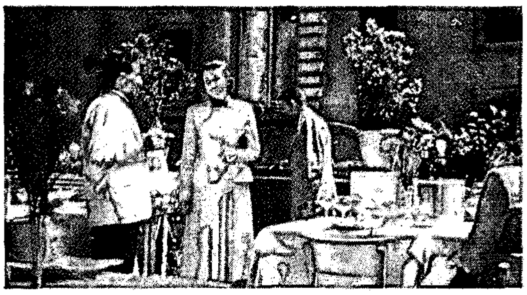

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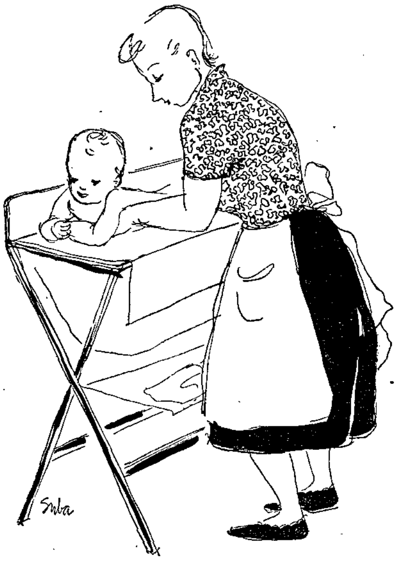
Cermak made the move that was to cost him his. He came down from the stage, shook hands with the President-elect, chatted for a moment, and walked off, in the direction of Zangara. At once, another man approached Roosevelt with a scroll sent by some admirers, and as Roosevelt leaned forward to look at it, Zangara got the chance he had been waiting for. Someone rose from a chair on the aisle and strolled off, and he scrambled up on the chair, drew his revolver, and, aiming at Roosevelt's head, fired five rounds as fast as he could pull the trigger. The radio broadcast was still in progress, and thousands of people sitting at home heard the shots.

All five of Zangara's victims were standing fairly close to Roosevelt in the paved area. Mrs. Joseph H. Gill, of Miami, was shot in the abdomen and seriously wounded. Three people—Russell Caldwell, of Coconut Grove, Florida; Miss Margaret Kruis, of Newark, New Jersey; and William J. Sinnott, a New York detective on vacation—were hit in the head, but, surprisingly, all these wounds were minor ones. Cermak was hit beneath the right armpit, and the bullet penetrated his right lung. (A theory that Zangara was in the employ of Chicago gangsters and had actually intended to murder Cermak, rather than Roosevelt, was soon advanced, but the police never put any stock in it.) Despite the frantic objections of the Secret Service agents, who wanted to rush him out of the park, Roosevelt ordered that Cermak be lifted into his car, and he held the wounded man in his arms all the way to the hospital. Zangara was thrown on to the large trunk rack of a limousine, and three policemen sat down on him; that was the way he made the trip to the jail. When he arrived there, he said repeat-



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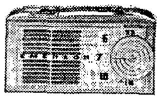

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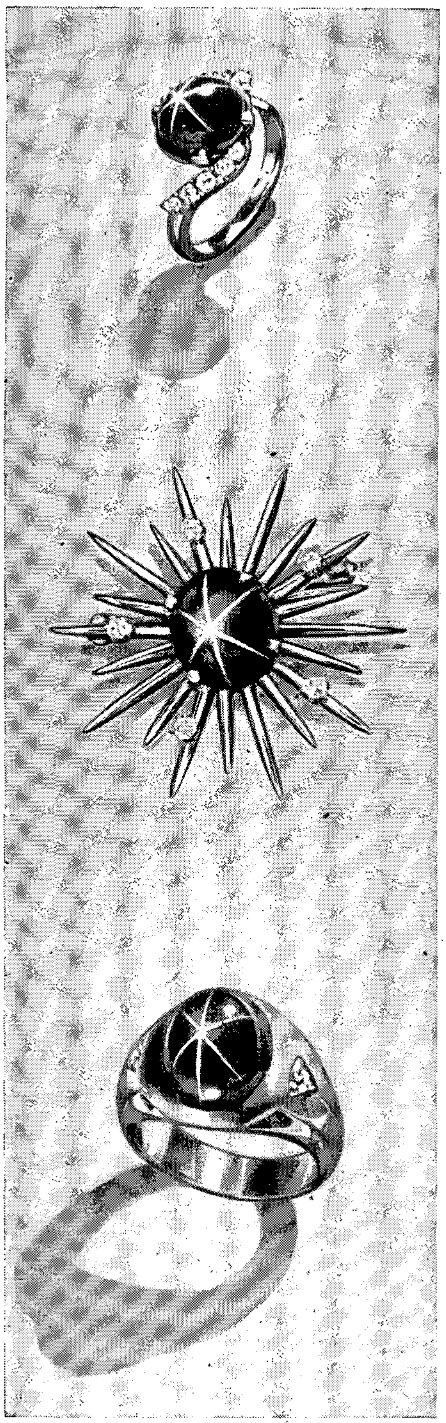

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edly that he was sorry he had not killed the President-elect, and that all he hoped for was another chance. While he was talking, he kept stroking his stomach.

Zangara's failure to hit Roosevelt has been attributed to a variety of circumstances, the most celebrated being the intervention of a slight woman named Mrs. Lillian Cross, of Miami, who said that she grabbed Zangara's arm as he started to shoot and pushed it upward with all her might. She received a great deal of publicity and a personal letter of thanks from Roosevelt, but the police doubted her story. They reasoned that if Zangara's arm had been forced up even an inch or two, he could never have hit five people standing below him on the ground. Publicly, Zangara gave Mrs. Cross all the credit, or blame, for his failure, but privately, he told his lawyers that he did this because he did not wish to deprive her of any glory, that his arm had not been seized until after he had finished firing, and that his aim had been so wild because the chair was teetering.

On February 20th, five days after the shooting, Zangara went on trial. He announced defiantly that he didn't want any legal help, but the court appointed three lawyers to defend him—Lewis Twyman, then president of the Dade County Bar Association; James M. McCaskill, a former president of the Association; and Alfred E. Raia, who was chosen because he spoke Italian. As it happened, all three were better versed in civil than in criminal law. At their request, and upon the nomination of the Dade County Medical Association, the court appointed two Miami psychiatrists—Dr. I. H. Agos and Dr. T. Earl Moore—as a sanity commission. Late one night, they examined Zangara in jail, and this was their full report:

> The examination of this individual reveals a perverse character, willfully wrong, remorseless and expressing contempt for the opinions of others. While his intelligence is not necessarily inferior, his distorted judgment and temperament is incapable of adjustment to the average social standards. He is inherently suspicious and anti-social. Such ill-balanced erratic types are classified as a psychopathic personality. From this class are recruited the criminals and "cranks" whose pet schemes and morbid emotions run in conflict with the established order of society.

The doctors offered no opinion as to whether Zangara was sane or insane, because, they said, this was a matter for the court to decide. Zangara was given an opportunity to enter a plea of insanity, but he rejected it indignantly, and his attorneys all told the court that he

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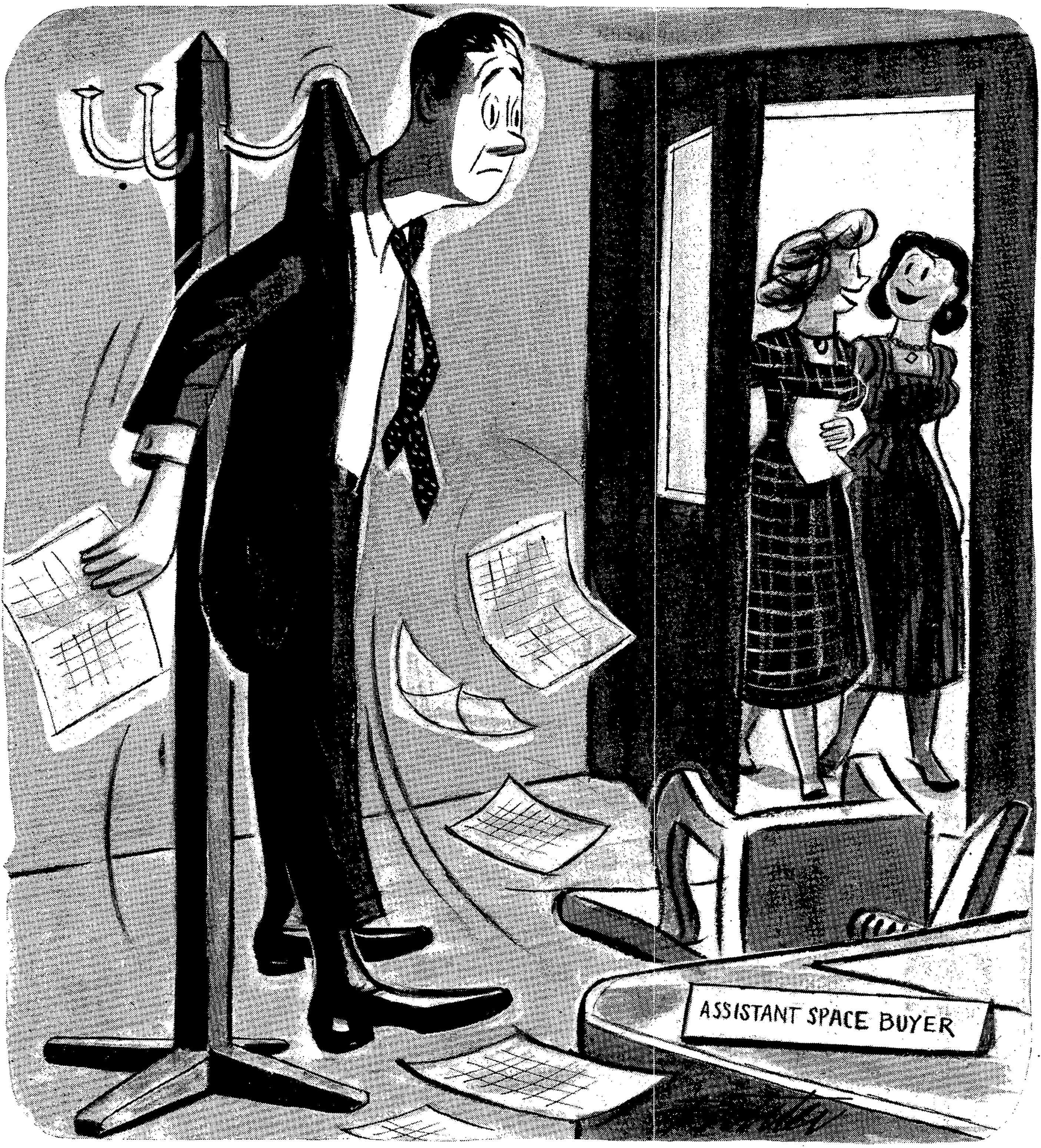
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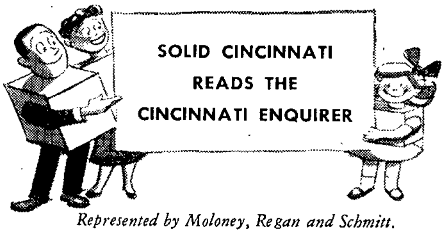
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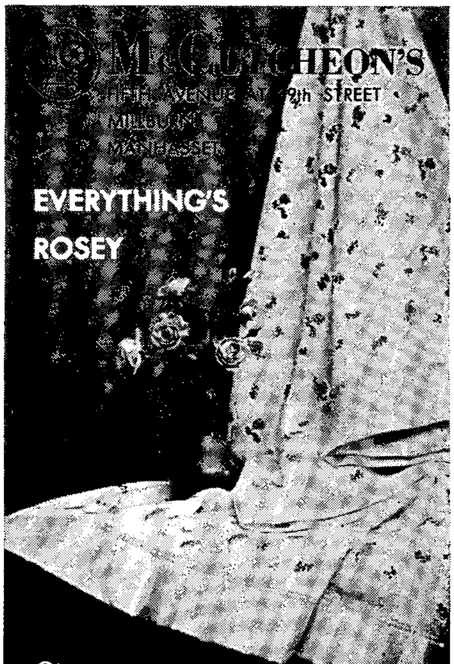
was sane—although one admitted that his mental state "presents a puzzle." Judge E. C. Collins observed, "This man is unquestionably sane," and Dr. E. C. Thomas, the county physician, after what he called an "informal examination" of Zangara, agreed unreservedly.

Today, there would undoubtedly be a good deal less unanimity about the prisoner's sanity. Reminiscing about Zangara, Dr. Moore, who, at the age of thirty-two, was the junior member of the sanity commission, said recently: "I consider him a paranoiac character, if not a true paranoiac. Medically, he was *not* sane. Legally, he was considered sane in that he could recite the rules of behavior and knew when he was acting contrary to those rules. I am sure if he were alive today and we had the modern facilities for examining him psychiatrically, he would be adjudicated as a very insane person and probably hopelessly insane." Expressing what he called "an offhand opinion," he added that within five years, Zangara might have settled down to "little more than a vegetative existence." In 1933, hardly any thought was given to whether Zangara's mental condition had, as he insisted, been caused by his stomach ache; today, several psychiatrists have suggested that his stomach ache had very likely been caused by his mental condition.

On March 6th, two days after Roosevelt's inauguration, Cermak died, and three days after that Zangara was brought before the court for his second trial. It moved swiftly. His lawyers asked for mercy, on the ground that apart from his animosity toward Presidents, Zangara was a peaceable and harmless man, and Zangara remarked that he no longer wished to assassinate Hoover, for he had no interest in former officeholders. The next morning, Zangara was sentenced to death. "You is a crook man!" he shouted at the judge.

At nine-fifteen on the morning of March 20th, Zangara strode into the death chamber. Haughtily, he approached the prison superintendent and handed over three notebooks in which he had scribbled an autobiography. It was divided into thirty-four chapters, some consisting of only a single paragraph. "I go contented because I go for my idea," the last one read. "I salute all the poor of the world." A chaplain came up, but Zangara told him to go away. "I no want minister," he said. "There no God. It's all below." Two guards took his arms to lead him to the chair, but he shook himself



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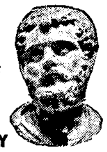

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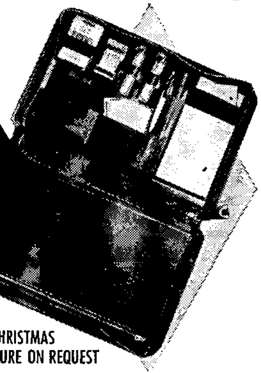

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free. "I'll go myself," he said. "I no scared of electric chair." He sat in it with a proud smile, saying, "See, I no scared of electric chair."

A bit later, he looked around and asked, "No cameraman? No movie to take a picture of Zangara?"

When the superintendent told him there was none, he was furious. Since his arrest, there had been many photographs of him in the papers, and he had sat in his cell savoring them. "Lousy capitalists!" he snorted. "No picture! Capitalists! No one here take my picture. All capitalists lousy bunch of crooks."

As the guards put a black hood over his head, he called out, "Goodbye—*adios* to all the world," and then muttered through the cowl, "Go ahead. Push the button."

The mechanism was controlled by a switch, but the spirit of his order was carried out.

Nobody claimed Giuseppe Zangara's body, and it was buried in an unmarked grave in the prison grounds.

—ROBERT J. DONOVAN

•

THE AWAKENING OF MEMORIES IN A BRITISH CLUBMAN

[*Letter in Country Life*]

SIR,—With reference to the recent correspondence regarding the breaking of eggs, I remember some twenty-five years ago or more staying at Croxteth with the late Lord Sefton, and Colonel Harry Cator threw eight eggs separately from the roof of the house on to the lawn beneath. Only one egg broke, and Colonel Cator said after that that one must have landed on a small piece of grit.

Among those who witnessed this besides our host, the late Earl of Sefton, if my memory is correct, were Lord Tweedmouth, the Earl of Enniskillen, the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Lonsdale, Colonel Arthur Scott-Duff and General "Alby" Cator, all of whom are now dead. The only ones who witnessed this that I can recall who are alive to-day are the present Earl of Sefton, Colonel Harry Cator and myself.—HERBERT J. BUCKMASTER, Buck's Club, 18, Clifford Street, W.1.

•

I was completely baffled when, at 3:30 A.M., a clanging telephone bell startled me out of a sound sleep and an anxious voice wanted to know if I could type a piece of work now. Needless to say, I was flabbergasted, but all my protests were overruled by the man's obstinate persistence, and when I hesitantly opened my office door half an hour later, I was confronted by a determined young man with at least a week's growth of beard on his face and a dirty little dog in his arms who wanted to know if he could use the bathroom!

—*The American Writer.*

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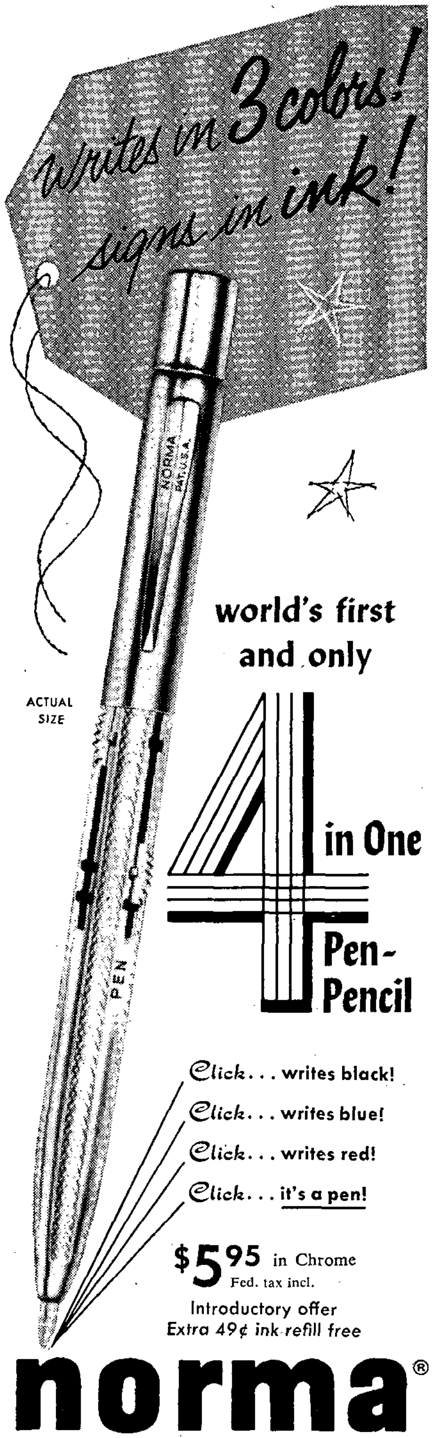

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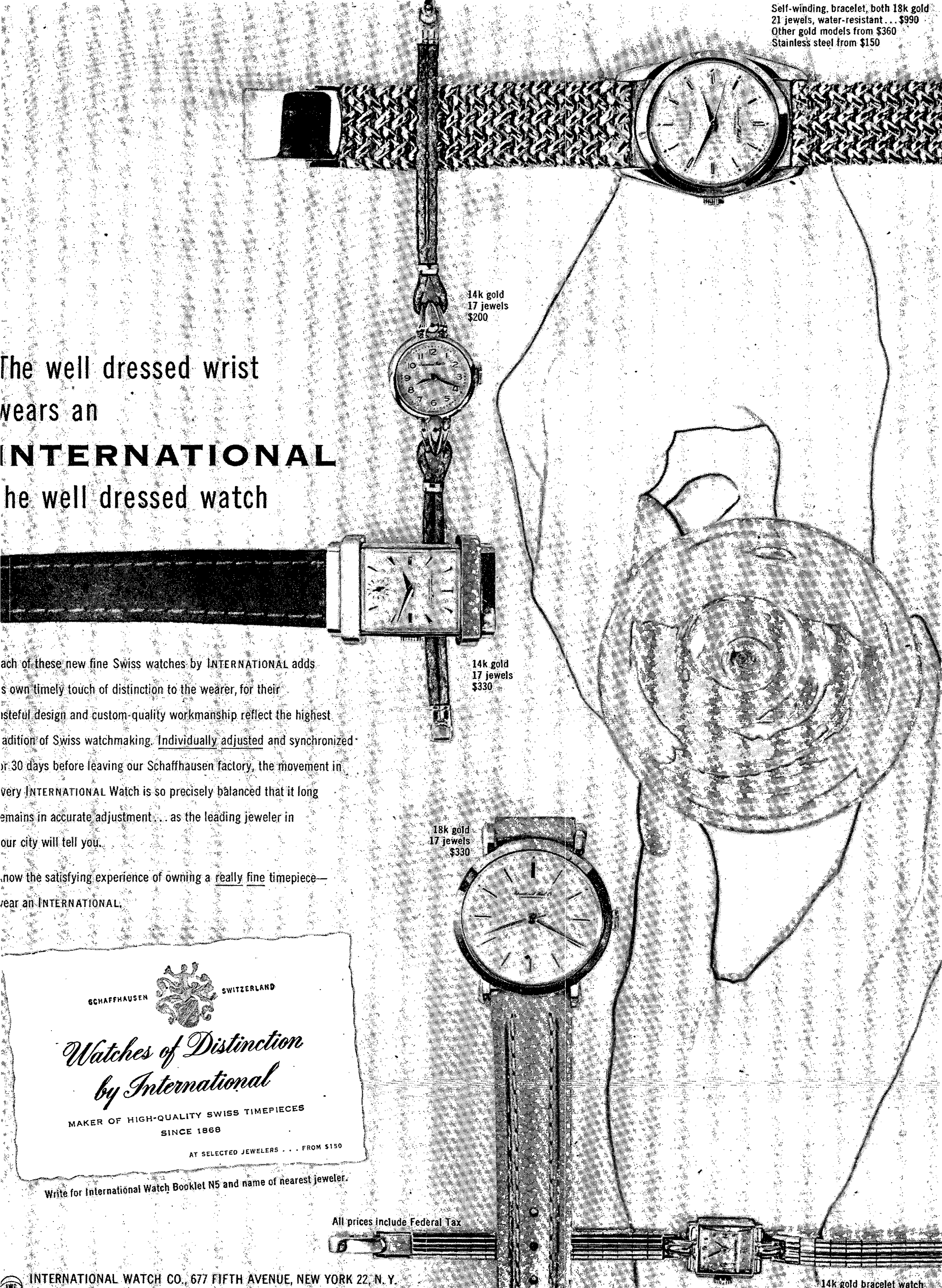
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 17

IN the four weeks since Parliament got back to work at Westminster, it has been going about its business with a nonpartisan mildness which occasionally makes it hard to remember that, according to most prophets, the country will be in the acrimonious thick of a general election next autumn. There are those Tories who think that the election may be announced for next spring, shortly after the presentation of a budget that (they hope) will make people feel good-tempered toward the Conservative Party. Right now, however, all the acrimony in politics seems to be going on offstage in the Labour Party, which onstage has been acting like a practically model pattern for a constructive Opposition. Indeed, the only subject to make speculative talk and headlines recently amid the encircling amity has been the latest, much publicized asides between the Labour Party Executive Committee and the Bevanite group, and the general opinion seems to be that this is one time when the Executive has found itself out on an awkward limb from which it may be hard to retreat with dignity. The row is an aftermath of the long and worrying dock strike, now settled to the relief of all and to the satisfaction of few—certainly not that of the fed-up public. The Bevanite weekly journal, *Tribune*, in an article on October 22nd entitled "A Slander on the Dockers," claimed irascibly that Arthur Deakin, the formidable leader of the Right Wing Transport and General Workers' Union, "did not know what the strike was about and had little interest in finding out." The Executive promptly declared that this outburst cut across the Party rule against personal attacks. With a good deal of glee, *Tribune* recalled that Mr. Deakin, in a speech on October 17th, had described the stevedores' union as being "led by a moronic crowd of irresponsible adventurers who do not know how much they are being exploited by foreign elements for purposes they do not see or understand," and asked if that did not constitute a fairly personal attack, too. For good measure, the editors then defiantly reprinted the original offending article, in case anyone had failed to catch it the first time. There has been some speculation as to whether the Labour Party leaders, who have previously spoken threateningly of excommunication, will fire the editorial trio—Aneurin Bevan's wife, Jennie Lee; Michael Foot; and J. P. W. Mallalieu—from the Party. This is not considered likely, however, since the general election is certainly coming up some time in the next twelve months and the public martyrdom of three Bevanites might make a disastrous bonfire of the Party's hopes at the polls. What is more, the Bevan group have now felt underfoot the fine, time-honored planks of an issue for which the English have always been ready to fight anybody at the drop of a hat—the right of free speech. Since the whole incident has somehow been made to seem a skirmish between the liberty-loving Bevanites and the authoritarian Party leaders, out to suppress all criticism that does not toe the Socialist Party line, it looks as though the Bevanites will have a better chance of stirring up popular sympathy with it than with any crusade for more nationalization or against rearming the Germans. Already several voices that usually find little to praise in the Bevan camp have been reluctantly but solemnly raised to cite the sacred freedom of the Englishman to answer back.

ONE of the subjects debated by the House of Commons during the current quiet spell is still causing an agitated, nationwide debate among both town and country dwellers, the British (according to some cynical foreigners) being notoriously more tenderhearted toward their animals than they are toward their children. The ethics of myxomatosis, the hideous rabbit disease that somehow crossed the Channel from France and cropped up in Kentish warrens just over a year ago, have roused heated opinions among interested parties, which means just about everybody. Those who take the line that no death, not even myxomatosis, is too bad for rabbits, who annually nibble their way through an estimated fifteen million pounds' worth of wheat, oats, and barley and more than twenty-one million pounds' worth of luscious spring grass, are, naturally, the farmers and landowners. The anti-myxomatosis lobby includes the animal-welfare societies, various prominent churchmen (the Dean of Winchester recently denounced from the pulpit the deliberate spreading of the disease as an act "foreign to human decency, pointing not



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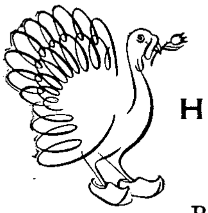

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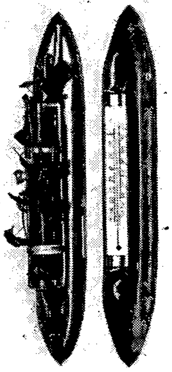

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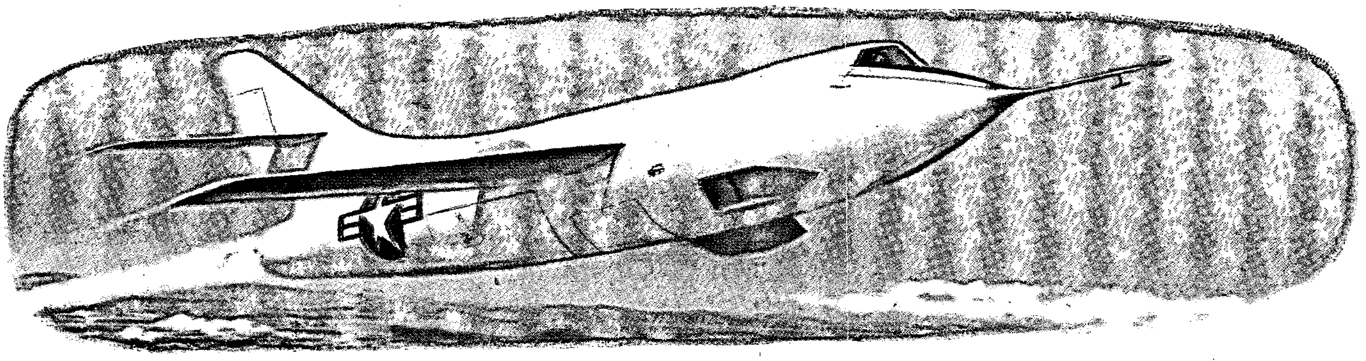
J. C. MARSHALL
Hendrie Lane, Riverside, Conn.

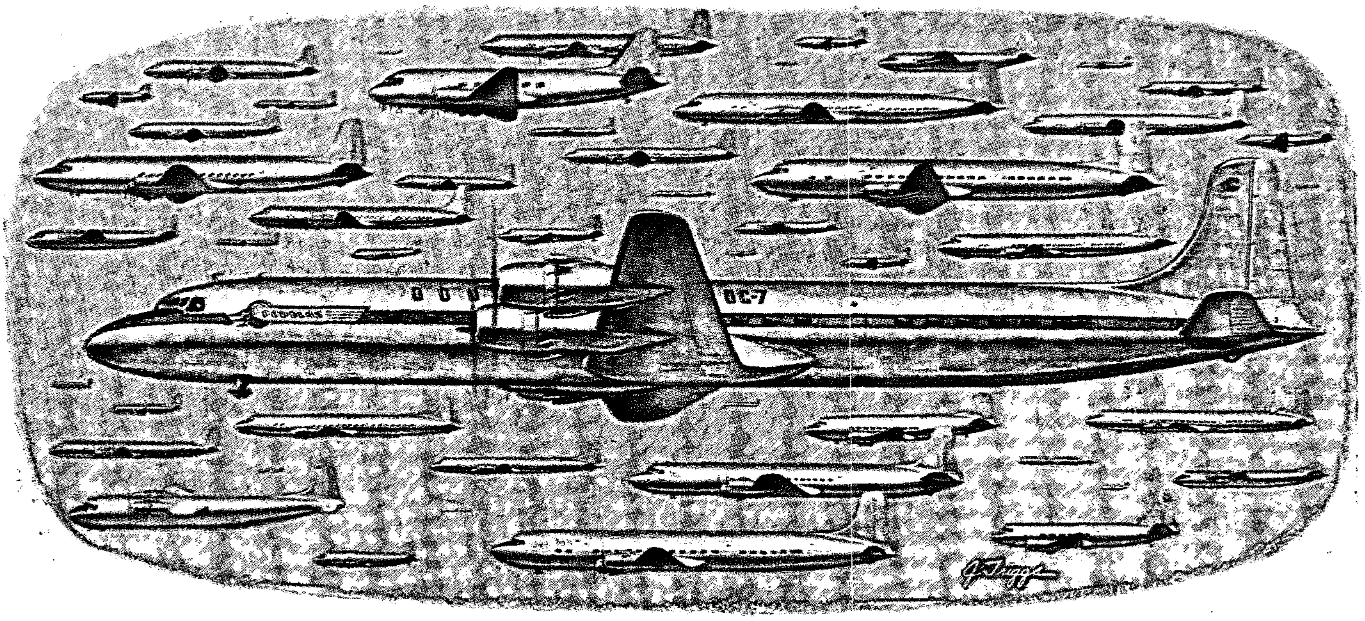
to man's triumph over nature but to his enslavement by the powers for evil"), hatters (who use rabbit fur in their felts), cat owners (who fear that any shortage of rabbit pelts for hats and trimmings may result in a black market in abducted pussies), dog owners (who fear for the health of their pets, despite scientific assurance to the contrary), and a vast section of the general public. Last summer's vacationists returned to town sickened by the sight of blind and swollen rabbits stumbling around the lanes; picnic parties frequently had to beat a hasty retreat because of the smell of the rotting corpses. The R.S.P.C.A. has supplied cartridges for "mercy patrols," who go out and shoot dying rabbits; so far they have polished off over a quarter of a million. Housewives having boycotted rabbit meat in alarm, a strange consequence of the myxomatosis epidemic is that in some parts of the country the rabbit population is increasing faster than ever, because trappers no longer find the trade worth their while. The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Heathcoat Amory, speaking in the House, announced the adoption of a new clause in the Pests Bill that makes it a criminal offense to introduce a myxomatosis-infected rabbit into an uninfected warren (as farmers have reportedly been doing, paying up to twenty pounds a pair for the carriers). While it is difficult to see how the new law can be enforced, it is quite clear that it was brought about by the weight of indignant public opinion.

The debate had unexpected literary allusions. The Socialist member who introduced the Pests Bill clause asked what William Blake, who said that Heaven grew angry over a caged bird, and Hilaire Belloc, whose beloved Sussex is a badly affected county, would think of those English who permit, and even welcome, myxomatosis. Another M.P. complained that Beatrix Potter had done harm by her "deification" of "this wretched, verminous, horrible scourge on our land" as dear little fellows in blue coats who go out with their baskets to pick blackberries. (A result of the national scare, incidentally, was that this year fewer blackberries were picked, many country people being convinced that the berries were contaminated by flies that had settled on myxomatosis victims.) In the violent outbreak of public conscience that the current discussion has revealed, there seems to be a prevailing uneasy line of thought to the effect that the inhumanity of man to rabbit is as nothing compared to the



1327 miles an hour!

The Douglas "Skyrocket" is the first airplane to fly twice the speed of sound. Only Douglas builds all four airplane types: rocket, jet, turbo-prop, piston-engine—and guided missiles, too. Scores of world records have been set by Douglas planes.



130,270 miles an hour!

That's how far all the Douglas airliners in service are flying . . . equals more than 120 times around the world every day. This world-wide fleet includes early DC-2's to new DC-7's. "DC" means Douglas—the most-proved airliners ever built.

World's largest builder of aircraft for 34 years, Douglas has produced far more airliners than any other company. And with each new Douglas design, air transportation has taken another long step forward.

Here's an example. The new Douglas DC-7 is the finest, most luxurious and the *fastest* airliner in America. With its clean, straight-line design and its four great turbo-compound engines, the DC-7 flies up to *50 miles an hour faster* than any other U. S. plane in normal airline operation.

You can fly the giant, modern Douglas DC-6, DC-6B
or DC-7 on these leading airlines:

AA *Argentine* • **AIGLE AZUR** *French* • **ALITALIA** *Italian* • **AMERICAN** *U. S.* • **ANA** *Australian*
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DOUGLAS

Twice as many people fly Douglas
as all other airplanes combined

Grace Downs has probably trained more beautiful models and air line stewardesses than anyone else. Her school on Fifth Avenue is known all across the country. She is not only a famous career woman, but a wife, mother and grandmother. In private life she is Mrs. Martin Walter.

"Good News!" says Grace Downs. "Now you can get made-to-order hair color!"

"Until recently, you *couldn't* get a subtle range of hair colors. So I rarely recommended hair coloring to a pupil.

"But since the new Miss Clairol appeared, I practically *order* a Miss Clairol Hair Color Bath for a girl with graying or drab hair! Because now I'm sure she'll get the one shade that will praise *her* skin, *her* eyes, *her* personality. Miss Clairol is the one method that will give her *made-to-order* hair color (the *only* kind that looks really *natural).*

"There are 12 beautiful Miss Clairol colors — and they're wonderfully *blendable.* They can be blended into literally *thousands* of subtleties and nuances. The exact, personal shade can be *created* for you — as it was for *me.*

"The Hair Color Bath acts as a *conditioner,* too. Exclusive emollients protect the hair, give it a healthy gleam.

"Miss Clairol stands in first place in beauty salons all over America. And if they don't know best — who does? I suggest you visit *your* favorite salon for a talk about Miss Clairol soon!"

Want to learn more? Write to Dept. C1, Clairol, Inc., Stamford, Conn., for the *free* booklet "The Truth About Hair Coloring."

BEFORE AND AFTER . . . made-to-order hair color in thirty minutes!

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Only Miss Clairol® Hair Color Bath® gives you made-to-order hair color

inhumanity that man is now busy cooking up for man, and that there is a dreadful moral to be drawn from both activities.

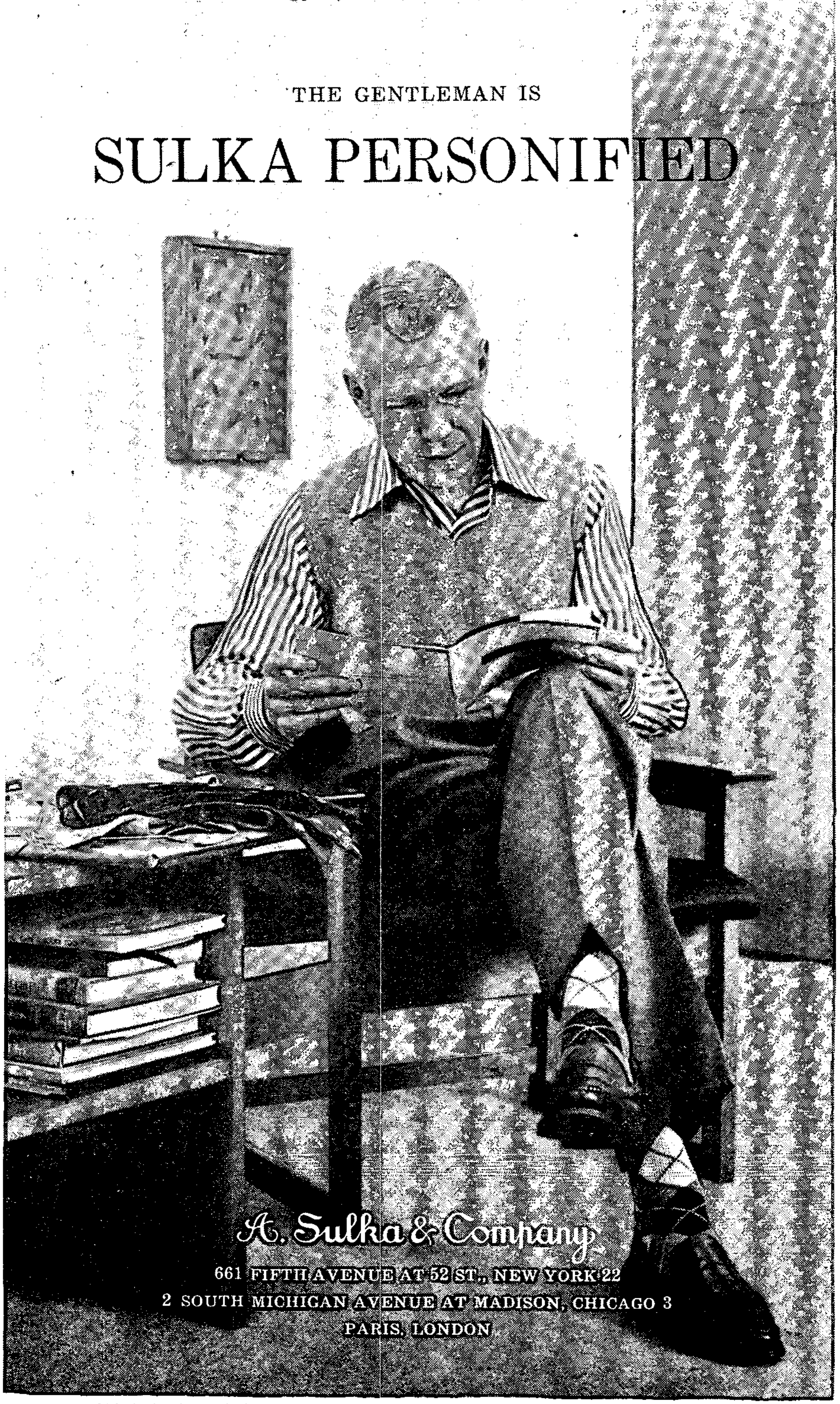
THE Russians are turning on the cultural warmth full blast here, to accompany the softer diplomatic zephyrs now tickling the hopes of the Western world. During the past fortnight, distinguished Soviet artists in the spheres of music, ballet, and literature have been shelled out of planes onto the London Airport tarmac as briskly as peas out of a pod. Since the visitors are here to make Communist-sponsored appearances, it is doubtful whether they will get a look into many representative British homes. The smiling young men of the Spartak football team, however, whose resounding 4–0 defeat by the Wolverhampton Wanderers caused tremendous jubilation, have already entered thousands of homes via television.

With Moscow's artistic and sporting invasion so much in the news, Londoners are currently flocking to an exhibition in honor of a great Russian who organized a triumphant twenty-year artistic invasion of all Europe—Serge Diaghilev. The exhibition, which was a big success at the Edinburgh Festival, is being presented by the Sunday *Observer* for four weeks at Forbes House, a sad, empty Edwardian mansion in Belgravia that used to belong to Lord Granard and his American wife. For the occasion, it has been transformed externally into a green-and-white striped pavilion, guarded at the door by two gorgeous, turbaned, fifteen-foot statues of the Negro slaves in "Scheherazade." The exhibition me-

He has an air of looking precisely right, no matter what the occasion. Almost everything he wears is bought at Sulka—with such assurance that often he merely phones his needs. Because he knows this: the quality, taste and tailoring are of a caliber unsurpassed anywhere. His Sulka wardrobe includes a sleeveless cashmere pullover, $25; imported silk sport shirt, $32.50; wool gabardine slacks, $49.50; pure wool Scottish argylls, $4.25; silk ties, $5.50 to $12.50.

THE GENTLEMAN IS

SULKA PERSONIFIED



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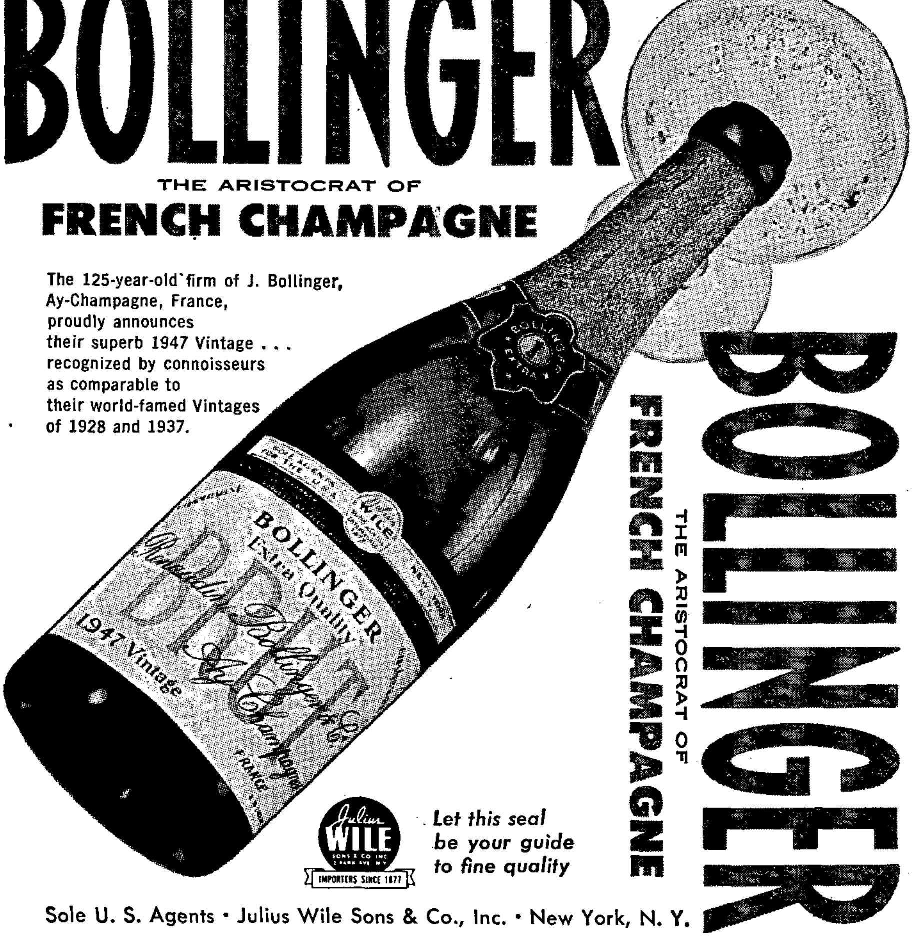
ALL CHRISTMAS GIFTS HANDSOMELY WRAPPED, POSTPAID ANYWHERE IN THE U.S.A.

B.H.Wragge does two perfect blouses for the giving mood. Glittering snowflake buttons on white Kabuki silk. $17.95* Jewelled hand buttons on tab shirt of crepe. Blue, white, red or pink. $12.95* Each done up in a divine package. Sizes 8 to 20. At *Bonwit Teller*, New York; *Julius Garfinckel*, Washington and most fine stores across the country. *Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.



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anders upstairs and downstairs among yellowed wallpaper, scarlet velvet swags, entertaining murals executed by young students of the Edinburgh College of Art, a Paris street scene at night, with playbills advertising Nijinsky in "Le Spectre de la Rose," a perpetual surge of the music of the Diaghilev ballets, which washes through the rooms from loudspeakers, gallery after gallery of paintings and drawings of Diaghilev and his company, of their composers, choreographers, and patrons, and of stage and costume designs, and yet more galleries of photographs, programs, letters, and personal mementos of one of the most extraordinary assemblages of exciting talents that can ever have been got together. To tour the show in one visit requires the leg muscles of a Lifar. The souvenirs of Diaghilev include his heavy walking stick and his administrative notebooks, which meticulously record the salaries of his dancers and payments for their wigs, passports, and railway fares. The impressions of him range from a retrospective caricature by Jean Cocteau, drawn this year—a monocle, a shirt front, a Chaplin mustache, and one basilisk eye—to his gentle, enigmatically smiling bronze death mask. The Léon Bakst designs of lilac forests and cypress gardens for "The Sleeping Beauty" and Nathalie Gontcharova's screaming-colored Russian-fairy-tale décor for "Le Coq d'Or" are particular delights. The most amusing sideshows are tableaux showing how fashionable women looked during the twenty years of the Ballet Russe. In a Parisian tableau, the lady dummies, dressed in the original Paul Poiret embroideries and gauzes inspired by "Scheherazade," loll in a modish Bakst drawing room; in a twenties group, they have followed the Ballet to Monte Carlo, where they pose in elegant beige tubes and pudding-basin cloches by Vionnet. The most nostalgic part of the exhibition is "The Haunted Theatre," a somewhat spooky reconstruction of an empty dressing room, across which the costumes and scuffed ballet shoes worn by Karsavina, Nijinsky, Sokolova, Lopokova, and the rest seem to float (actually, they are supported on ingenious wire shapes). As a final touch of nostalgia, the air here is heavily sprayed with Guerlain's Mitsouko, which was apparently Diaghilev's favorite perfume; in one of his last letters, he wrote a friend he was going to meet in Venice and asked him to bring along a bottle of it. It's a rather ghostly exhibition all around, really—evocative of a Proustian beau monde and of all the brains and beauty that went to make up the fantastic legend.

THOUGH the stores have their Christmas window displays glittering away, it's hard to believe that the season is anywhere near. This has been a mild, damp, reluctant-to-depart autumn. In the country, foxhunting has begun in many districts over hedges still leafy and over "blind" ditches. In Berkeley Square, the tall trees have kept a surprising amount of their green. The feature of the local landscape that visitors notice especially is that London has again become, as in the eighteenth century, a town of coffeehouses—little bars that have sprung up everywhere overnight, tricked out with *espresso* machines, trailing potted plants, and checked gingham curtains. On this autumn's muggy nights, crammed with young people after the cinemas and theatres let out, they seem to steam like little jungles, with the philodendrons waving and the customers chattering like birds and swigging *espresso* and having themselves a cheap and wonderful time in the 1954 fashion.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

TUNE FOR A LONESOME FIFE

Merry the green, the green hill shall be
  merry.
Hungry, the owlet shall seek out the
  mouse,
And Jack his Joan, but they shall never
  marry.

And snows shall fly, the big flakes fat
  and furry.
Lonely, the traveller shall seek out the
  house,
And Jack his Joan, but they shall never
  marry.

Weary the soldiers go, and come back
  weary—
Up a green hill, and down the withered
  hill—
And Jack from Joan, and they shall
  never marry.

—DONALD JUSTICE

•

WRCA-TV agrees it's negotiating with Katharine Hepburn. But not for $65,000 or anything like it.
John Steinbeck, vacationing on the Riviera, shaved off his mustache, has to grow it back because his wife insisted.
Sophie Tucker's son, Bert, on the mend.
WRCA-TV offering Katharine Hepburn $65,000 for a one-shot.—*Ed Sullivan in the Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Does she have to wear a mustache?

FOREMOST IN QUALITY SINCE 1755

CREME DE MENTHE
GREEN OR WHITE
60 PROOF

ANISETTE
50 PROOF

DELICIOUS "ON THE ROCKS"
For a pleasant change, pour Brizard Creme de Menthe . . . or Anisette . . . over ice cubes in a brandy snifter or old fashioned glass.

REFRESHING WITH WATER
For a really thirst-quenching drink pour two jiggers of Brizard Anisette . . . or Creme de Menthe, into a tall glass, add ice, fill with cold water.

MARIE BRIZARD

IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS
Traditional After Dinner Liqueurs
. . . and the basis for
delightful mixed drinks

APRY
"Paradise Cocktail": ⅓ Apry Brizard, ⅔ Gin, shake with ice. 70 PROOF.

CREME DE CACAO
Alexander Cocktail: ⅓ Creme de Cacao, ⅓ Gin, ⅓ fresh cream. 50 PROOF.

BLACKBERRY
Rich, velvety, fruity flavor. For a new dessert delight try it on fruit cocktail. 60 PROOF.

IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

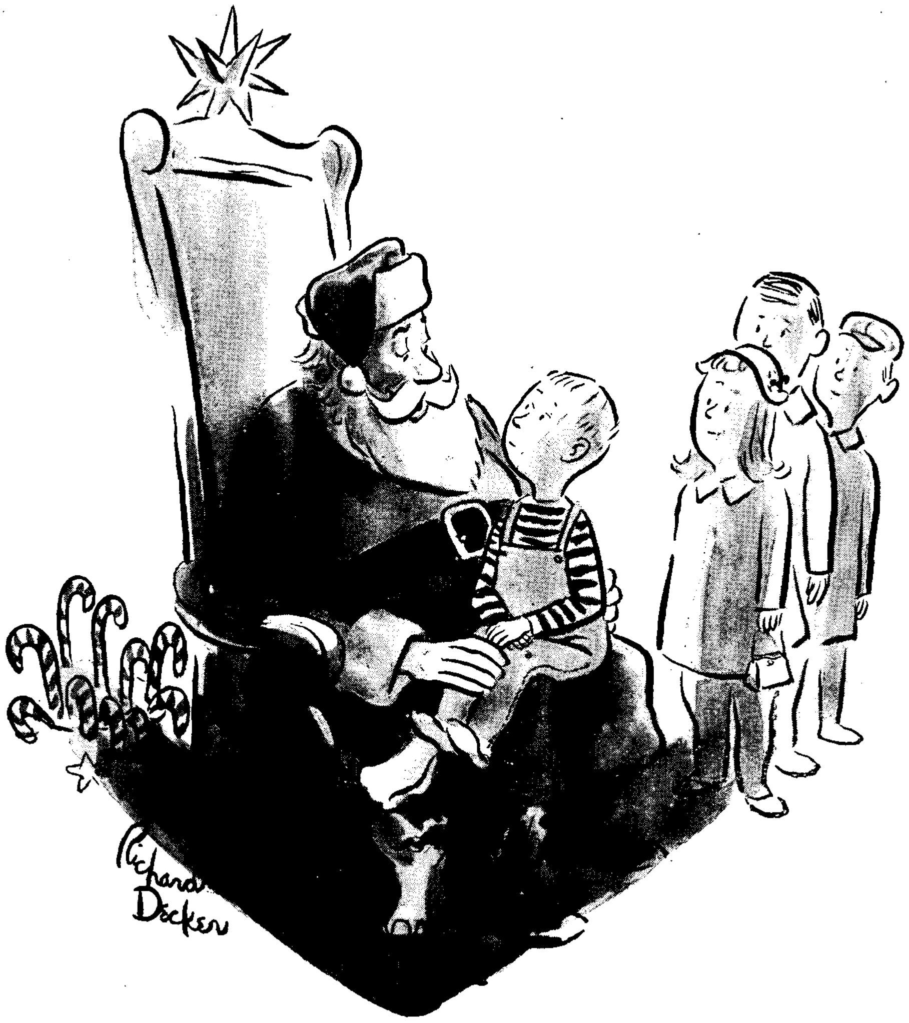
CHRISTMAS IS COMING

WE intrude on the Thanksgiving celebrations this week with a jingle of Christmas bells to remind everybody that another holiday—and one that requires a lot of forethought—is coming up swiftly, and that steps should be taken. We have been taking steps for some time now to line up such an extravagance of Christmas presents that all you'll have to do in your time of need is choose among them. Two weeks ago, we polished off the matter of custom gifts and jewelry for men and women, and last week it was gifts for the house and the householder. Next week, we'll make our annual inspection of the toy stores. (Our listing of books for children appears on Page 184 of this issue.) Right now, we propose to take up presents for women, pausing only to say that all prices mentioned include whatever federal taxes apply.

Gifts for Women

Altman: For Christmas, stockings are almost as reliable, in their own way, as diamonds, and Altman is all set for anybody who is planning to take this almost reliable way out by loosing an avalanche of them under the tree. Nine pairs of its own brand—daytime or evening weight, or some of both, in a good selection of colors, which you can vary as you please—are packed together for $10. Lingerie is another standby, and in Altman's lingerie department, a favorite of ours, there are above-knee-length nightgowns composed of two layers of sheer nylon tricot—pale pink over white, for instance, smocked in pink over the chest, like a little girl's party dress. The armholes and hems are edged with narrow nylon lace, and the band collar ties at the throat; $12.95. A dress-length peignoir of white nylon organdie embroidered all over with yellow-and-white daisies, looks as fresh as— well, a buttercup. It has short balloon sleeves and a low round neck that ties in a string bow in back. A short, fitted negligee of white nylon organdie embroidered with clustered pink roses and green leaves has a Peter Pan collar, pearl buttons down the bodice, and full sleeves ending halfway down the forearm in deep, tight cuffs. These cost $35 each, and short nightgowns to match them, made with camisole tops, elasticized waists, and scalloped hems, cost $17.95 each. There seems to be an influx, here and in other stores, of nylon tricot lingerie printed in brown or gray to resemble ranch or platinum mink. (It's good-looking, but it didn't fool *us*.) A ballerina-length brown or gray nightgown has ruffled, nylon lace shoulder straps and nylon mink ruffles around the hem; $16.95. A *real* mink nightgown is still something worn only by a mink. Two-piece nylon mink pajamas consist of a loose top with two pearl bead bowknots on one side of the scoop neck, and knee-length pants. Top and bottom are ruffled just about everywhere a ruffle could go; $12.95. A straight nylon mink petticoat ends in a deep dust ruffle; $5.95. So much for nylon mink. For a girl who likes to make the best of cold weather, there are black wool-and-orlon underpants with two real ermine tails on one knee, or red ones with red plastic cherries on both legs; $5.95.

Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (64th): Almost all the clothes and accessories in this shop are designed on the premises, and right now the designers are making much of a handsome French wool that is curly and black, like Persian lamb. It's used for a fitted waist-length jacket with a stand-away turnover collar, three-quarter sleeves, and a lining of black-and-white pin-checked surah ($195, and a week's wait); a straight stole, five feet long, with two slits at one end for anchoring the other end ($79); the cuffs of satin or velvet gloves, or plain or printed wool jersey gloves ($19.95); and an ascot lined with satin, velvet, taffeta, or plain or printed wool jersey ($35). Blobs of



"And if your daddy says he can't afford it, remind him of our long-term easy-payment plan."

Stetson Hallmark, Twelve Ninety-Five

Please look at the Stetson Hallmark—it, too, is brand new

The above is just about the only scene the new Stetson Hallmark won't steal. For Stetson has proudly poured all its craftsmanship and style into this new lighterweight hat—specifically designed to be the most comfortable hat you've ever owned. It features smart bound-edge snap brim and medium height crown. And it's as soft as the look in a baby's eyes. In many colors—$12.95. Other Stetson Hats to $100. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.

John B. Stetson Company, Fifth Avenue at Forty-eighth Street.

The Stetson "Cushioned-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

REEVES

"first in functional fabrics"

For sports, for motoring, for country life . . . come rain or come shine . . . the Aqua-Jac is the all-weather answer to your outdoor needs. Smartly tailored by Happ of wonderful new Reeves Dacron-combed cotton poplin . . . *blended in the fibre.* Lightweight but extra-warm, truly wrinkle-resistant, very serviceable. Treated with Zelan for durable water-repellency . . . can be washed repeatedly and simply drip dried. Nylon lining. Sizes 34 to 46. Sand. About $15.95.

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Dallas, Texas	E. M. Kahn
Dayton, Ohio	Walkers
El Dorado, Ark	Sterling Dept. Store
Fordyce, Ark.	Caplinger's
Greensboro, N. C.	Fesmine Clothing Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Hot Springs, Ark	Oaklawn Supply Co.
Jackson, Miss.	McRae's
Lancaster, Pa	Groff & Wolf
Laurens, S. C	The Men's Shop
Mobile, Ala	C. J. Gayfer & Co.
Mobile, Ala	Richard Thomas Corp.
Newark, N. J	Kresge Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y.	De Pinna-Fifth Ave
Philadelphia, Pa	George Allen
Pottsville, Pa.	Doutrichs
Raleigh, N. C	Martin's
Reading, Pa	Croll & Keck
Spartanburg, S. C.	Aug. W. Smith Co.
Tryon, N. C.	Ballenger's
Yazoo City, Miss	D. A. Swayze

For stores in other cities write
Happ Bros. Co., Inc., Macon, Georgia

Fabric by **REEVES BROS., Inc.**, 54 Worth St., N. Y.

the stuff are also appliquéd on a very full circular felt skirt, which comes in Christmassy green or red, as well as in gold, royal blue, black, or white; $79. Tapered calf-length slacks are made of French cotton velvet in smoke gray, taupe, chartreuse, purple, or red. Each leg is slit at the hem, and peeping out of a small patch pocket just below the left knee is a Rodier Paisley wool jersey handkerchief; the slacks, complete with handkerchief, cost $49, while matching cardigans, of cashmere with Paisley linings and Paisley-covered buttons, are $75.

ELIZABETH ARDEN: The cashmere-sweater collection here has undergone a change; one-of-a-kind cardigans, for instance, are fitted to the waist, lined with rayon chiffon, and hand-appliquéd with bits of Chinese brocade, or old lace curtains, or Victorian embroidered table throws, or some such, and it all looks unexpectedly handsome—as well it should for the price, which is from $125 to $150. A woman who is longing for ropes of beads ought to be just about satisfied for life if she gets a thirty-inch rope of crystal beads—mauve and amber, or zinnia and gray, and ten dollars either way—and an open-necked white silk blouse *printed* with ropes of the same kind of beads ($30). A pleated, matching cummerbund comes with the blouse. The lingerie here, which, as usual, is pretty and pleasantly priced, includes a pink-and-white striped cotton housecoat with big patch pockets, a round collar, and three-quarter-length sleeves ending in buttoned cuffs, all of which are liberally strewn with black soutache braid. It's lined with pink quilted cotton and has large jet buttons down the front; $11, and washable. Next is a non-washable double-nylon cape bed jacket encircled with four wide bands of marabou; in pink, blue, or white, with a nylon satin cord tie, it costs $14.95. An above-knee-length full nightgown of double nylon sheer has a scoop neck enlivened with nylon satin ribbon winding in and out of beading, and short puff sleeves decorated with pastel embroidery. Matching pants, with the same pastel embroidery in front, are included in the price, which is $14.95. A red or green chiffon scarf, eighteen inches square, is printed in black with a scene showing five cherubs romping under a large Christmas tree; $5.

HENRI BENDEL: A black silk rib-knit

Headful, billful—

two light-headed towels of pure linen for the well-tended bar. "Fortune Teller" and "Private Stock", by Lois Long—in pink, brown, red, aqua, charcoal, 1.50

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PARIS

NEWEST TWIST IN SHAVING!

DIAGONAL STROKE RAZOR, latest scientific answer to perfect shaving. Swoosh!!... angled cutting head glides, never scrapes, cuts toughest beard away.
DIAGONAL RAZOR, with blades, case $5.00

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HOFFRITZ for CUTLERY

sweater with three-quarter-length sleeves, designed by Dior and made in Paris, has a scoop neck bound with grosgrain ribbon on which red wool roses and green wool leaves have been appliquéd by hand; $75. From Italy comes a handmade suit blouse of white batiste with a collar and cuffs of white piqué. Appliquéd on the bosom are pastel vegetables, or sea shells and sea horses, or open and shut umbrellas; $25. Hand-rolled white batiste handkerchiefs appliquéd in the same manner are $3 each. A tailored evening blouse of heavy acetate satin, in pink or white, has a V collar and pushup, French-cuffed sleeves sporting jewelled cuff links; $29.95. Among the hostess gowns there is a fetching business of black Lyon velvet, with a roll collar, three-quarter sleeves, and a snug, zippered bodice. The wide skirt sweeps open from waist to hem to reveal a pale-pink accordion-pleated nylon tricot underskirt; $85.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: A muff and a yard-long scarf of black seal ($110 and $99, respectively), a white mink ascot ($275), and a ranch-mink tie, forty inches long, with looped ends that interlace to form a bow ($165) stand out in a collection of luxurious furbelows. A little girl who wears size 3 to 6 would undoubtedly think highly of a godparent who supplied her with a circular skirt of navy-blue felt appliquéd with white felt musical notes and a red felt ballerina in a sequined white tulle tutu; $20. As for nylon tricot lingerie, there's a full-length nightgown that has shoulder straps of black nylon cord, a coal-black nylon lace bodice, and a drifting white skirt of nylon net tricot appliquéd here and there with red satin roses. A white peignoir to match has long, tapered sleeves and a high neck, both outlined with black nylon lace; $150 buys the set.

BEST: You can check a lot of names off your list at the glove counter here. Delicate sprays of gold-metal beads and fake pearls adorn the backs of eight-button white French kid gloves ($13.50); leaves of black Chantilly lace are inset in the backs of eight-button black kid ones ($11, and washable); and there are hand-sewn cotton gloves, short and white, hand-painted with a black-and-gold scroll design that runs across the cuff and down the forefinger ($5). It's impolite to point. Purple leaves are painted here and there on a pair

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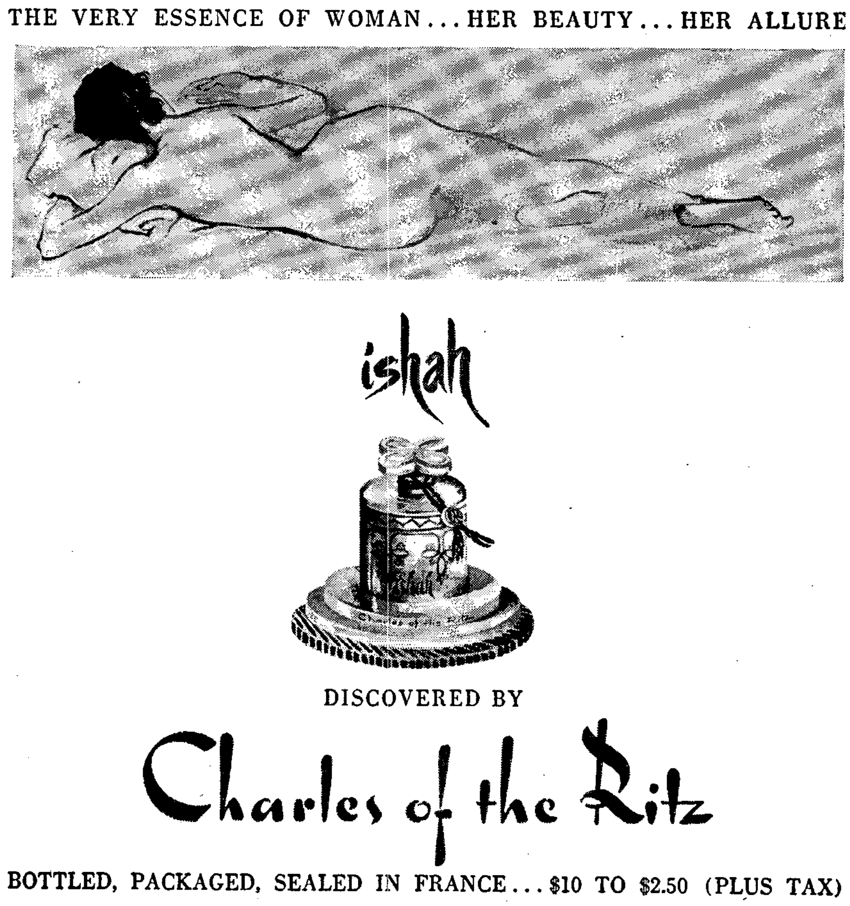
Princeton Shopping Center
Princeton, N. J.

The new moulded, longer torso look. Sleek rayon satin top, billowing taffeta skirt. Just perfect for all the holiday parties. Black, navy, emerald, red, champagne. Sizes 8 to 14. By J. L. F. $50.

Arther Morris in Norfolk, Va.


THE VERY ESSENCE OF WOMAN ... HER BEAUTY ... HER ALLURE

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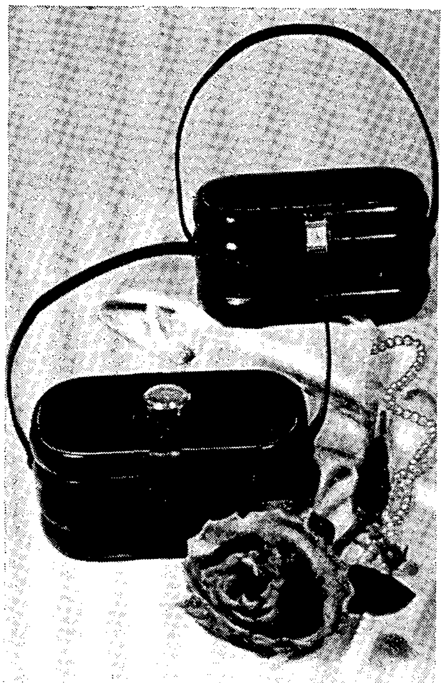
BOTTLED, PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE ... $10 TO $2.50 (PLUS TAX)



Who watches the watchbag? Practically everyone! Italy's gayest conversation piece, it can tell time too. Black, navy or red lined with contrasting leathers. Ours alone—35.00, plus Fed. tax.

Lord & Taylor, New York

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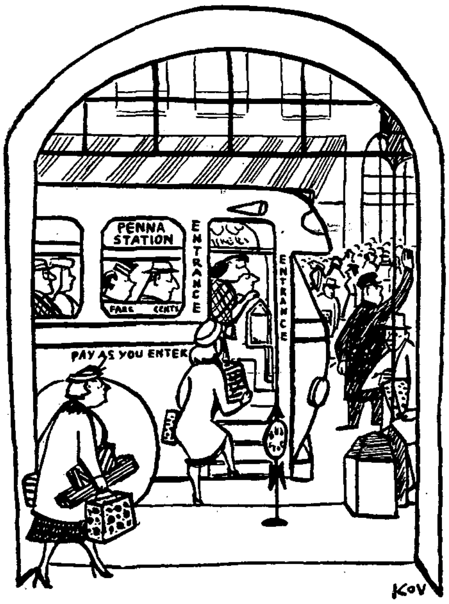
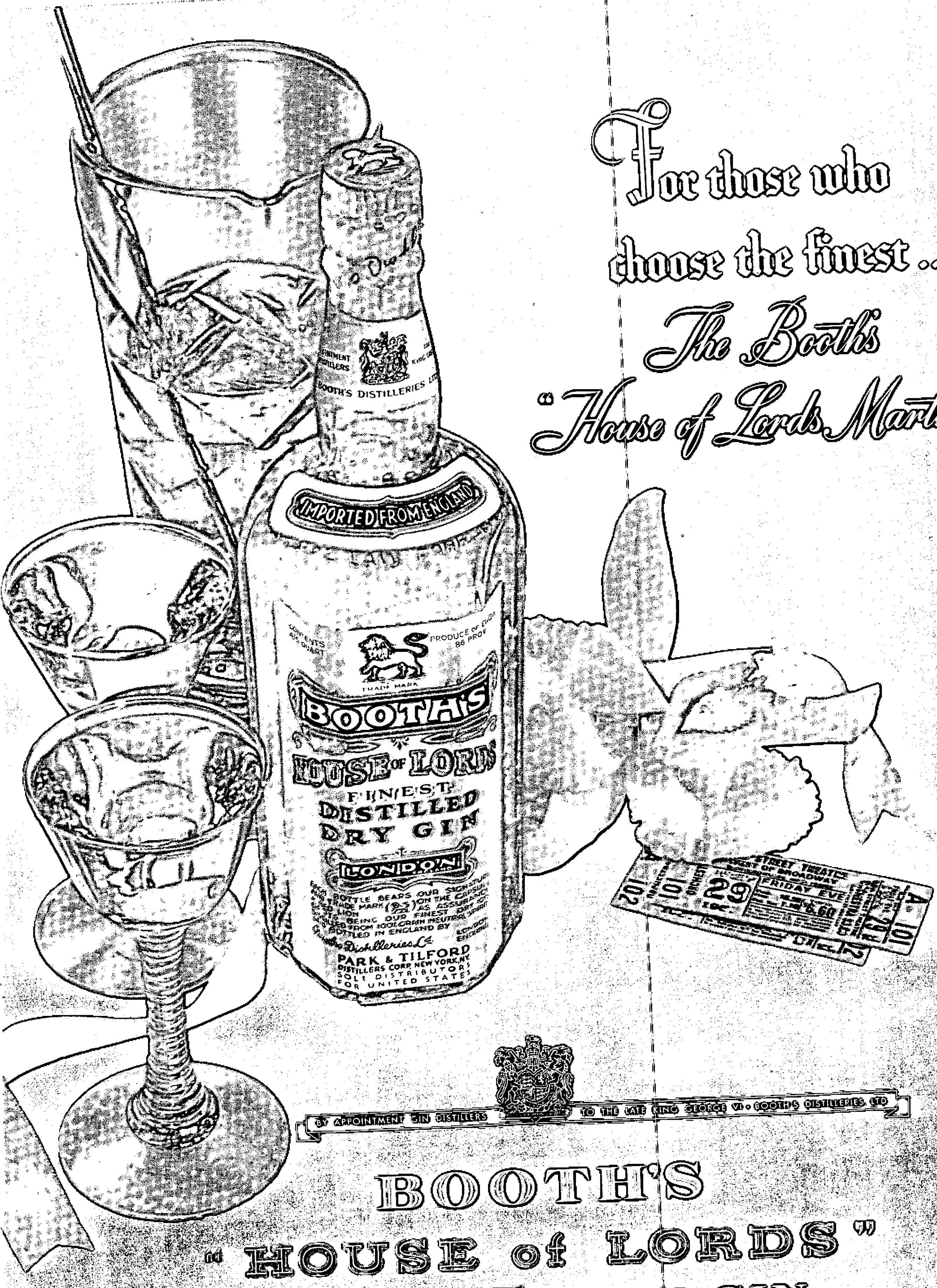
of five-button mauve cotton gloves (mauve is a color that seems to be gaining ground in the glove world); $5.50. And, of course, Best is the place for Kislav gloves. In the clock-and-watch department, you'll come upon a tiny wristwatch, made of what is called "gold aluminum," whose face is no more than three-quarters of an inch across but has room enough for six painted petals around the dial The petals are red, green, brown, black, or blue, there's a suède strap to match them, and the whole business comes to $12.05. When glorified with rhinestones instead of painted petals, the watch is $16.45, and with lemon, pink, or lavender baroque stones and a lemon, pink, or lavender strap it's $17.55. Less frivolous is a travelling clock, two and a half inches square, with a sweep second hand, an alarm, and an illuminated dial, done up in a simple case of red, green, or brown imitation leather; $5.95.

BLOOMINGDALE: Likely Christmas presents from all over the store have been assembled on the third floor here in a department with the forthright name of the Place Elegante, so let's make straight for there. In the handbag division, there's a simple and elegant black satin envelope, seven and a half inches by eleven, that costs only $7.95. The same envelope can also be had in non-tarnishable gold or silver rayon jersey for $15. Another pleasing handbag, and one that was already in short supply when we saw it, is an octagonal box of Italian leather with horizontal fluting around the sides, a gilt heart design on the outside of the lid, and a mirror on the inside; $16.50, in black or tortoise shell with a bright-green suède lining, or in brown with an aqua suède lining. Squares of imported French Staron ribbon, which is richly colored embroidered silk ribbon threaded with gold, are set into the lids of plain gold-metal compacts, for an effect that's far from plain; these are $5.95, and matching, satin-lined eyeglass cases are $5. Also imported from France are hand-painted square chiffon scarves. A white one has blue clouds and pink, gold-winged cherubs on it; a plain blue one has a delicate white border that looks like embroidery. Both these (and a number of others) cost $3.98. There's a particularly beguiling collection of one-of-a-kind Victorian watch faces (porcelain, enamel, or gold- or silver-plated) made up into brooches, at prices ranging from $25 to $50. A good-sized French one has Roman numerals for the hours and four small dials to indicate the second, the month, the day of the month, and the day of the week, and it seems improbable that it ever worked. Another has a classical scene painted on it—a Grecian lady robed in red and purple and standing by a blue-draped pillar; imitation rubies do double duty by also imitating watch hands. Now, then, how about a jewelled jewel box? Suède-lined leather ones, made in Italy and nine inches long, six and a half wide, and three and a half deep, are topped off with big multicolored fake jewels; $22.50.

BONWIT TELLER: Among the evening stoles, there's a fringed, shaped one of black peau de soie, seven and a half feet long, that is caught in at the back of the neck by a large self bow. When the bow is detached, the stole can be worn as a sash; $39.95. Ten-button nylon-and-rayon gloves, which are washable, of course, have a suède finish and come in fifteen unusual, muted shades; $5. This store encourages the current passion for fur accessories with a fifty-eight-inch-long beaver boa that can wrap, loop, or tie around the neck or around the waist; $32.94, in beige or natural beaver color, which is the color of fen and marsh. Basket-weave wool negligees—coral, white, pink, or pale blue—are lined with rayon chiffon, and their three-quarter-length cuffs are of matching marabou; $59.95. A hostess gown that looks as gay as Christmas is made of red taffeta printed in black with a

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brocade pattern. It has a cowl neckline, set off by a large black velvet bow, and a wide, Pellon-lined skirt with a cascade of small black velvet bows down the back of it; $100. For a lady with a well-turned ankle, 15-denier, 60-gauge nylon stockings, in a light beige tone, have a wide band of black or ecru nylon Chantilly-type lace handsewn the whole length of the front; $14.95. Gold-plated mask pins—comique, tragique, or primitive—come from Italy and have a rough gilt finish known as Italian soufflé; $3, for a three-quarter-inch pin, to $5.95, for a two-and-a-half-inch one.

Brett, 29 East 48th Street: A small shop jam-packed with engaging foolishness. Black cotton toreador pants, slim-legged and high-waisted, are $19.95 a pair, and bright cummerbunds ($4.95), tassel-trimmed boleros ($14.95), and ruffly white cotton shirts ($17.95) are on hand to go with them. (Bulls, however, are color-blind.) Shin-high after-ski boots, imported from Finland, are made of reindeer hide and trimmed with red, yellow, and green felt rickrack, and have curled-up toes; ($24.95). A fabric doll called Becassine, after the heroine of a French children's book, wears a green cotton skirt and red-and-white striped cotton socks, and has a button nose; fourteen inches tall, and $4.95. A cloth mermaid doll with green hair, green eyes, and a glittering green tail, sports a sea-shell belt and looks as if she thought kids like Becassine were pretty silly; she's sixteen inches tall and costs $8.95.

Brooke Cadwallader, 120 East 55th Street: This shop has, of course, a wealth of scarves, stoles, ascots, and cummerbunds made of its own prints; a two-for-your-money entry, which can be worn as an ascot *or* as a cummerbund, is simply a pleated length of silk, two and a half inches wide, with eight-inch-wide flared ends; $6.95, in a chipper harlequin print of copper and black; orange, gray, and black; or turquoise and green—flecked with gold in every case. A three-yard stole of heavy taupe-and-black satin printed to look like mink has twenty-one real mink tails on each end; $125. Twice twenty-one is forty-two, and that's a lot to count. Then, for $5, there's a silk-twill belt with black ruler markings all around it, from one to twenty-two inches; the size marked *in*side the belt is supposed to be no-

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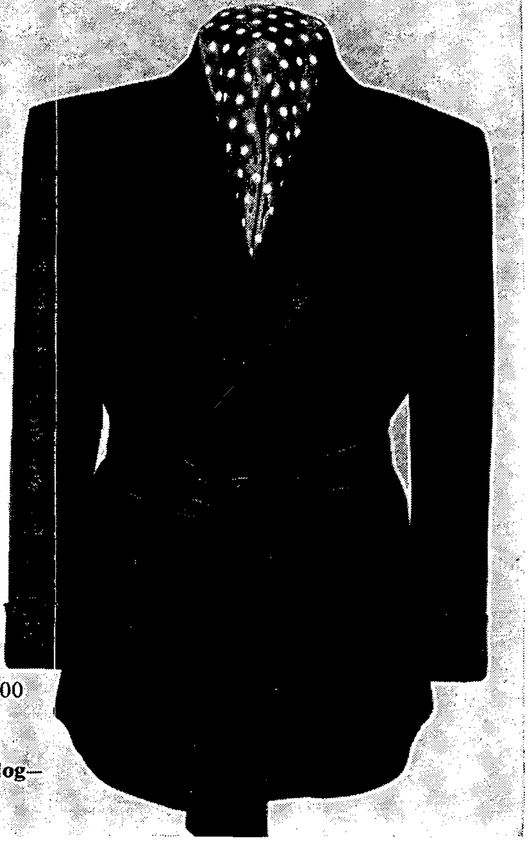

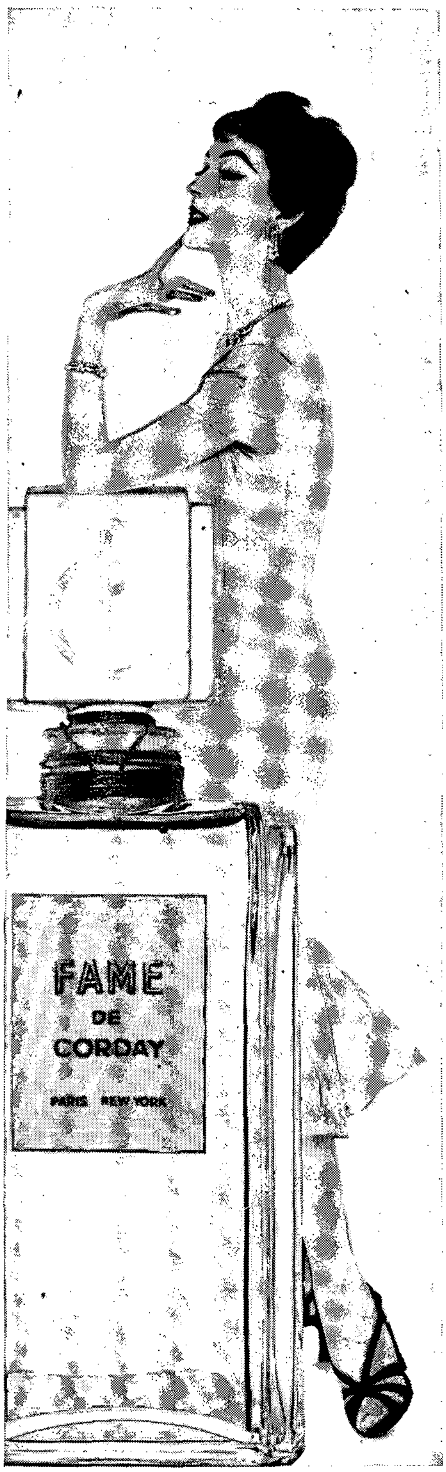

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body's business. A plain silk string tie the same color as the belt—gray, gold, turquoise, or Shocking pink—is $2.

Hattie Carnegie: An evening stole, two and a half yards long, of heavy double satin with hand-fringed ends, comes in such colors as ruby, peach, and Kelly green, and costs $55, and a pair of matching satin wrist-length gloves costs $18.50. A majestic black velvet hostess gown has shirred three-quarter-length sleeves and a V neck, front and back, which is outlined with ermine; $175. Green or red velvet hostess gowns, with similar necks similarly trimmed, except the trimming is mink, are the same price. Another velvet hostess gown, this one in the same colors but with less mink or ermine, costs $110 and could double as an evening wrap, since it is street-length, lined, and cut like a coat. A four-by-four-and-a-half-inch compact of gold-washed textured metal is shaped like a change purse and set with three semi-precious stones beneath the clasp; $31.90, and at the same price there is a cigarette case to match.

Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th Street: While we wouldn't suggest that you risk buying any woman a hat without letting her try it on first, you might consider something that isn't *really* a hat, such as a simple, flat double bow of black velvet mounted on a head-hugging bandeau that can be put on at a variety of angles ($49.50); or, for the same price, a romantic short mantilla, made of black net and sparkling all over with gold or silver sequins, that is meant to be worn with one corner resting lightly on the widow's peak.

De Pinna: Scuffs made of row on row of white or pink nylon frills are a pretty notion and a practical one, too, because they can be washed; $5.50. An umbrella of waterproof black velveteen, fringed all around, is rectangular when opened and looks like the top of that surrey; $27.95. Aprons for ladies to wear while dispensing wassail are made of black nylon net variously enlivened with holly clusters, ribbons, fur, and sequins; $5.95, for a holly-trimmed number, to $10.95, for one trimmed with ermine tails. Washable capeskin gloves—white, black, tan, or gray—are not only good washable capeskin gloves but are treated with lanolin, with the object of enhancing the softness of the hands that wear them (the lanolin is supposed to survive the washings); $5. Also at $5, cashmere gloves that reach well up the arm may be had in almost any color. A long double scarf of fringed wool jersey has an opening at one side of the center so that it can function as a hood; $5.95, in scarlet, green, royal blue, black, or white, but always with white fringe.

Dunhill, Fifth Avenue at 50th: In the vast assortment of handbags here, we particularly admired a black calf one, eight and a half inches square, with a red leather lining, a brass frame, and a short handle of leather rope. It's called a Kangaroo Bag, because it has an outside pocket containing an envelope change purse, which is attached to the parent handbag by a gold-metal chain; $43.45. To combat the female affliction of fumbling in a handbag for keys, this shop has devised a three-inch calf change purse divided into two equal compartments and equipped with an attached—and easily located—key chain; $4.40, in red, black, navy, tan, or green. A fourteen-carat-gold disc that slips onto the big end of a Yale-type key and gives it tone costs $20.35. Three block initials engraved on it cost a dollar. Whoever gets this for Christmas can take it back to Dunhill and have it fixed securely to a key, but not so securely that it won't come off and go on another key if the owner moves. The same sort of arrangement costs $27.50 with a gold Saint Christopher medal instead of a plain disc. Petit point appears on cases for opera glasses ($49.50) and for workaday glasses ($29), as well as on lipstick cases ($11), perfume flacons and pocket combs ($6.50), and pillboxes ($5.50). This is just a reminder; petit point has appeared this way for years.

Jane Engel: Denim aprons that are both festive and practical are on hand here for the whole family. For mothers and daughters, there's a half apron of gray-and-white or gray-and-pink striped denim with a foot-deep band of gray or pink denim across the front, divided into roomy pockets. Below the pockets and below the waist are rows of scarlet tassels; $3. (For big and not-so-big brothers, who presumably have heavier work to do or else are sloppier, the apron has a full front and comes in solid gray trimmed with gray-and-white stripes; $2.50.) Green, red, white, or mustard-colored shopping bags of sturdy linen string woven like fish net and adorned with fake coins or penny-sized sequins will stand the A. & P. on its ear; $4.95. A pillbox, you say? O.K.—a rectangular gold-metal one, an inch long and half an inch wide, has a rhinestone crest on the lid; $2.15. Wide belts of purple or Shocking-pink felt are scalloped on both edges and decorated with felt flowers in various shades of red; $7.95. Pink or royal-blue kid belts decorated with four leather circles, each with a felt flower in its center, cost $12.75. Pink or blue woven nylon, peppered with white coin dots, makes a full and floaty ballerina-length negligee; the collar is round and scalloped and has a nylon ribbon tie, and the three-quarter sleeves are gathered with elastic; $19.95. A short nightgown to match has a lace-edged scoop neck, lace-edged puffed sleeves, and a nylon-satin ribbon at the waist; $16.95. A bed jacket of the same nylon costs $12.95.

ELEANORA GARNETT, 47 East 51st Street: Everything in the boutique here is imported from Italy. A bosky pair of earrings consists of three gold-metal leaves, each more than an inch wide, hanging from a fourth leaf, which covers the lobe; $22. A wreath of the same leaves makes a matching choker; $71.50. A two-strand choker of oblongs hammered out of gold metal and silver metal looks more Ubangi than Italian, but in any case it's handsome; $44. Matching earrings are $22. Another choker is composed of five strands of twisted gold-metal rope, arranged to cling tightly around the base of the throat; $38.50. In the earrings that match it, three strands of the rope curve upward around the outside of the ear; $22. A tweedy wool stole nearly seven feet long, in a pattern of red and Mediterranean-blue triangles, has two zippered pockets, so that the

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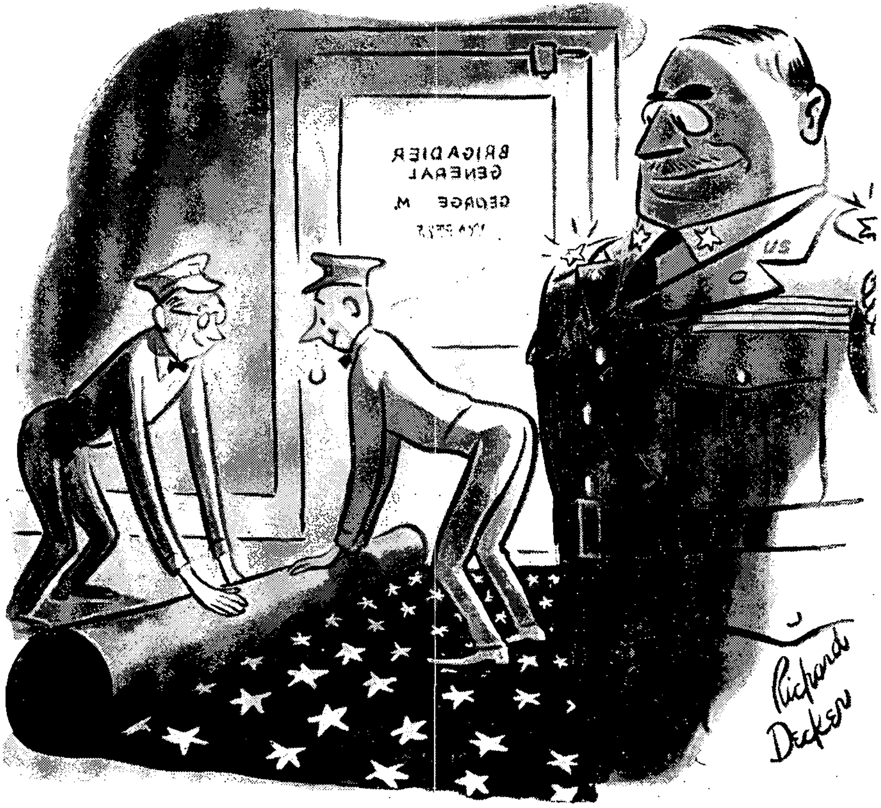

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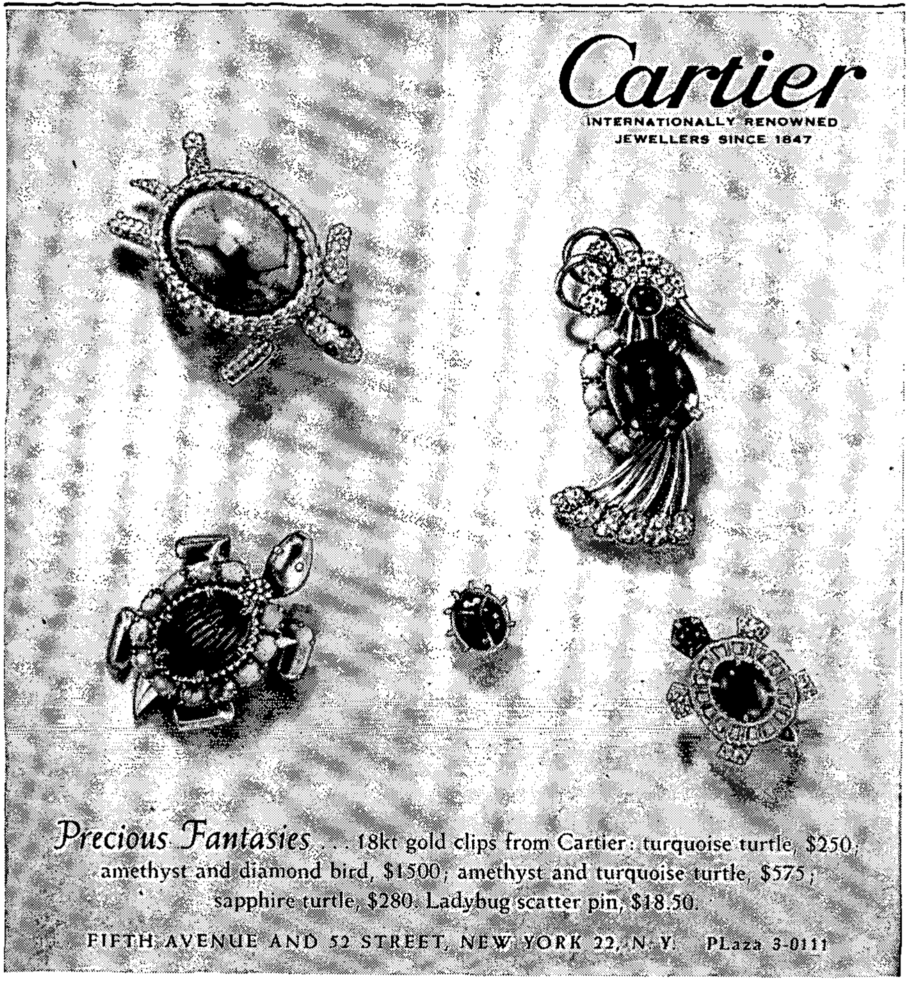
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wearer can, if she wishes, get along without a handbag; $25. A double-breasted, sleeveless blouse of white Italian piqué, which is more heavily ribbed than American piqué, has a long, pointed collar and pearl buttons shaped like footballs; $20.

Gunther Jaeckel: There still seems to be a general craving for cashmere cardigans garnished with fur, and this shop is determined to satisfy it. A black cardigan with a notched collar and revers of white ermine or ranch mink costs $125; a dark-gray cardigan with a big sailor collar of Belgian hare masquerading as chinchilla costs $89.95; and a light-gray cardigan, lined in gray-and-white striped silk, with a band of fake chinchilla all around the edges costs $105. A three-inch-wide ranch-mink collar—free-floating; no sweater—ties with brown velvet streamers; $27.50. A good bet here is embroidered evening bags studded with pearl beads and lined in white rayon satin—among them a wallet with an attached white rayon satin change purse ($8.75), and a purse seven and a half inches long and four inches wide mounted on a gold metal frame ($16.50). Red-and-black or black-and-beige wool tweed pouches, about twice the size of an ordinary change purse, are decorated with pearl beads and an appliquéd gold-braid bee; $7.65. A fancy little umbrella of black rayon taffeta with giant rhinestones set in the handle is just big enough to keep a lady dry; $15. Larger umbrellas, of red, black, or caramel nylon duvetyn, have handles of carved black wood and might keep her escort dry, too; $8.95. In a nice collection of costume jewelry, we came happily upon a necklace in which large twenty-four-carat gold-plated links are alternated with coils of twenty-four-carat gold-plated wire. This is twenty-six inches long and costs $49.50. A matching bracelet is $16.50, and matching earrings are $11. A gold-metal bangle bracelet that wraps around the wrist and is set with one Kohinoor-size rhinestone costs $11; rhinestone button earrings to match are $5.50.

Henry a la Pensée, 8 East 54th Street: Long, slim, beautiful silk umbrellas that it would be a sin and a shame to leave on a bus. A maroon one has a curved handle of ribbed gold metal and a jacket ornamented with petit-point flowers; $35. A rose-and-black satin one has a black leather shaft, an engraved silver-plated

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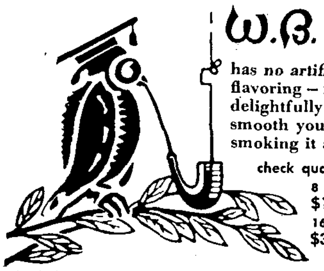

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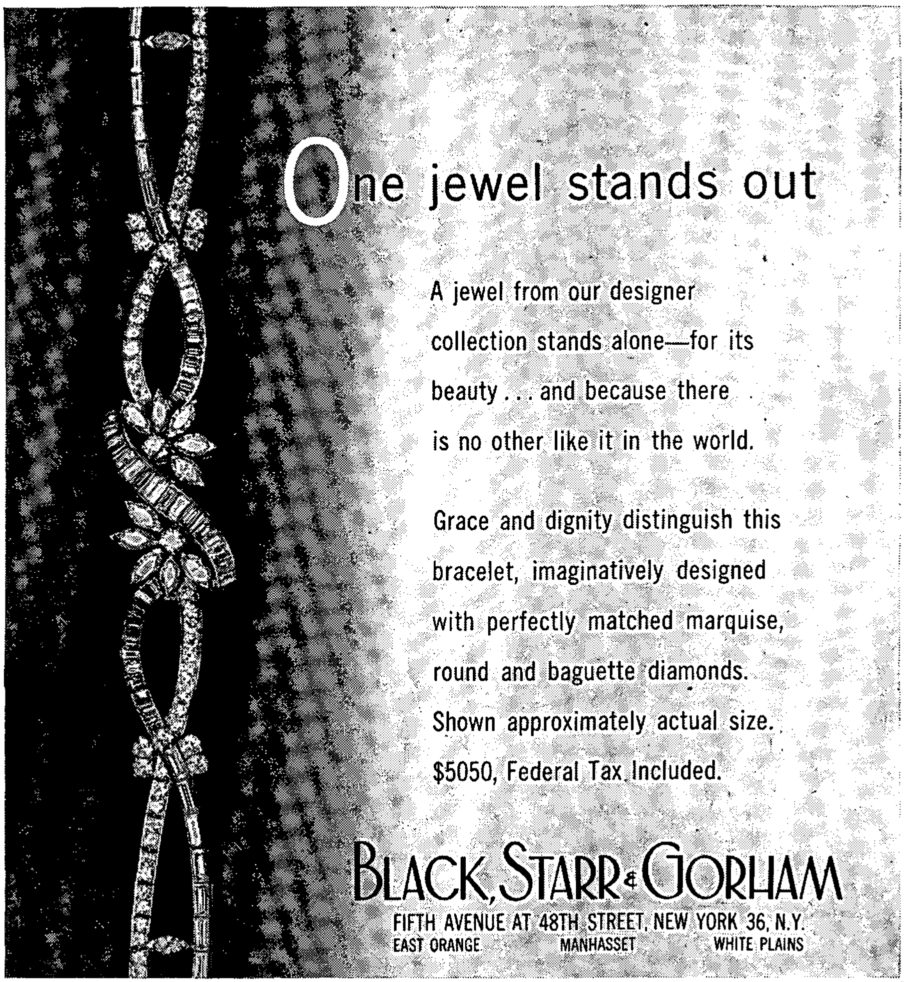
handle, and a rose-and-black ruffled garter to keep it furled; $45. A black one, not much bulkier than a walking stick, has a black antelope handle brightened by a square inch of rhinestones embedded in the top, and a band of rhinestones a few inches below; with an antelope loop to hang onto, it costs $35. Enough of umbrellas. A petit-point butterfly with a three-inch wingspread makes a pin that fastens on a shoulder or a neckline by means of a sort of pronged hinge between the wings; $5.50. Butterflies also appear on yard-square hand-painted chiffon scarves, and if butterflies just won't do, there are playing cards, cherubs, flowers, birds, and musical symbols to choose from. These scarves are scalloped around the border, and the edges of the scallops are finished with a fine hand-painted gold line; $21, in white, black, peach, yellow, pale pink, or pale blue. A wool jersey sweater-blouse, lavender or white, has cap sleeves and a scoop neck ornamented with gold thread and tiny pink felt buds; $29.

India Shop, 17 East 54th Street: From Delhi come copies of the hand-wrought silver jewelry that is always part of a Hindu bride's dowry. Wide mesh chokers jingling with dozens of tiny bells cost $65 if they're an inch wide and $87.45 if they're an inch and a half wide; matching flexible bracelets are $36.20, and bangle bracelets set with clusters of the same bells are $24.75. A pendant or lapel ornament called a *jhumka*—meaning, we are told, something that sways—is composed of a wide dome below which a shower of silver bells do indeed sway vigorously; $10.73. Then, there are beautiful silk ascots, stoles, and saris, hand-woven in Benares. A real sari is about six yards long and over a yard wide, and the non-Indian woman who owns one can either just look at it or have it converted into an evening dress. A cotton one, of apricot with a navy-blue border, or Nile green with a dark-red border, costs $39.75, and from there the prices proceed steeply upward to $575, the outlay required for a sari of pale-blue silk brocade into which colorful birds, grapes, and vines are woven. Ascots of iridescent silk, forty-two inches long and eleven inches wide, come in a number of vivid colors and are banded with metallic gold thread; $9.50. The same silk, but patterned all over with golden horses, lions, and tigers, makes



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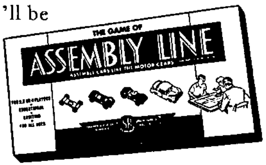

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a six-foot stole, also banded with gold; $29.75.

FRED LEIGHTON, 15 East 8th Street: Shell jewelry seems to be rather popular just now, so it's no surprise that there is a lot of abalone worked into the silver jewelry imported from Mexico. A silver disc pin with abalone insets is $13.75, a pair of triangular cuff links with V-shaped abalone insets is $6.60, and a key chain dangling a plain abalone disc that is rimmed and backed with silver is $3.85. Flat Mexican leather sandals, black or red, consist of nothing more than a sole, ankle straps, and a disc, festooned with silvery buttons and bells, that sits between the big toe and the next one; $9.75. There are two standouts among the hand-woven wool stoles, one eighty-five inches long, loosely woven, rough-textured, and mustard-colored ($9.95), and the other bright Mexican pink in color and nearly eight feet long but made of such fine, soft wool that it will fold up to almost handkerchief size ($6.95).

LORD & TAYLOR: Let's begin at the Fantasia Shop, on the third floor. First off, there's a choker made of varicolored metal washers (just ordinary mechanics' washers) strung on copper wiring (just ordinary electrical wire). The clasp is a screw-on device ordinarily used for curtain rods, and, believe us or not, the whole thing looks more like a treasure from Africa than something scraped together from an electrician's wastebasket. It costs $17.60 if the discs are all of a size, and $21.95 if they're varied. The most surprising liberties are taken with mink these days. For instance, you will find here a ring of mink dyed pink, blue, yellow, gray, or white, and edged with rhinestones, to make a scarf holder; $7.50. And in the fur department, at a somewhat higher price ($1,500), you will find a stole of lemon-yellow mink, lined with yellow satin. A woman who likes fur to *look* like fur might enjoy a mink-gill cardigan. (Mink gill is the underside of the mink, which is brown flecked with white.) This is waist-length and bound with brown wool crocheted ribbing; $324.50. The lingerie department, on the fourth floor, has a billowing, knee-length, long-sleeved Christmas nightshirt of white cotton broadcloth with lace inserts running from the turnover collar to the hem, which is bordered with lace. Strands of holly, laden with red berries, embroidered

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down each side of the inserts and wreathed around the cuffs are what make it especially Christmassy; $14.95 in children's sizes, and $17.95 for grownups. The Young New Yorker Boutique (sixth floor) has eight-button-length angora gloves that would be wonderfully cozy for a girl who is apt to be out late on wintry evenings; $3.50 a pair, in black, white, pink, or beige. And anyone who travels a lot and likes to take her crinoline petticoats with her should be grateful for a two-foot circular case of black patent leather or black-and-white tweed; it will hold enough petticoats to fluff out the fullest skirt, and costs $35.75. On the first floor is still *another* boutique, this one awave with ostrich-feather fans on new or antique mountings ($15 to $35). Handmade gloves of black Chantilly lace, above the elbow in length, look like the right equipment for dallying with a fan; $12. And, finally, there's a slipover sweater made of pure silk and imported from France, which has a shiny, soft texture, like a silk stocking. It comes in beige, red, black, or pink, with a black-and-white striped self band around the waist, the neck, and the pushup sleeves, and can be worn at almost any hour of the day or night; $29.95.

Macy: And now, if you have brought along your compass and hiking boots, let's set out for the Little Shops, on the second floor. Stopping first at Accessories, we find that somebody has been cutting up old Paisley shawls and using the scraps for all sorts of useful things, such as a collar with

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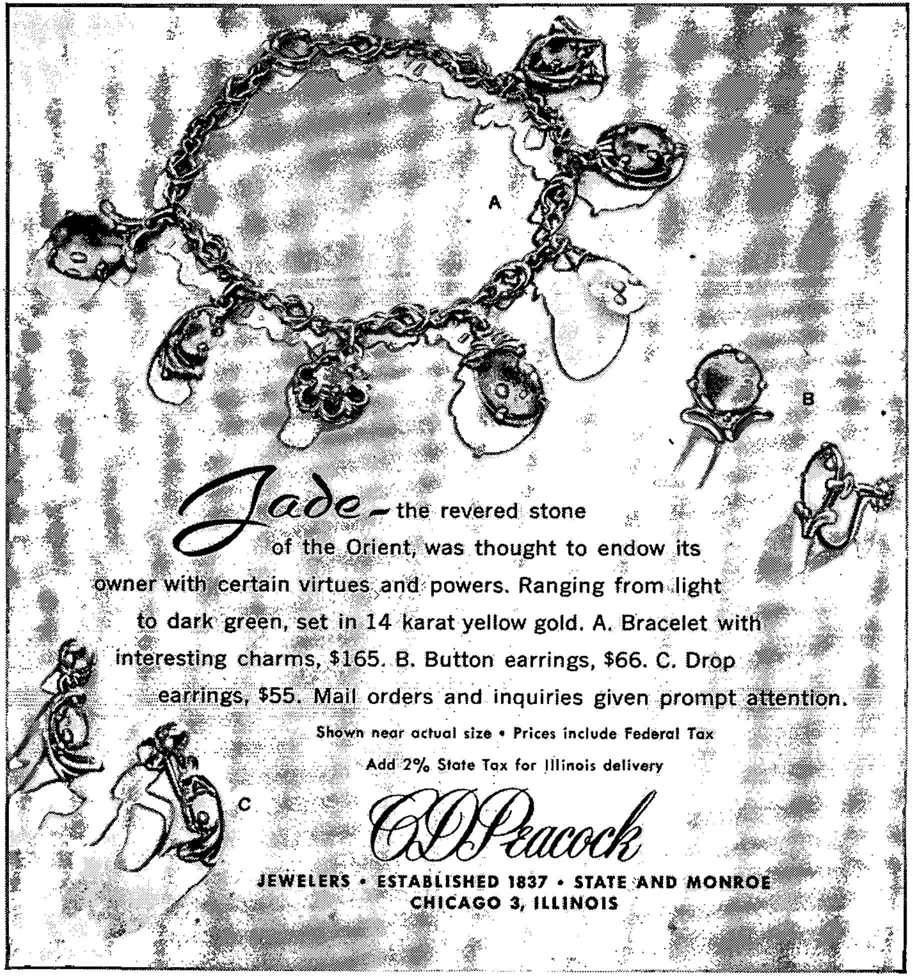

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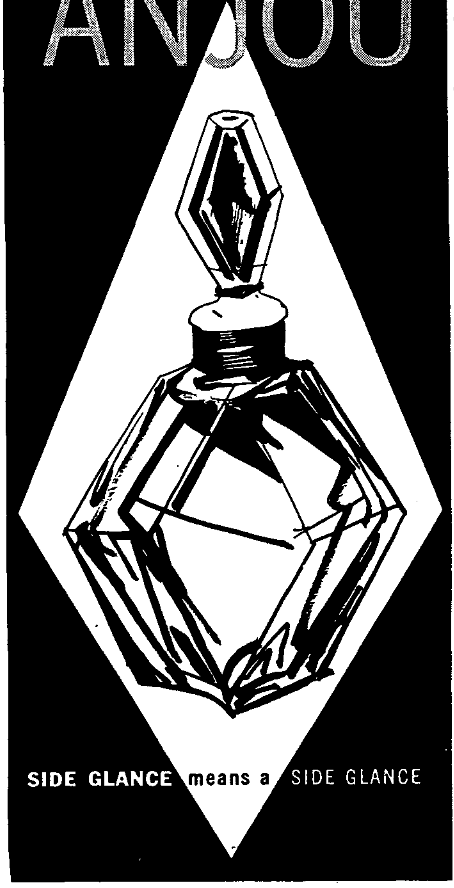

SIDE GLANCE means a SIDE GLANCE

a wide rounded tab at each side ($4.64) and a matching belt (ditto); a handbag, fourteen inches wide and ten inches high, with double leather handles, a leather lining, and an outside pocket running the length of one side ($37.75); and a handsome jewel box, ten and a half inches long, seven and a half inches wide, and four inches deep, lined with emerald-green velveteen ($24.98). A young girl who gads about in the evening might like an evening purse, about six inches square, that is made of white rabbit or of rabbit dyed red, pink, or yellow, or of rabbit stencilled to imitate leopard. Since it's still rabbit, no matter what has befallen it, all the prices are the same—$8.22. A rectangular gold-metal compact ($37.50), engine-turned in a sunburst pattern, has a round watch set in the top of the lid. A tinkly tune that doesn't sound in any way like the chimes of Big Ben floats forth the moment the lid is opened. A barrel muff and a Peter Pan collar made of natural raccoon (the old-fashioned, football variety) cost $29.15 and $9.25, respectively. From Italy come short-sleeved boleros of black or white angora, smothered in black or white spangles ($12.98), and from Nassau come hand-woven fringed wool scarves, rose or avocado green, banded with alternating rows of little white loops and white stitching ($3.71). Now over to Lingerie. A bright-red or bright-navy wool lounging robe made like a trench coat costs $29.94, and is presentable enough to be worn as a topcoat. You can also get the same trench-coat style in plaid rayon-and-acetate taffeta ($19.94) or quilted rayon and acetate in such colors as creamy beige, bright red, Copenhagen blue, and white ($24.94). All these robes are washable. From no less talented a hand than Schiaparelli's comes a collection of inexpensive nylon tricot lingerie. A particularly attractive white slip has nylon lace shoulder straps, vertical bands of lace on the fitted bodice, and lace around the hem; all for $8.95. Now we're out of the Little Shops, but we'd like to mention that on the same floor is a group of Sanforized cotton flannel nightshirts and pajamas, dedicated to ladies who live in cold houses. Nightshirts printed with red-and-white candy canes are $3.98; two-piece pajamas of the same print, with snug white cotton-knit ribbing

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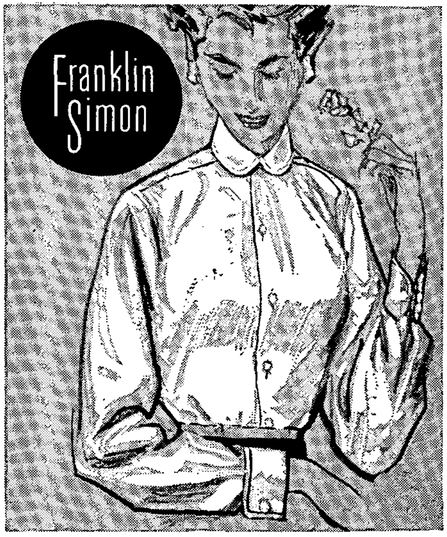

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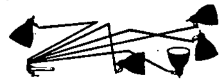

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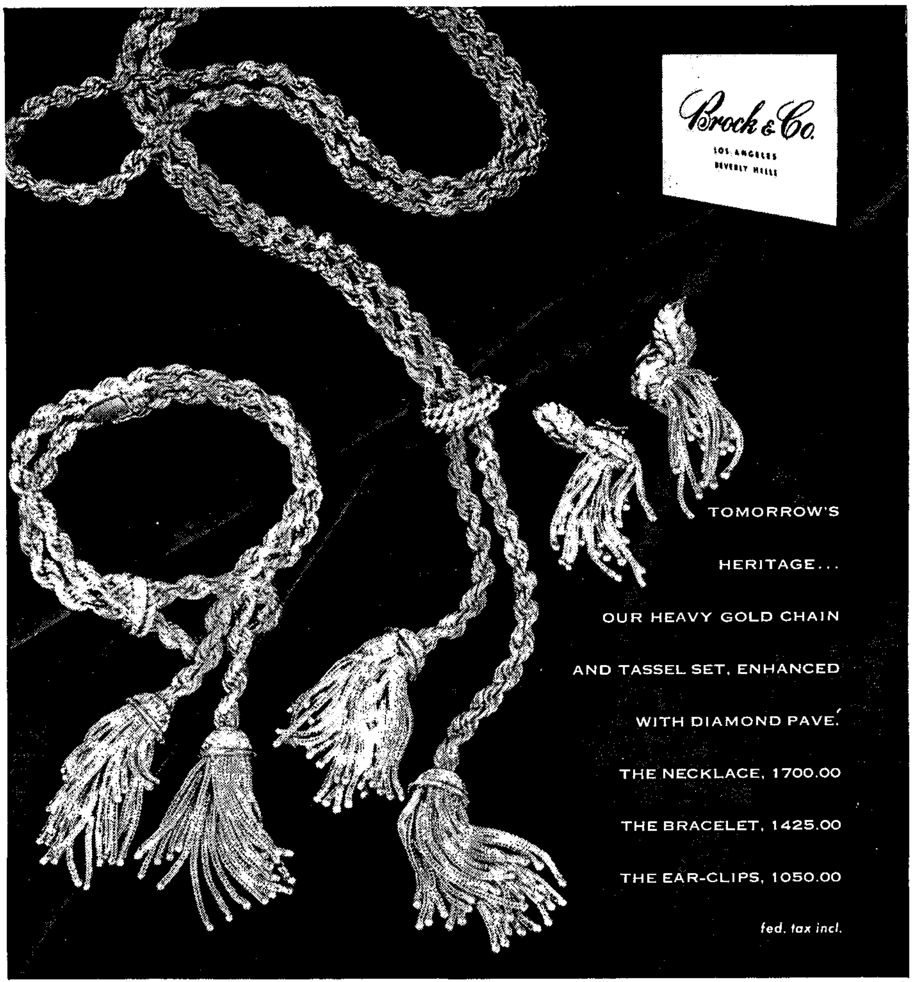
at the neck, wrists, waist, and ankles, are $4.64. For sleeping or lounging, another pair of cotton flannel pajamas consists of black pants and a red-and-black leopard-patterned top; $5.98. Then—and we hardly know what to make of it—there's a gray metal tool kit with fake coins, glass jewels, and seashells ornamenting the lid. Inside are a hammer, a screwdriver, and an awl, the handles of which are painted Shocking pink and also bejewelled and beseashelled. Included, too, is a plastic vial for nails, with a jewelled metal cap, and a pair of cotton work gloves with a jewelled ring sewn on one of the fingers. This outfit costs $18.08, and maybe you'd better stand clear when the lady opens it.

PECK & PECK: A college girl on your list would be bound to appreciate the sumptuous white cashmere pullover, long-sleeved and cable-stitched, that is available here for $45. A more modest sum, $9.95, will pay for a white orlon sweater that has three-quarter sleeves and a flat half turtleneck. And then there's the standard white wool blazer, with a crest of gold-metal thread on the handkerchief pocket, for $34.95. With any purchase of over $10, Peck & Peck throws in a bottle-shaped carton that looks as if it contained a magnum of Moët & Chandon champagne but doesn't. The idea is for you to put presents inside—a pleasant deceit if you're sure the recipient doesn't like champagne better than sweaters.

HAROLD J. RUBIN, 52 East 56th Street: All kinds of pleasing trivia made of fur. For instance, there's a white fox evening purse that looks like an outsize powder puff ($19.50); a well-cut shoulder cape of fox, dyed black, brown, beige, or platinum gray ($49.50); and a white pieced-mink ascot that fastens by slipping one end through a slit in the other end ($32.50). Last year was the year of the fur bicycle seat and the fur hot-water-bottle cover. This year is the year of the fur cigarette holder—or, rather, the year that a rhinestone-encircled ermine tail stuffed with a pipe cleaner can be spiralled around a cigarette holder. Together with twenty-five paper holders this comes to $3.95. We are just reporting what we saw.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd): The once-again-fashionable snake bracelet is available here. It wraps around the wrist three times and has reptilian rhinestone



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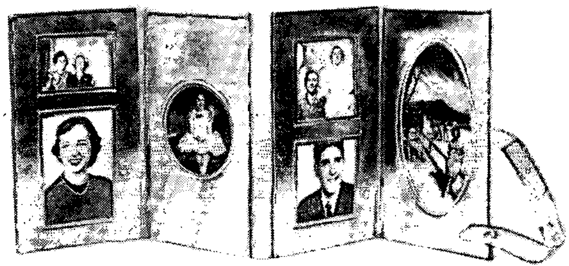

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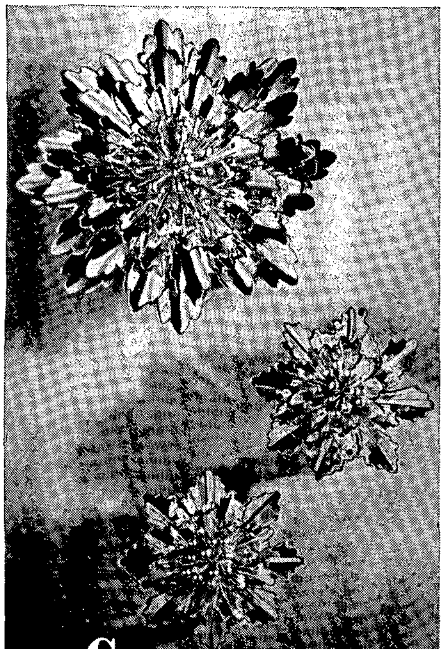
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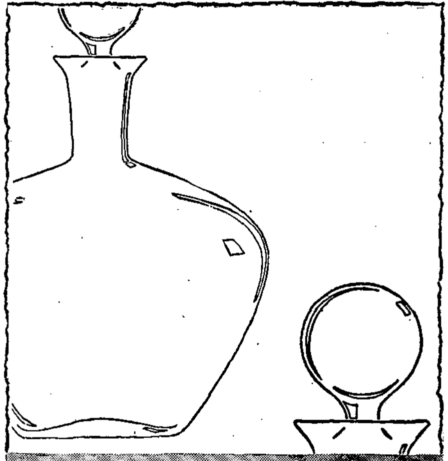
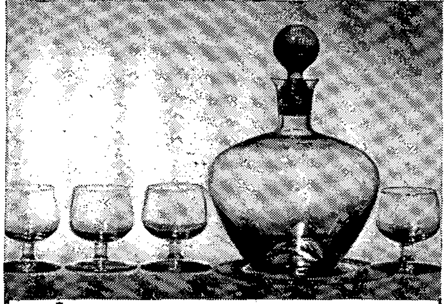
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ROYAL LEERDAM

eyes; $9.35 in gold metal, and $8.25 in black metal. A group of Italian bags in combinations of calf and satin or suède and satin, for day or evening and from $16.50 to $90.75, are well worth your inspection. Pretty sure to please either a traveller or a woman who likes a well-appointed bureau drawer is a flat glove case made of very soft calf lined with satin; $16.50, in white, vibrant blue, zinnia, or turquoise. In the same colors, there's a tidy little calf wallet, only two inches by three, for $7.70.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: Our advice here is to head straight for the boutique, on the first floor, where gleanings from all over the store are on display. Is some poor creature on your list worried about what to wear while playing cards, dominoes, dice, or Scrabble? Why, then, fix her up with a white cashmere cardigan appliquéd around the neck and down the front with felt hearts, spades, diamonds, clubs, dominoes, dice, and Scrabble tiles; $75. A double-breasted sports jacket of white lambskin is made with the woolly side inside, and has huge slanting hip pockets, turnback cuffs, and a small shawl collar, all edged with the wool; $69.95, and that includes a pair of matching mittens. A dressy bolero made of two layers of black wool jersey has a shawl collar embroidered with gold threads, pearl beads, and rhinestones in a sort of Persian pattern; $35. Red-and-gold rayon brocade makes a slinky, Oriental-looking hostess gown. It has two brocade frogs on the bodice and two more above the deep slits at either side of the hem; $69.50. Basketweave wool negligees, long or short, finished around the collar and cuffs with rayon-satin scallops, come in coral, turquoise, plum, or navy, as well as in the usual pastels; $49.50. A girl who is subject to colds is a candidate for a neat little case—it looks like an evening bag—embroidered with crystal beads, gold metallic thread, and rhinestones, and just the right size for a nickel package of Kleenex; $15. And now for some foreign entries. From Italy, a triangular white wool shawl shimmering with iridescent paillettes; $95. From Austria, a triangle of fringed white wool fish net, abloom with bright-colored wool asters; $22.95. From England, an absolutely smashing handbag, a foot long and nine inches high, made of red, black, navy, or brown morocco, or of parchment-colored cow-

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hide, or of natural (light-tan) English coach leather. The lining is tan suède and contains a zippered passport pocket, four open compartments, and a leather change purse, and the bag fastens with a brass lock and key; $38.50. From France, a flexible choker in which pink or blue enamel cherubs, round pink or blue fake jewels, and pearl bead teardrops succeed each other merrily; the setting is gilt filigree, and the price is $40.15. Also from France is just about the last word in fancy umbrellas (and there are plenty of fancy ones this year). Navy or black silk ones have linings of pink or gold gauze studded with crystal raindrops, and handles of beige wood wrapped with spiral bands of imitation tortoise shell ($50); another umbrella, of black silk, is lined with ecru shadow lace and its handle is aglitter with rhinestones ($65).

JAY THORPE, 24 West 57th Street: Consider the negligees, which are unusually beguiling. Dress-length ones of nylon tricot, practical and pretty, come in beige, peacock blue, or shrimp pink, and are trimmed around the neck and sleeves and down the front with gold nylon braid in a Greek-key pattern; $19.95. Hostess coats of a warm, soft, washable nylon-orlon combination are on hand in pink, blue, or white, and have wide turnover collars, pushup sleeves, and rhinestone buttons down the front; $35 for the short version and $45 for the full-length. And, glamorous as all getout, there's a floor-length rayon satin peignoir, ivory or flaming red, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a small mink collar; $85. Also in the interests of glamour,

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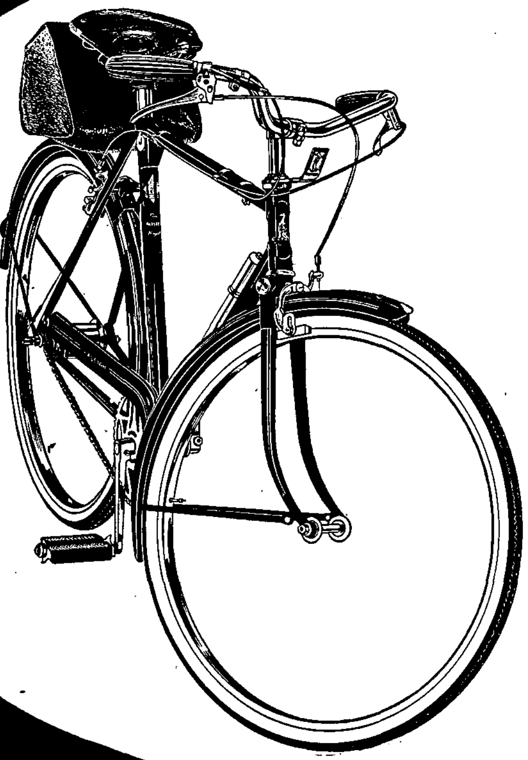

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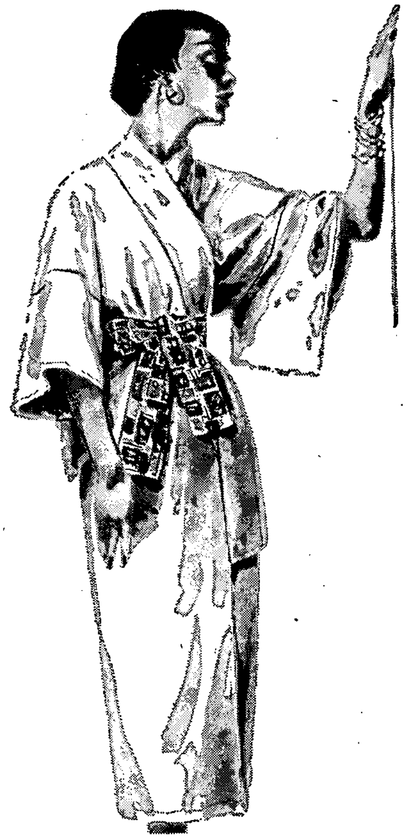

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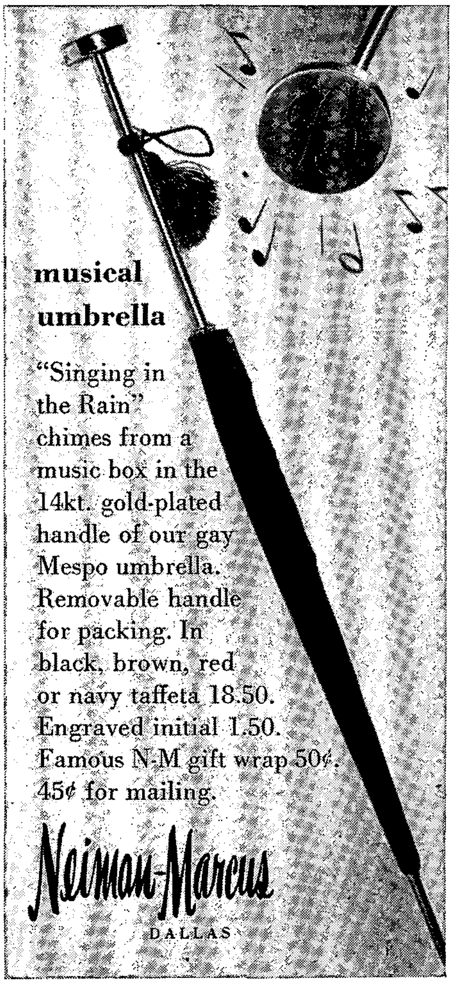
Howard Greer, the Hollywood dress designer, has contributed 75-gauge, 10-denier evening stockings, as sheer as a bee's wing; $2.50. Five dollars, for two pairs, produces a fancy box. Fur vests, made of black-and-white or brown-and-white calfskin, have charcoal-gray or tan wool-knit backs, and cost $37.50; with long wool-knit sleeves, the vest turns into a jacket and the price turns into $42.50.

MARION WRIGHT, 12 East 53rd Street. This place has on its payroll a young man who spends his days stringing necklaces of rhinestones, Venetian-glass beads, shells, pearls, crystals, and the rest. No two necklaces are alike, and the prices range between $18 and $150, depending on the quantity and quality of the gewgaws. And devised right on the premises are cocktail skirts made of upholsterer's velvet or rayon brocade upholstery fabrics. A straight velvet one, in ashes of roses strewn with black tassels, is $45. A mother and tot of your acquaintance might enjoy dressing alike around the house in blue-denim coolie suits. The jackets are straight, with red piping and red frog fastenings and small, standup collars. The pants are plain, but the mother's version fastens tightly around the ankles with two more red frogs. Sizes 2 to 4 cost $3.95; sizes 6 to 8, $5.95; and grown-up sizes, $9.95. Talk about versatile belts! Here's a black or red cotton velvet one, lined with leather, that can (a) give a rib cage a squeezed, Empire look, or (b) go down around the hips for the new long-waist effect, or (c) be worn at the waist the Lord gave women. It's five inches wide in front, tapering to three inches astern, and has four eyelets for the silk shoe lacing that fastens it; in small, medium, or large sizes, it costs $7.95.

"X" CHEQUER, 816 Third Avenue (50th): All sorts of gay, small appurtenances, many of which might appeal to the young girls on your list. A velveteen pincushion is ornamented with either a velveteen dancing mule or a white fur-cloth poodle dressed as a ballerina; $12.95. A velveteen squirrel with a rabbit-fur tail enlivens the top of a tan velveteen stud box; $7.95. On the cover of a small picnic basket that is meant for a handbag, a miniature picnic is set forth—wine, bread, a turkey (all of composition), metal plates, and metal glasses on a white cloth. The price is $15. Imported Spanish morocco-leather mules, black or red,



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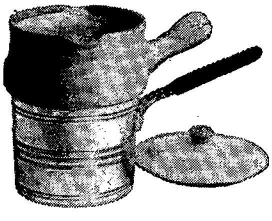

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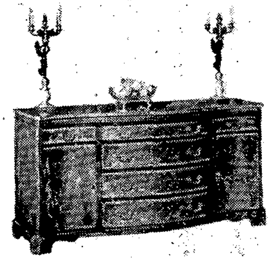

BUFFET IN GENUINE MAHOGANY
At selected decorators, furniture and department stores.
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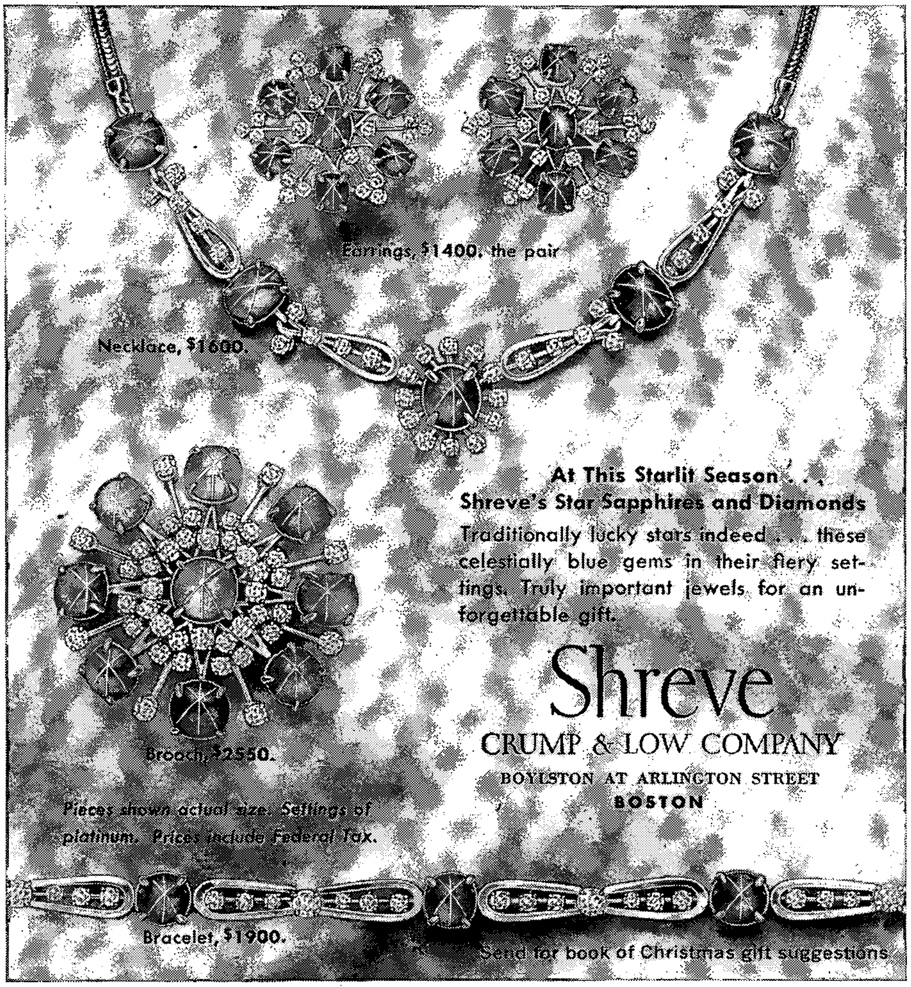
FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.

have very pointed toes, open backs, and green or red leather hearts, outlined in gold, across the front; $6.50. Given ten days and $12.95, this shop will hand-embroider a Val-bordered linen handkerchief with a pretty sentiment of your own choosing.

SCATTERED RETURNS: Among the French imports at Baring of Paris, on the twentieth floor of 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), is a group of attractive pins in the form of Spanish water carriers or Spanish girls, some of them dancers. They are two and a half inches high and are made of black-and-gold-washed metal, touched up here and there with bright paint; $4.50 to $6. Really majestic handbags are made of black, brown, or blue reindeer leather. The linings are silk, and the frames are Chinese lacquer set with hand-painted ivory medallions; $137.50 to $192.50. . . . If you'd like to give a woman a pair of cuff links once owned by Crown Prince Rudolf von Hapsburg, the Mayerling fellow, hurry over to Petit Musée, 16 West 58th Street, before they're gone. And take a thousand dollars with you. Each link has the Austrian eagle set in a filigreed gold oval blazing with diamonds and pigeon-blood rubies. Some cuff links that may be less illustrious but would nevertheless look sprightly on a blouse are gold fleurs-de-lis, an inch tall, at $55. A gold ring shaped like a railroad spike bent almost into a circle has a big oblong black sapphire, peridot, or gold topaz at one end and a small round matching stone at the other; $250 and up. . . . Tomas, 609 Madison Avenue (58th), is a new shop, specializing in at-home clothes. Tight-fitting pants with vented legs come in heavy rayon moiré taffeta of various bright shades; $14.95. To go with them, a printed silk blouse with an Eton collar and French cuffs, in a color to match the pants, is $15. A shirt of polished cotton has a long, pointed collar with a tiny black tassel hanging from each point, and is cut so that it can be worn tucked in or hanging out, belted or not; $10.95, in a variety of colors. . . . Robert Leader, 141 East 54th Street, is dedicated to both sports clothes and at-home clothes. Wool jersey frontier pants, black or practically any color you ask for, are lined with rayon and have zippered legs; $25. Hand-screened print blouses of cotton broadcloth cost $10.95, and silk polka-dot blouses in such color combinations as brown on black, blue on green, and fuchsia on deep mauve cost $17.50. . . . If some woman on your list has a hankering for



Earrings, $1400. the pair

Necklace, $1600.

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Shreve's Star Sapphires and Diamonds

Traditionally lucky stars indeed . . . these celestially blue gems in their fiery settings. Truly important jewels for an unforgettable gift.

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Bracelet, $1900.

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HOW TO CHOOSE A BINOCULAR

You can see distant detail clearly and brilliantly only if you choose a binocular of advanced optical design and precision manufacture. Trouble-free service throughout a lifetime of use can be yours, too, if your binocular is of sturdy mechanical design and construction.

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Tells about tests you can make before you buy any binocular. Helps you select a model best suited to your use. Write Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 11035 Lomb Park, Rochester 2, N. Y.

Bausch & Lomb 7X, 35mm Binocular $170.50
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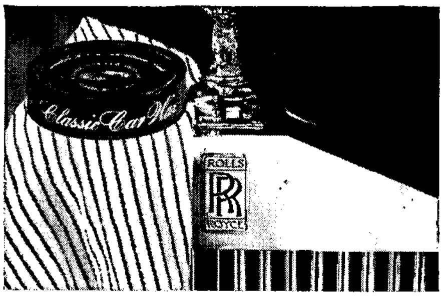
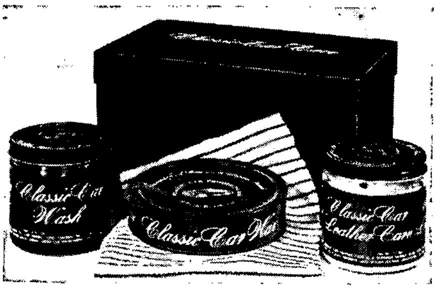
gifts with eclat for sports car owners



Here's a gift that will please the receiver, compliment you: Classic Car Wax, made in Palm Beach for discriminating owners of fine American and imported motor cars who know what "Concours d'Elegance" means, and—take pride in personally keeping their cars in that impeccable condition.

A completely new type of paste wax, with a built-in cleaner, Classic Car Wax is so quick and easy to use that an amateur can professionally clean, condition, polish and protect the finish of a car in one effortless hour. It requires no buffing. Wipe it on, dust it off, and—there's a clean, clear, gem-hard, satiny, weather-sealed, custom finish that will last for nearly a year!

Eight ounces of this fine car finish care preparation, enough to do three cars, in a glistening black container lettered in British red, blue and white—as brilliantly distinguished as its contents—together with application cloth, packaged in a smart pouch, is $5 postpaid.



For someone special, who has "everything", whom you want to please and impress, there is the opulent Classic Car Care Kit—Classic Car Wax, Classic Car Wash—a non-soap formula that is kind to the finish of fine motor cars, Classic Car Leather Care—a superior saddle soap that gives car upholstery that prized club chair look and feel, application cloths—all in a quietly-elegant carrying case, for only $9.50 postpaid.

Because both you and we want these sure-to-please gifts to arrive on time, send your list and check or money order today. We will acknowledge your order, enclose your cards, gift wrap in typical Palm Beach fashion, and mail insured—promptly.

classic car products, ltd.
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W. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

pearls, look in on Jolie Gabor, 699 Madison Avenue (63rd), who apparently thinks of very little else. A two-strand cultured-pearl choker has a front clasp of four large artificial cabochon emeralds set with rhinestones, and below the clasp is a swag of still more cultured pearls; from $59 to $61. The front clasp of another two-strand choker, this one dangling a single pearl, consists of a square-cut artificial emerald surrounded by cultured pearls and rhinestones, and below it hangs a single pearl. This choker, with a pair of matching earrings, costs $99. . . . The Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), offers a white cotton broadcloth toreador shirt whose tucked bosom is embellished with inserts of cotton eyelet embroidery, and whose French cuffs are edged with the embroidery. Both the collar and the cuffs are permanently starched; $12.50. . . . At Felix Laurence, 400 Madison Avenue (47th), you will find a pair of bright-colored feather parrots, three inches from beak to tail, swinging from a pair of gold-metal parrot perches, which, in turn, swing from a pair of ear clips; $6.50. . . . Included among the antique jewelry at B. Harris, 25 East 48th Street, are a number of good filigree chains, some with jewelled clasps. Prices start at $24 and mount to $385, for a twenty-two-carat-gold braided chain with three pendant amulets; it's a copy of a necklace found in an Egyptian tomb, and the original is in a Cairo museum. . . . The Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, where everything is made by the blind, has a notably useful and good-looking denim skirt. It is a wraparound, with a string sash and a small, detachable saddlebag pocket at the waist, and we liked it best in wide stripes—black and red, for instance, or black and beige; $6.95. There are sturdy, hand-woven reed baskets here, too, for picnics, marketing, wastepaper, dogs, logs, or what you will; $1.25 to $7. . . . Milgrim's seems to have the *jeune fille* particularly in mind. A waltz-length nylon tricot nightgown, appliquéd with nylon tricot roses at the bodice and the bottom of the ruffled skirt, has cap sleeves and a scoop neck outlined in nylon lace. An extra layer of sheer nylon is shirred over the bosom and another extra layer makes a flared ruffle at the hemline; $12.95. One of the most glittery of glittery bead ropes is here, fifty-four inches of rhinestone beads and silverplated filigree; $36.30. . . . As always, the Bermuda Shop, 554 Madison Avenue (55th), has tapered velveteen slacks in gay

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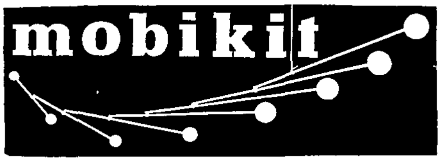

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THE DYNAMIC 20TH CENTURY ART FOR YOU

colors, like light pink, purple, sapphire blue, scarlet, and gold; $29.50. To make a complete costume—and one that won't stay long in its box on Christmas morning—you can add a tailored silk blouse printed with bees of the same color as the slacks; $16.95. . . . Nastopil of Carlsbad, 128 East 54th Street, is a crackerjack at women's tailored shirts and blouses. One of the shirts, made of white or ecru silk pongee, is patterned on a man's evening shirt, with French cuffs and tucked bosom. The collar is either round or pointed, and the price is $32. . . . Women's Haberdashers, 680 Madison Avenue (62nd), has imported from Italy some superb Roman-striped silk stoles; $25. From France come twenty-six-inch cotton squares, woven in unusual geometric patterns—for instance, a checkerboard pattern in which black graduates to gray, and deep red to pink. These are $6 apiece. . . . The Persian Shop, 534 Madison Avenue (54th), devotes itself chiefly to importing from Persia bolts and bolts of magnificent, heavy, soft-colored brocade, hand-woven of pure silk and real silver thread and real gold thread. It's sold by the yard ($27.50), or made up into glasses cases ($2.95), cigarette cases ($4.50), French purses ($9.50), and such. And, for someone who really dotes on the stuff, silvery-gray brocade has been used to make a street-length, silk-lined evening coat. There's a collar of white mink, and white mink all around the full sleeves—a fashion, they say, favored by ancient Persian sheiks, who, having no white mink on hand, used white Persian lamb instead. The price, which might raise even an ancient Persian sheik's eyebrows, is $495.

•

Eugene Mustagne of 4 Mills street, Paterson, found out that you can not decorate the front of a pleasure car to look like a fire engine. He was fined $5 and $4 costs for driving an auto with two red lights and a green one on the front of the vehicle.

The driver told Patrolman Clarence Tompkins, who summoned him, that the car was not his, and he knew nothing about the colored lights.

Fish are not color blind.—*Morristown (N.J.) Record.*

And nobody knows it better than Mustagne.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Folkways," by William Graham Sumner*]

In Chaldea a man could divorce his wife by saying, "Thou art not my wife," by repaying her dowry, and giving her a letter to her father.

The most desired watch of all

$380.

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FULL CUT diamonds.
Slightly higher prices
in yellow gold with
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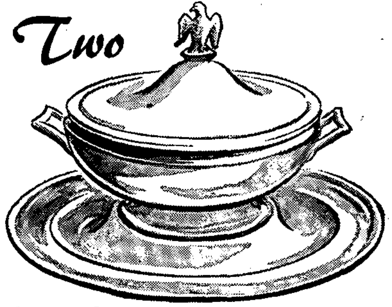

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A double-up-er that bespeaks thoughtful choosing ... the plate also perfection for chops, hors d'oeuvres, what-will-you. Two-quart Tureen, an eagle perched proudly atop the cover, size 12" x 9" ... Plate, 13½" x 12".

Gift Gallery, mezzanine floor.

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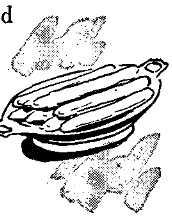

Peregrinations
OF A
Gourmette★

Husband Jim and I were recently reminded what a distinct charm the serving of more imaginative legumes lends to a thoughtful table as side courses. Our hostess at dinner had served a veritable round of the most delectable imported vegetables . . . Petit Pois à la Rochambeau, sweet tiny peas which Cresca delicately flavors with onions and herbs. Then, remarkable French Asparagus by Cresca . . . thick wonderful white stalks that reminded me so much of my days in Provence. Forgot to mention that another delight in the meal was our soup course . . . Cresca's Knorr-Swiss Consommé Célestine—a rich clear broth with tiny tender crêpes. And the highlight of all was Cresca's Escargot de Bourgogne . . . those heavenly little snails from France . . . tucked away with garlic in their own shells. It's the kind of dish you'll find as much a part of gracious dining as candlelight, silver and fine linen . . . and another Cresca treat.

★ Never heard of a Gourmette? Well, it's our designation for a lady who knows good taste . . . and where to find it . . .

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FOOTBALL

The Wild Blue Yonder

ALMOST all the ancient rivalries in the East were settled last weekend, at least for this year. Pennsylvania and Cornell are playing, on Thanksgiving, the last of the season's Ivy League games; but this year, despite the September prognostications, it will not have much of its traditional importance. Army and Navy still have their old score to settle on Saturday, and that is the end of football in these parts. It may not be long, however, before there will be an annual three-team playoff for the armed-services championship. In among all the pronouncements about the establishing of the new United States Air Force Academy out near Colorado Springs were a couple of paragraphs about football. The Air Academy will not be making a special effort to snaffle football players, we learned, but it will be having a team. Nothing was said about mailing a copy of this statement to the United States senators, who, unless tradition is to come completely apart, will be appointing candidates—theoretically the brightest available—to the Academy. Nothing was said, either, about such matters as regulations. Most institutions allow their young men to play no more than three years of varsity football, a situation that makes it difficult to cope with, say, an Army team boasting a practically All-America halfback who is enjoying his fourth year of varsity football. It is more than likely that the Army and Navy schedules will soon include not only the Air Academy but several other unfamiliar institutions, to take the place of colleges that are cropping the armed forces from their schedules.

The whole pattern of football scheduling began to change, of course, some years ago. Amherst and Wesleyan and Williams, long known as the Little Three, decided that it was more fun to pick on colleges their own size than to tackle opponents in the Ivy League, whose football, though mostly medium-grade by modern standards, was in general much superior to their own. The Little Three and their present playmates seem quite happy in their small closed circuit, and the final of the Little Three championship (Amherst won it, for the third year in a row, by beating Williams the other weekend) was a box-office smash. The [illegible] Yale, Harvard, Princeton, [illegible] Brown, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Dartmouth—has been through a prolonged Blue Period of playing partly inside its league and partly outside, meeting Big Ten teams, whose football is in general much superior to *its* own, at a considerable disadvantage. As of next year, though, the Ivy group, too, will become an almost closed circuit. In fact, there are even intimations that it may withdraw so far from the world (and the Eastern College Athletic Conference) as to set up its own even tighter rules about scholastic eligibility and the like, to say nothing of relaxing the rules limiting spring practice and the frequency of substitutions during a game. For teams that so often have to lead from weakness rather than strength, this all makes sense.

The reasons for this introvert attitude are not far to seek. The discovery that a football player not bright enough to meet the entrance requirements of one college has become an honor student—and, coincidentally, the star of the team—at another can lead to a state of mass depression. There are all sorts of anecdotes on the subject. A coach, gainfully employed for years by a Midwest team that has been widely deemed the best that money can buy, decided, for a very decent consideration, to try his luck with a university whose athletic activities are conducted on a much more rigid basis. As is the custom in certain parts, the chap arrived with a ready-made varsity in tow—an even dozen hired hands—and was astonished to learn that there would be the small formality of putting the boys through their freshman year, and keeping them in good standing, before they could again become his stars. After a touching farewell to the troops, the coach let them go, to seek employment elsewhere, under what names deponent knoweth not. Wherever they are and whoever they are today, they are assuredly doing a lot better than their bereft mentor, whose friends back home cannot understand how poor old Joe's luck could have gone so far to pieces in one short year.

—J. W. L.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Ranby Royal announce the birth of a son born Saturday Morning in Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, quite by accident on Saturday while in transit from Newfoundland to his new base in Norfolk.—*Newtown (Pa.) Enterprise.*

These are chancy times.

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The Complete Story of the Festival in Non-Technical Language

CONTROL 1—VOLUME & CONTOUR

In the Festival, Control 1 is actually *two* controls in *one* set of concentric knobs. The inner knob is the volume control (as on any radio or tuner). However, the outer knob controls an exclusive Harman-Kardon feature . . . called "Dynamic Loudness Contour". This innovation makes it possible to adjust the sound to *your own hearing*, compensating automatically for the natural inefficiency of the ear in hearing bass and treble at low volume!

Once you set the outer knob to whichever of 6 contour positions sounds best to *your* ear, all further reception is automatically compensated to sound richest and most satisfying to you, regardless of the volume level. Yes . . . you will experience the same full pleasure when listening at low volume that you now seek by turning the volume control to "loud" on ordinary radio receivers!

In the Festival, provision is made for a wide range of such loudness compensation, varying from Position 1 (completely uncompensated) to Position 6 (highly compensated). The well-known Fletcher-Munson loudness contour curves, based upon scientific studies of the average person's hearing, are utilized in Position 4. Positions 2 and 3 provide somewhat less compensation than the average. Positions 5 and 6 provide somewhat more. This means that if you are a Festival owner, you will find a contour adjustment custom-suited to your own hearing. With Harman-Kardon Dynamic Contour Control, *you* will hear "flat" response at low volumes. Bass and treble will not fall away as you listen!

CONTROLS 2 and 4 — BASS and TREBLE

The Festival provides separate full range bass and treble controls—which balance the characteristics of your loudspeaker and associated equipment...match the sound to acoustics of any room. Both controls provide 18 db of boost and 18 db of attenuation...as required for genuine high fidelity performance.

CONTROL 3—FUNCTION SELECTOR

6 Positions: AM • FM • AUX • LP • RIAA • EUR

Three phono equalization positions on the Festival Function Selector knob compensate for the characteristics of over 30 record labels in all speeds, including:

LP: Most American long-playing records made before 1954 and some European LP's.

RIAA: Records cut to the standards of Audio Engineering Society, NAB, new RCA Victor Ortho, and newly standardized RIAA.

EUR: Most European long playing, some American LP's and most 78 RPM discs.

Where the contour selector adjusts to your personal musical tastes —"the way you hear,"— the Festival's tone and equalization controls balance the sound . . . adjust for the characteristics of your entire high-fidelity system . . . beginning with the record and ending with the room itself. This is truly the ultimate in flexibility and complete control of radio, record and tape performance.

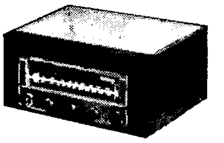
CONTROL 5—TUNING

Festival's counterweighted tuning knob combines luxurious professional "Feel" while tuning with "AFC Defeat"—again 2 controls in 1 set of knobs—making tuning easier, and reception more stable.

Once you select FM radio reception, you will actually hear a marked difference from ordinary sets...you have an ultra-sensitive Armstrong system with Foster-Seeley discriminator, and Festival's AFC circuit (no drift — automatic frequency control) provides perfect signal reception. This means clear, full sound and true aural balance...listening that truly approaches the live concert hall. Once a station is tuned in, Festival's AFC action locks the signal in place automatically. Yet, if you wish to sharp-tune a weak station, located close to a strong one on the dial, you merely press the tuning knob in! AFC is "defeated" for as long as you wish, and you can tune in with ease. Press in to defeat—release to lock...as simple as that! AFC then automatically holds the weaker station in place — will not let it drift off. Festival's AM Radio is a quality instrument with Harman-Kardon extras that make listening more enjoyable. This full band-width radio has a 15 mv signal sensitivity...*plus* a built-in, extremely efficient Harman-Kardon-designed ceramic ferrite antenna.

DECORATOR STYLING

You will instantly admire the beauty of the Festival. The chassis and dial escutcheon are finished in brushed copper. The dial scale is treated in two colors and dramatically edge-lighted. The knobs and markings are black . . . A brushed copper cage which encloses the Festival and permits its use without cabinet installation, is available as an optional accessory.



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NINE HUNDRED MULES

ONE hears a good deal these days about the overland approaches to China, including the southwest one, from Burma, where irregular Chinese Nationalist troops have been fighting a guerrilla war against the Chinese Communists. I know that route myself. Toward the end of the Second World War, I was one of a couple of hundred American soldiers who followed it into China, accompanied by nine hundred American artillery mules that were to be turned over to the Chinese Nationalist army. The trip covered seven hundred and fifty miles and took more than two months, and in this respect, I believe, it was on as large a scale as the great cavalry marches of the Civil War and the Indian wars, but we had no fighting on the way. It may also have been the last big animal movement in American military history, for I am told that the Army mule is being replaced by the helicopter and a vehicle called the "mechanical mule," which, between them, are supposed to be able to do all a mule can do. I have my doubts about that.

In May, 1945, I was a pack-artillery captain, in command—if that is the word—of a herd of mules who were grazing in a pasture, a mile square, just outside Myitkyina, the chief American base in upper Burma. Like my men and me, the animals had taken part in the Burma campaign, just concluded, and now we were between jobs, waiting to hear where we would be wanted next. The strongest rumor had us passing the summer where we were, and that didn't sound at all bad. The climate was good, and the country was flat or gently rolling, like upstate New York. Aside from riding herd, taking care of equipment, and putting up sheds, the men had few duties. The mules ate and slept, and we swam, explored the jungle, shot doves, looked for elephant wallows, and settled in for a long, pleasant stay. Then, one day, a tall, grizzled pack-artillery colonel of the boots, breeches, and campaign-hat era, flew in from China. "We want these mules in China as soon as possible," he said. "When can you start?" I told him that we needed some supplies but could be ready ten days after we got them, and he flew out.

A week later, I received orders to march the mules, along with a good deal of miscellaneous pack-artillery equipment, to Kunming, in southwestern China, starting in ten days. I was offered nine hundred men, one for each mule, but I said that three hundred would be enough, and, in the end, I got two hundred and forty. This was typical of our luck with supplies—large promises and small deliveries. The main thing we lacked was, in Army language, "shoes, mule;" mules have narrower feet than horses, which wear "shoes, horse." We needed a ton of shoes before starting, for a good many of the mules had been going barefoot in pasture, and two more tons to take along. We got shoes, all right, but nowhere near enough. We also asked for a generator, so that we could do our shoeing at night and not lose time; astonishingly, we got not one but four, but sooner or later they all broke down. Artillery mules wear packsaddles of quilted wool stuffed with hair, and on them are mounted heavy steel frames. It takes two men to lift one of these frames, and unless it is carefully fitted, the mule gets a sore back. We expected a hard time, since our mules had been resting for two months and their backs were soft. I suggested that most of our saddles and frames, together with all supplies we wouldn't need on the journey, be sent to China by truck while we herded the mules along, but the colonel from China, who had inflexible notions about how a mule train should travel, vetoed this, and the only vehicles we received were a jeep and three trucks. At least we had good saddlers and pack masters, and, just before we started, we were issued three saddlers' chests, eighteen pack-masters' rolls, six buzzy cots (pack kitchens), six forges, and six sets of blacksmiths' tools. We had also requested six hundred mantas (canvas sheets to cover loads), five hundred halters, eight hundred halter shanks, and two thousand lash ropes, not to mention all the gear needed by a couple of hundred men on the road. Some of this reached us and some of it didn't.

Now that the fighting in Burma was over, the Army there was not paying strict attention to regulations, and a number of men from other units in Myitkyina decided, on their own, to join up with us. Among them was a Captain Bennett, a short, thickset, genial doctor inured to the Army, our particular theatre of war, and the confusion of both, and this was a real stroke of luck, because, except for a couple of veterinarians, no medical personnel had been assigned to us. Bennett talked a few of his medics into coming along, too. They

"Now don't you start on me."

were, of course, just as free to take off as they had been to join, and along the way a few of them decided they'd had enough and headed back for Myitkyina.

When the time came to start out, we divided the mules into three groups, or serials, which were to travel a day apart, to put less strain on grazing spots, water holes, and ferries. I went with the first. Before dawn on May 26th, in a drenching rain, we took to the road—the mules half shod, the packsaddles half fitted, the whole expedition only half prepared in every way. Most of the mules were heavily loaded, and the men rode the rest. That day, the first serial crossed the Irrawaddy River, a few dozen mules at a time, in a little G.I. ferry, tugged by six boats with outboard motors. This fleet was swept far downstream at each crossing, and the mules, jammed together aboard the ferry, couldn't have been comfortable, but they took the trip placidly, as mules take most things.

The first serial camped on the riverbank that night and then moved on; the second crossed the next day, and the third the day after that. Once across the Irrawaddy, we had a three days' march across flat country, and then we came to the beginning of the Hump, the great, mountainous hurdle dividing China from Burma, and started climbing. The famous Burma Road had been reopened by this time, but it lay some distance to our south, and we were taking a short cut—the Myitkyina-Lungling cutoff, better known as the Cheeves Highway, after the American general who was responsible for its upkeep—that joined it about thirty miles southeast of the walled town of Tengchung, in China. The Cheeves Highway turned out to be a muddy red gash that, in spite of all a crew of American engineers and a horde of Chinese coolies could do to prevent it, was being washed away by the rains, then beginning. We managed to get our jeep over it, but we sent the trucks, which were carrying the blacksmiths and their equipment, down to the Burma Road, with orders to meet us in Tengchung.

The cutoff went up through a forest, making one hairpin turn after another. The forest, a mass of trees, vines, creepers, ferns, and chattering monkeys, was the bright green of New England in June, and it had a sweet smell, though not as sweet as that of the true lowland jungles where we had fought. There were flies and mosquitoes, and these bothered the men, but not the tough-

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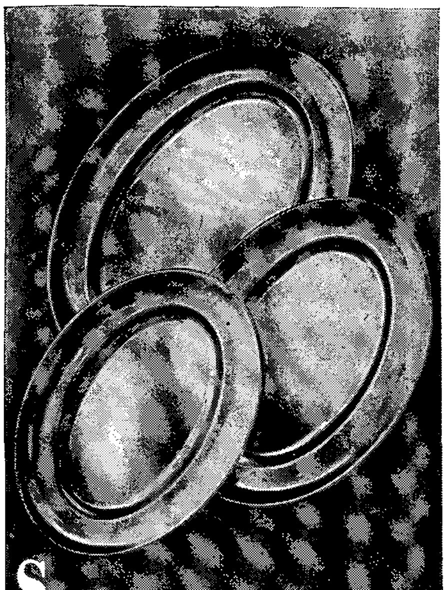
skinned mules. They had been beasts of burden for a long time, and they accepted calmly whatever happened to them. They were hitched in files of four or five on lead ropes, and if one stopped suddenly to avoid a washout or to nip at some grass, the soggy rope that linked his group might break. To save time, we let any mules who got loose run free for the rest of the day, though that is not the best way to handle loaded animals on precarious, unfamiliar roads. What bothered us most was the rain. For the first week, we travelled in a downpour, broken once or twice a day by an hour or two of clear sky and hot sun. Our clothes and the packs were soaked, but that was the least of our problems. The wet saddles made the mules' backs sore, the halter ropes shrank, the grain for the mules and our own food grew damp, and the cooks often could not light their fires. During the day, the mules slid about in the mud, making poor time, and at night they stood in the rain with their backs arched and their hindquarters to the wind. Rain is particularly hard on an outfit as ill-equipped as ours was; if you have trucks, you can get into them, but we had only pieces of canvas to crawl under. The best we could hope for was to dry out now and then, and to stay dry for a few moments.

We were looking forward to reaching the Chinese border, principally because we had heard that it was also roughly the boundary of the rainy region. Moreover, we had been told that once we crossed it, China would take care of us, and though we weren't sure what this meant, we were sure it would be a change and it could only be a change for the better. On the second of June, we entered China. The border is on the backbone of the Hump, about twelve thousand feet high, and in those days it was marked with signs saying "BURMA" and "CHINA," in English, and a festive if rickety bamboo arch draped with evergreen boughs. Ahead of us lay something quite different from the Burma jungle—a huge, open, seemingly barren landscape, without a tree in sight. And soon the weather did get much better.

From the border, we descended into a wide valley—the first of several we were to cross in China—and in three days we came to Tengchung, where our trucks were waiting. We lay up there several days. The mules were hungry; their bellies were shrunken, and they had been snatching at every green thing on the road. In Tengchung, there were bales of hay and fine grazing lands, and they fed steadily and, at first, feverishly. Soon they were back to normal. As for the rest of us, we caught up on the shoeing, repaired the saddles, and washed our clothes. There were some Army engineers in Tengchung, and our men worked trades with them for odds and ends. These engineers had a radio transmitter and an airstrip, and the day we arrived I sent a message to Kunming, our destination and the hub of our new world, the China Theatre, again begging for permission to send on the packsaddles by motor and thus deliver both the mules and the saddles in better shape. I asked for gasoline stoves, too, since we had to boil all our drinking water to prevent dysentery, and wood was scarce once we had entered China. And I asked for some money to buy vegetables to brighten up our rations. Kunming responded favorably, and the next day, a pilot came in a liaison plane to fetch me there. By air, the trip was roughly two hundred and fifty miles, and it took us a couple of hours; by road, it was close to six hundred miles, and it took the mules about fifty days.

I HAD had dreams of how grand the military headquarters in Kunming would be, but they didn't match the reality. The European war was over, and great organisms, it seemed, were building to end the Asian war with dispatch and dignity. There were the Chinese Combat Command and Training Command, and the American Fourteenth Air Force and Air Transport Command, not to mention the Services of Supply, which was, at the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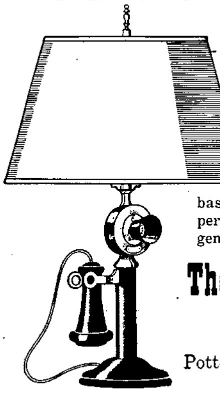

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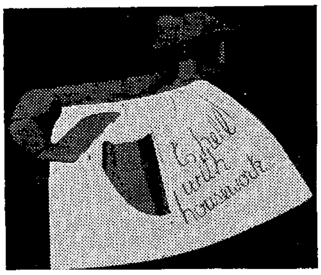

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moment, my particular interest. I was ushered into a huge office filled with desks, each occupied by a colonel or a lieutenant colonel—more colonels than I had suspected there were in the whole Army. One wrote out a memorandum and gave it to a clerk, saying, "Take this captain over to Colonel So-and-So and tell him to fix him up."

The clerk took me. "What is it you're doing, Rand?" the second colonel asked. "You don't mean to say you're walking out there with all those mules?" I told him I was. "Of course we'll help you out," he said. "Now, what exactly do you want?" Within three days, I had everything I was after—permission to drop off the saddles and packs at the next big supply dump, whence they would be sent on to Kunming; a million Chinese dollars (they filled a musette bag and were nominally worth about fifty thousand American dollars); and three more trucks to use any way we saw fit. Then I went back to my mule column, which was under way again, on the Burma Road. We soon reached a supply dump and unpacked the mules, and from then on it was steady going.

The Burma Road crosses a series of river valleys at right angles, the greatest being those of the Salween and the Mekong, and our march had a steady rhythm: we would climb for a few days and then we would descend for a few. The high ground was brown, treeless, and covered with brush and weeds, but the low ground was a series of picture-book Chinese landscapes—mirrorlike, terraced rice paddies, with pale-green seedlings in the water, being plowed by slow gray buffaloes, knee-deep in mud. Now and then, a loose buffalo took up with the mules and followed us a while.

Nearly every day, we reached some grass late in the afternoon, and there we stopped. This wasn't fortuitous; I had usually made a reconnaissance beforehand in my jeep. Often, the grass was in a graveyard; in that part of China, every last square inch of good land, except for the cemeteries, was given over to rice and vegetables. Sometimes, a few native horses or mules would be grazing amid the tombs, and our mules would gang up on them and, by weight of superior numbers, chase them away; once, the mules ran down and nearly killed a mare and foal. As soon as the mules were in possession, they would start rolling on their backs. Mules like to roll on grass, though, I think, they prefer sand or gravel; in Burma, one day, I had driven some footsore mules

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onto a gravel island in a stream, where they could take turns rolling on it and standing in the water, and this had plainly been Heaven to them. They roll for the scratching, I think, and they are most apt to do it the moment their packs are taken off. After our mules had finished their rolling, they would graze until suppertime, while some of us sat like cowherds and watched them. The cooks and the blacksmiths, busiest when everybody else was resting, spent this time working over their stoves and forges. Before supper, five or six men would string up the picket line—a good length of strong rope, anchored to trees, if some could be found, or, if not, to posts or to the trucks. In most of the graveyards there were old tombs with swooping roofs; stone monsters ornamented them, weeds and bushes were growing around them, and skulls and bones were lying here and there. After supper, the men would suspend their hammocks from the tombs and hang the skulls up for decoration. Such matters would keep us busy till dark, and then we would tether the mules to the picket line and turn in.

In the morning, we would break camp quickly. It was pointless to hold roll calls or to draw up morning reports, and so we never really knew our strength. If a man had a mind to drop out, or if he took sick, he would quietly hitch a ride on to Kunming, or scout about for a field hospital. We were not regulation in any way. The route-order, or Wild West, spirit was strongest in the second serial, for it had more than its share of former cowboys and mule skinners, and they diverted themselves by shooting crows with carbines or .45s, and, if their bragging could be believed, eating them. The first serial, which, of course, had the special job of breaking trail, was led by a chief warrant officer, John Blackburn, of Roaring River, North Carolina—a pack-artillery veteran who had been a *cargador*, a horseshoer, a pack master, a stable sergeant, and a saddler, he knew all there was to know about mules and loads—and the third serial, which picked up stragglers and policed the camp sites, was commanded by Captain Bill Sausser, a rugged, self-reliant man whose civilian occupation had been cowpunching.

Sausser and I had commanded pack batteries in the same battalion, and since his style was Western and mine was Eastern, we had had to make allowances for each other, but we had got on well. Before we left Myitkyina, he had asked me if he could take a dozen mules and work a trade with some nearby unit for horses (quite a few soldiers had acquired horses in India and Burma by purchase, trade, or theft), and I had told him to go ahead, suggesting that he get a horse for me, too. He had brought me one to the Eastern, rather than the Western, taste—a lightweight brown Australian mare who looked like a thoroughbred. "I thought she was your kind," he said. "I thought you'd like her." I did. She was quiet and sensible, she had no bad habits, and she got along famously with the mules. Sausser couldn't see a good horse on the road without coveting it. When he saw one, Chinese or Western, he would engage the owner in conversation—using sign language if need be—and, as often as not, work a trade.

I spent half my time with the first serial, riding my mare, and the other half scouting ahead in the jeep. If there was a compelling reason, I might jeep back to the second and third serials, but I did this rarely. Every once in a while, we would come upon an especially grassy cemetery or meadow, where we could lie over for a few days, with all the serials bivouacked close together, grazing and shoeing, and I used such times to talk things over with the serial commanders and catch up on administration.

OUR nine hundred mules may have been one of the most precious herds in history, for each represented an outlay by the United States of perhaps three thousand dollars, for purchase, transport, training, feeding, and care, but, looking at them another way, I suppose they were worth nothing at all, for they had been classified in Burma as expendable and it was only by chance that they hadn't been expended. My own view was that they had worked their way and owed the government nothing. As for their disposition, all I can say is they were mules. Mules have their own personalities, but, like soldiers, they fall into several broad types. Some of ours, like some soldiers, went about their work without any fuss; they stood quietly while they were being loaded, and marched quietly all day. Others were forever kicking and bucking and getting out of line. And still others kept formation but constantly nipped at and otherwise pestered the mules in front of them. Mules, of course, are the product of the union of jackasses and mares (the animal called the hinny, the offspring of a stallion and a she-ass, is rare), and they inherit many characteristics of the horse, but they have tougher feet and hardier constitutions, they are surer-footed, and they quit when exhausted, as some horses do not—a trait that can save mules from being worked to death. Like most people who are used to horses, I had a prejudice against mules when I joined the pack artillery, but in the tough Burma going I quickly got over it. Mules may not be built for speed, but they can do prodigious things. I have seen them climb rocks that I couldn't negotiate on all fours. I have seen them topple into gorges and disappear far below, turning over and over, a tangle of legs, ears, and load, and later, at the bottom, I have found some of them on their feet, placidly grazing. (Not all of them, needless to say; I have found some with their necks or backs broken.) As long as they are not upset by the terrain or the weather, their silence on the move can be striking. Once, on a night exercise in the Rockies when my outfit was in training, we had to move a battery an hour's march on a sandy road; I was at the head of the column, which included eighty mules, fully loaded, and except for a rare cough, or the rattle of some metal part, I couldn't have told that they were behind me without turning around and looking. When mules are tethered, they do make some noise—a deep, nasal bray, or a guttural chuckle, or, if they have to undergo some hardship, like doing without water, an outright yell. Mules have great curiosity about horses and love them with an infatuation hard to explain. They can be led by a horse—particularly if the horse is belled—as sheep are led by a Judas goat. The Army belief is that mules are most responsive to white mares, and I've heard that years ago practically every pack battery used to have a white bell

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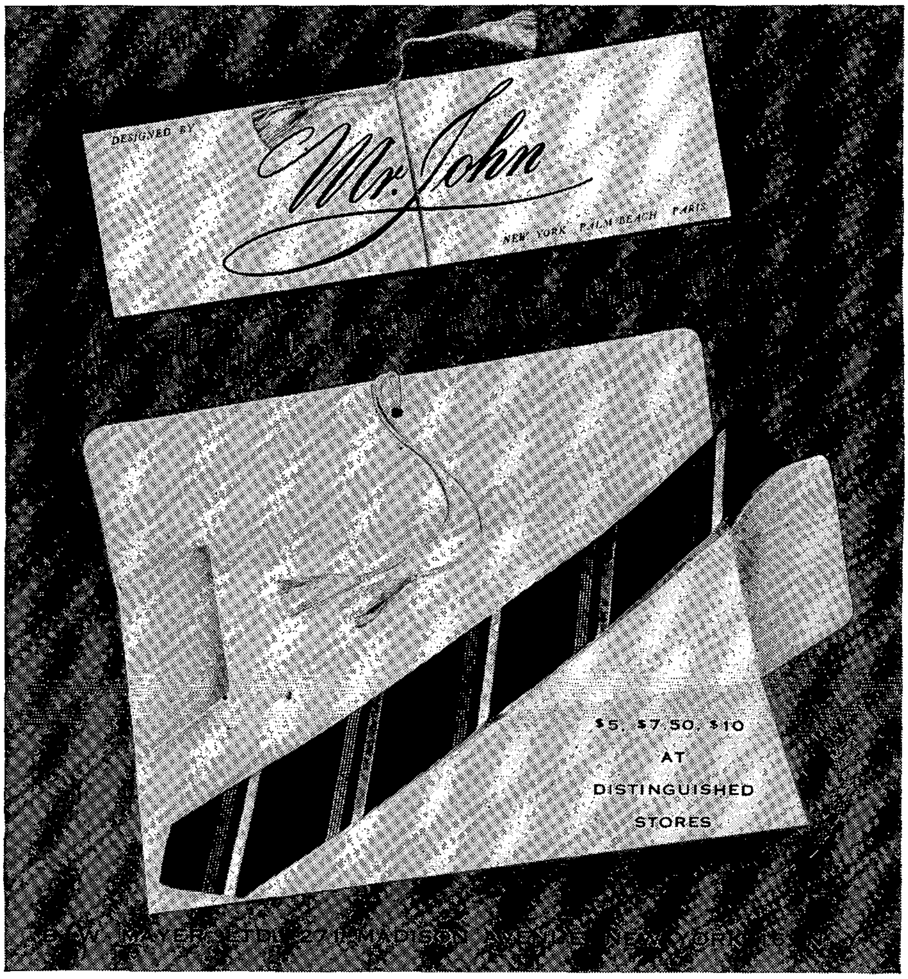

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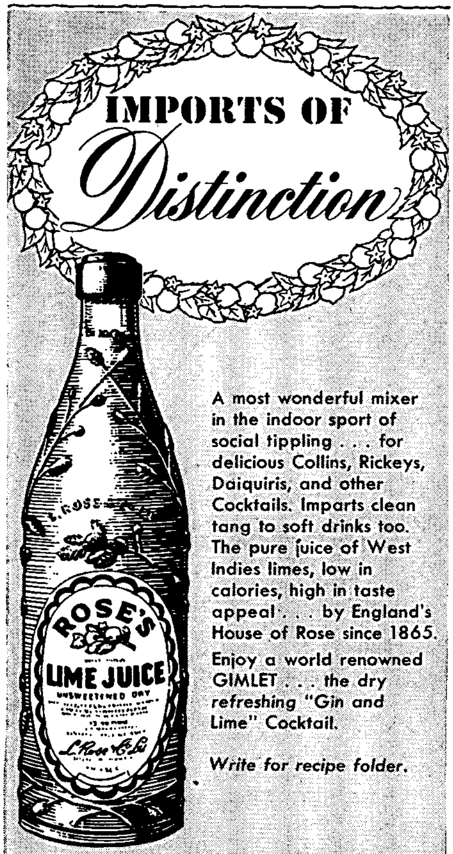

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mare. We didn't have one, but we found that a belled horse of either sex and any color would do—and, indeed, that once the mules had grown accustomed to the bell, a belled mule would do, too.

A month out of Myitkyina, the mules began tiring. Many of them lagged, and we had to detail men to round them up, which put us far behind schedule. As time went on, the animals got worse, until at last one of our veterinarians—a hardboiled man, as many old-time Army vets are—had five of them shot. He couldn't figure out what was wrong, and neither could I. Our ordinary day's march wasn't too long—the longest we ever made was twenty-four miles, the shortest was seven, and the average, not counting in layovers, was sixteen—and finally I decided it must be the pace, so I gave orders that no serial should go faster than five kilometres, or a trifle over three miles, an hour. (It was easy enough to keep this pace, because there were, as in France, numbered posts at intervals of a kilometre along the roadside.) A serial could either move faster than the prescribed rate, and stop every five kilometres until an hour had run out, or, better still, it could stop for a quarter of an hour whenever it came across a patch of grass, and catch up later. The mules began regaining their strength at once. They loved to graze whenever the occasion offered, and after they had eaten what there was to eat, they would line up again without being prodded. They liked to rest at odd moments, too, and in Burma I had seen mules, carrying heavy packs, lie down for ten minutes, and then, with very little persuasion, get back into line. Mules are adaptable.

A Chinese interpreter and guide had been assigned us in Myitkyina—a tiny Chinese major named Ping, who was enthusiastic and quite helpful, considering that he was neither fluent in English nor familiar with this frontier country. Glad as I was to have him, I had felt we could use some supplementary talent, particularly guides, since our need of translation was small. Before leaving Myitkyina, I had made a reconnaissance toward the border, in the course of which I saw a number of Chinese pack trains, of five, ten, or twenty little mules, owned and led by civilian grooms, or *ma-fu*. I had asked Major Ping about the chances of getting some *ma-fu* to help us out, and he had recruited three, one for each serial. We had trouble conversing with these men, but they were useful, for example, in pointing out

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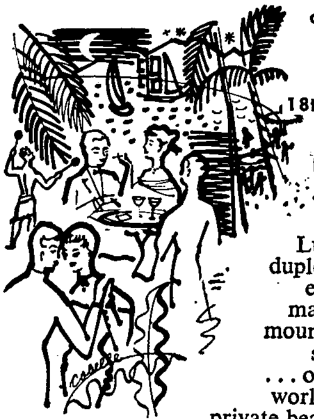

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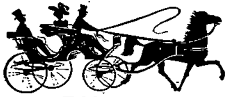

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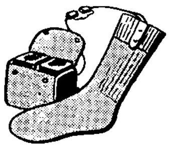

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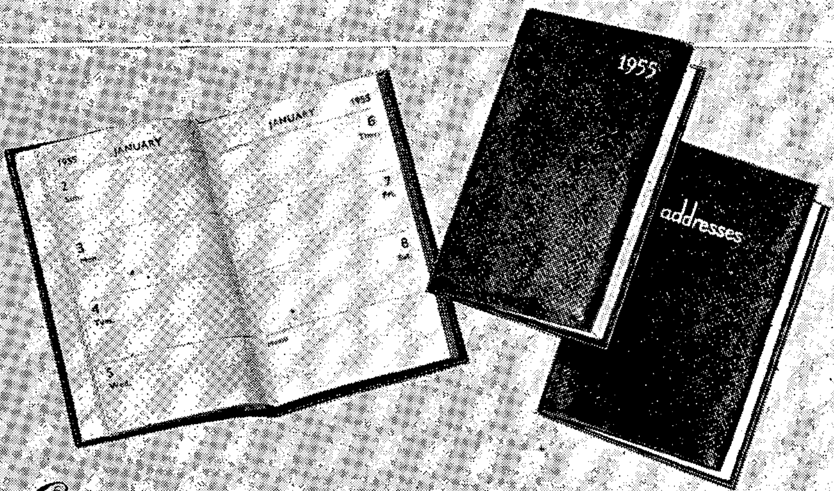
short cuts—safe, if rocky, paths across the bases of hairpin turns in the road. Their only fault was that they had little idea of the abilities of our mules, for the animals they were used to were only a trifle bigger than Shetland ponies, wore no shoes, and were not ridden but led by the *ma-fu* on foot. One morning, the first serial crossed a pass and stood at the head of a valley, directly above a village; it was so near that we could have hit it with a stone, but the road made such enormous hairpins that it looked a full day's march away. The *ma-fu* pointed out a short cut, however, and we decided to take it, though it was a long flight of stone steps with a gorge on one side and appeared pretty risky. They say that Marco Polo followed this route in the thirteenth century, and I'm sure the steps must have been there then; ponies and people had worn deep tracks in the stone. After a bit, it became plain that the steps were dangerously slippery for the mules, with their smooth shoes, and dangerously narrow as well. We all dismounted. I knew I had made a mistake, but it would have been more perilous to go back than to keep on, and we sweated it out. I sent back word for the rear men to pick up all the shoes that dropped off along the way, and they collected sixty-six. It was just luck that there were no other casualties, and I swore never again to put Western mules to such a test.

Major Ping's principal duty was to help us draw supplies from the Chinese Nationalist Army, which had depots along the Road, usually in old temples, where we were supposed to collect provender—mostly horse beans, which are like thick dried Limas. They were also supposed to give us salt, but salt was as precious as gold in that part of the country and we got very little. As a matter of fact, horse beans, too, were considered precious by the Chinese. We found that we could trade them for vegetables, laundry service, and other needs, and when we broke camp, the Chinese would hunt for beans that the mules might have ground into the earth. This was a poor part of China, and often we came upon dead, or nearly dead, beggars. It is doubtful whether the standard of living for human beings there was up to that for our mules; we met Chinese troops on the road carrying not only their packs but bags of rice on shoulder poles, and they seemed more heavily loaded than our mules had ever been.

As for the mules, they clacked noncommittally through Chinese towns, in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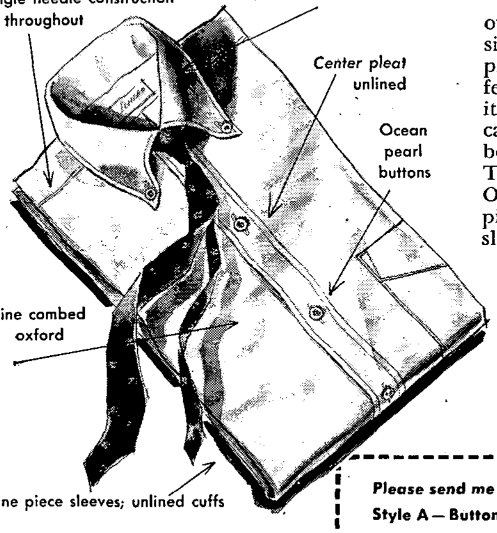
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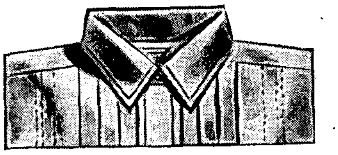

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the West Gate, out the East Gate, sometimes poking their noses into the shops in between. On July 16th, we reached Tsuyung—the last big town before Kunming, which was a hundred and twenty miles away—and there we found an American Ordnance truck-repair station, a fuel dump, and a stockpile of parts. From that moment on, our logistic problems were over. On most of the old cavalry marches, men moved farther and farther from their bases, and hence became poorer, but we were, in a sense, moving closer and closer to ours, and were becoming richer. From Tsuyung, in fact, it was possible to jeep to Kunming in a day, and that gave us a comfortable, civilized feeling. The first serial camped in Tsuyung for three days, and then moved on, leaving the town to the two other serials. The third was never to get any farther.

It took the first serial ten days, travelling in easy stages, to cover the last stretch. On the ninth evening, we camped in a suburb three miles west of Kunming—a new section, with modernistic stucco houses, where we had trouble finding a camp site—and the next morning we entered the city, by the West Gate. The city wall, of brownish-gray stone, loomed high and solid, and Kunming was much bigger than any of the towns we had come through. As we rode down the main street, thousands of Chinese gaped at our mules. We went on out through the East Gate, and, a few miles the other side of town, reached our destination—the Field Artillery Training Center, where American officers were equipping and training Chinese artillery units. I lost no time in signing the mules over to the Americans, who told me that the herd would be transferred to the Chinese for use on the eastern front. But there were floods in the east, and for the time being my mules were to be held at the F.A.T.C., while the second and third serials were to stay where they were—the second in good grazing country about thirty miles west of Kunming, and the third back at Tsuyung. I took up residence at the Training Center and often saw the first-serial mules on the parade grounds, where they were reshod and put through veterinary "processing." A strange disease appeared among them, killing a few and weakening quite a number, but on the whole they looked well. Some of the numerous colonels at the Training Center praised their appearance, and I was proud. On the road, we had lost only twenty-seven mules,

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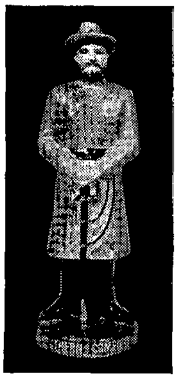
or three per cent, and everyone agreed that, under the circumstances, this was a low figure.

THE Training Center had a fine group of buildings, collectively known as Hostel 9, that had been put up by the Chinese to house American officers, and I began enjoying novelties like showers, electric lights, and tablecloths. Many of my old comrades in Burma were there, having come on to China for liaison work, and reunions took up most of my time. My duties weren't heavy. The men of the first serial, like the mules, had been reassigned to the F.A.T.C., and although I was still technically in command of the second and third serials, they could take care of themselves very well. I often jeeped out to see them, and sometimes spent the night with the third, which had acquired some pyramidal tents and pitched them in a comfortable spot just off the Tsuyung airstrip. Captain Sausser had been trading diligently, and now he was in possession of a phonograph, some Western records, and a roan horse, which was hobbled, Western style, outside his tent. Cowboy songs issued from that tent day and night, and "Strawberry Roan" was the usual choice. Sausser had certainly contrived a harmonious world for himself.

During the next few weeks, life was uneventful for all of us. But then the mysterious ailment broke out among the mules in the second and third serials, and it rapidly got worse in all three. It was eventually diagnosed as surra, a tropical blood disease that some of the veterinary colonels had encountered years before in the Philippines. We heard that some sort of serum for it was being developed in the States, and the vets radioed to see if they could get some by air. While we waited for an answer,



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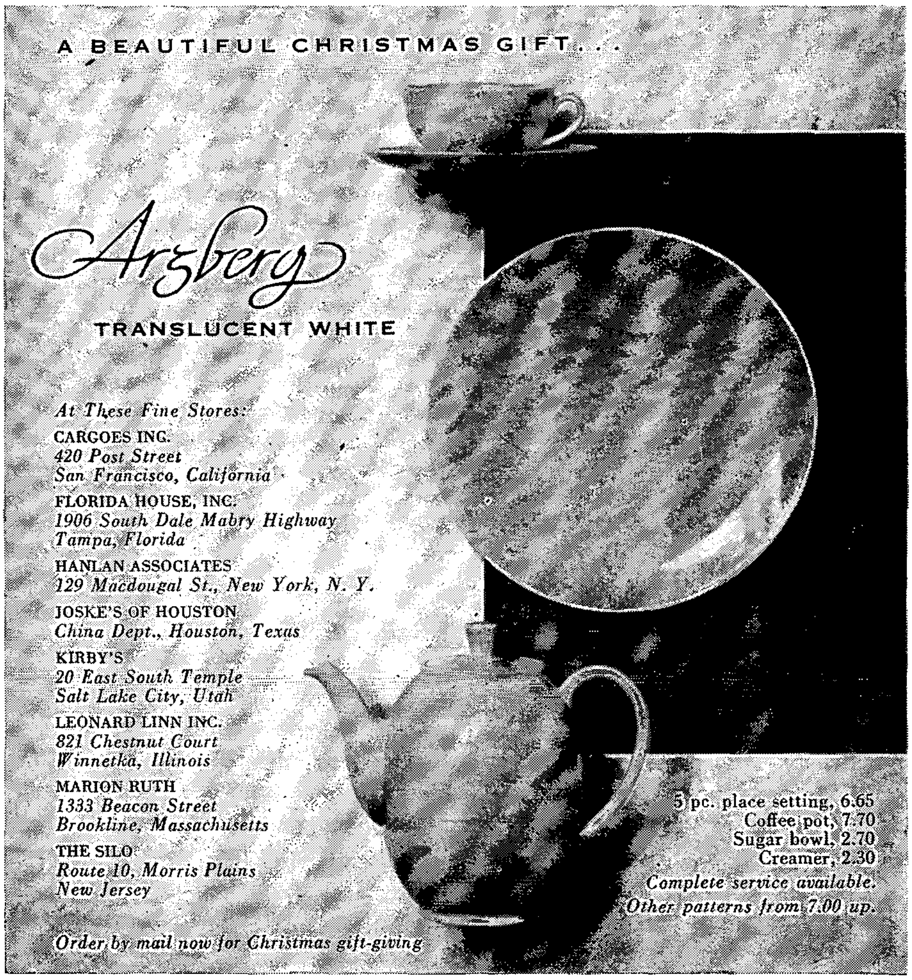

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the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, and we began to feel that the war was over, and so was any use we or the mules might be in it. V-J Day came and went with no answer about the serum, and on August 20th the vets decided to shoot all the infected mules in the first serial and to give all the uninfected ones to the Chinese at once. The aim was to keep the disease from spreading to native mules and horses, for the vets feared that any microbe powerful enough to kill our big, well-cared-for mules would go through the Chinese stock like wildfire.

Ultimately, word came from home that no serum could be sent. It was hard to test the mules in the second and third serials for infection, and to isolate those who were infected, for they were far from the F.A.T.C. and its vet hospital, and an argument arose whether the mules in those serials should be wiped out. The decision was not up to me, of course; it was up to the veterinarians. I knew what they were thinking, though, and I concurred when they passed a death sentence early in September. I wasn't sorry, really, and, as far as I could tell, neither were my colleagues, in spite of the pains we had taken to bring the mules through. Most of us were now convinced that, well or ill, our mules were not made for Chinese life. Forcing them to fit into it, we believed, might be worse for them than a humane death.

The sentence was carried out by men of our own party, and it was a hard job, because the dead had to be buried at once. I went to various headquarters in Kunming in search of a couple of steam shovels to dig the graves, but this time the colonels, their imaginations perhaps dulled by peace, couldn't visualize what I was up against, and turned me down. I wondered how long it would take a hundred men—all I had left now—to bury six hundred mules. I also wondered how many of the hundred would be assigned home before the task was done. And I wondered where to get a hundred shovels. But then some of the men, riding in the hills above the second serial's encampment, found several deep gullies—a common thing in China, owing to deforestation and erosion. Each gully, we figured, would hold a few dozen carcasses. Then we looked for, and found, some gullies in the hills near Tsuyung. So I stopped asking for bulldozers and settled for a store of dynamite, and a bewildered young lieutenant and a sergeant from the Engineers. We herded the mules to the edge of the gullies, and there crews of four or

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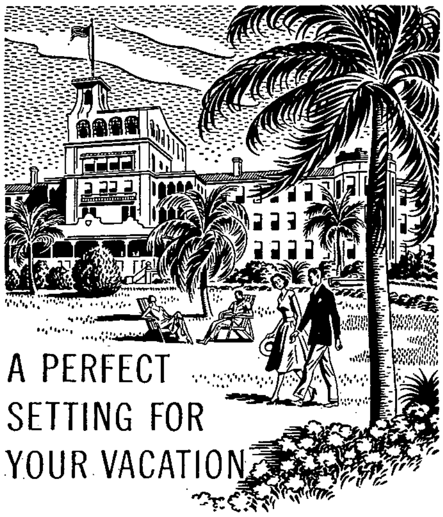

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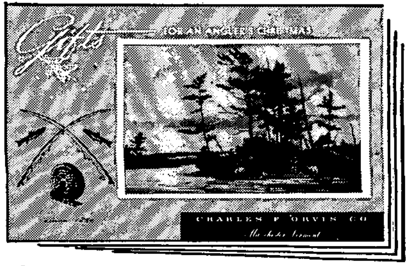

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five men, armed with .45s or carbines, shot them, and pushed them in. Then the Engineers blew the sides down over them. I don't know what the Chinese made of this. They may have thought that we barbarians were offering a mammoth sacrifice to celebrate the end of the war. At any rate, they didn't go along with it. As soon as the dirt stopped falling, peasants went to work digging the mules out so they could eat the meat. At Tsuyung, a Chinese general, who thought the mules were already Chinese property, ordered Sausser not to kill them, but he was quickly overruled by higher authority.

After the death of the mules, we went our ways, most of us to be attached to the Chinese artillery for a while and then sent home. I lingered in Kunming for a month—long enough to see Sausser move into Hostel 9 and hobble his strawberry roan in a well-kept front yard. The strains of "Strawberry Roan" floated out through his window at all hours. As for the few mules who survived the holocaust, I don't know their fate. A friend of mine has told me that in 1947 he saw American mules with the Chinese Nationalist Army in Manchuria, more than fifteen hundred miles from Kunming. If these were ours, which is doubtful, their fate will sooner or later be that of their brothers—death in a strange land, with the obscure distinction of being the farthest-ranging, and perhaps the last, world travellers of their species.

—JOHN A. RAND

•

He had been meditating a book for more than two years, but had been at a loss for a subject.—*From "The Smith of Smiths," by Hesketh Pearson.*

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A. These little camels from Peru produce the finest fleece in the world. A single vicuna hair is less than one-half the diameter of the finest fleeces from sheep.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.*

Next question.

•

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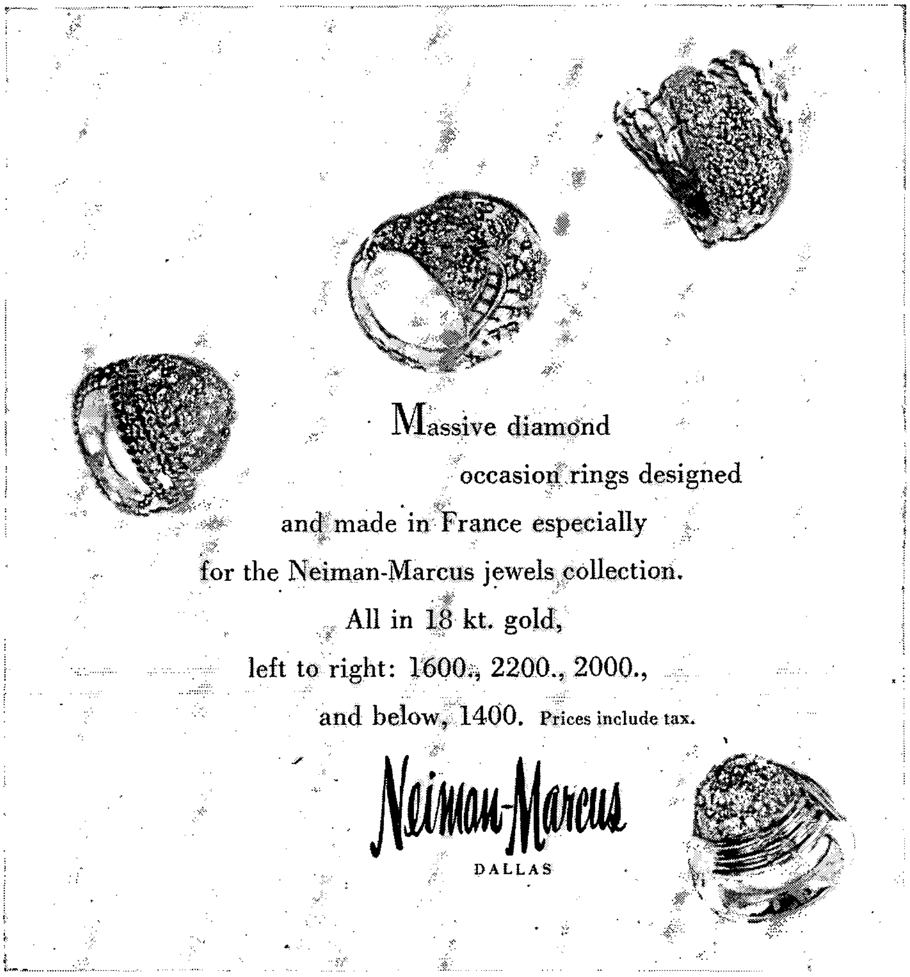

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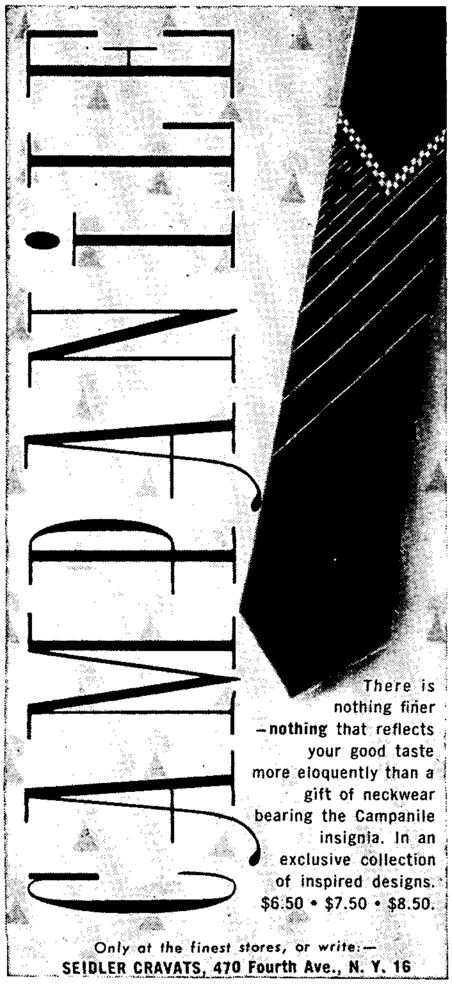
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THE INTERVIEW

WHEN, late in October, Mrs. Hadley's oldest son, John, came home and told her that the assistant principal of his school wanted to have a talk with her at three the following Tuesday afternoon, she could hardly say she was surprised. Since John had started in at this new school, he had on frequent occasions explained to his father and mother how favorably his reading ability compared with that of the other children in the second grade. "You know, I'm such a good reader the teacher can't do a thing with me," he'd said to them on his way to bed only the evening before. Mrs. Hadley had had difficulty keeping a sober face. "You know perfectly well some children just have an easier time learning to read than others do," she had said. "It doesn't mean anything. Don't be a smug little kid," she'd added as she shooed him up the stairs.

Nevertheless, when Tuesday afternoon rolled around, Mrs. Hadley, adjusting her hat in front of the hall mirror, realized that her own expression was embarrassingly complacent, and put on a stern frown, which she was still wearing as she set off down Madison Avenue toward the school. Along the way, she kept reminding herself that it was no wonder John was an intelligent boy—with his father *magna cum laude*, and all. And, for that matter, she herself had been nobody's idiot child at Vassar. Still, it worked out otherwise sometimes, she thought as she came to a crossing, and after the traffic light changed, she paused a moment in silent sympathy for those other parents. What was most satisfactory about the whole thing, she decided, walking on, was that the school had noticed at once. It was a big public school, where the teachers had nearly a thousand children to keep track of, yet John's special ability hadn't escaped their attention. She couldn't help feeling pleased with them.

Just after Mrs. Hadley started up the walk in front of the wide, red-brick school building, the closing bell rang, and a minute later the entire enrollment seemed to be trying to push through the double doorway and down the steps at one time. Swept to one side, she barely avoided being trampled, and it wasn't until the walk cleared that she caught sight of John, standing in the crowd around an ice cream man's cart at the corner of the block. She walked over to him. As usually happened when she came upon him in an unaccustomed place, among strangers, Mrs. Hadley was impressed by what a handsome child he was, and, as usual, she dutifully asked herself an instant later whether any parent ever knew that his child *wasn't* attractive. After a mutually reserved greeting, she bought John a pistachio Frostsicle, which he accepted as his due. They had agreed that morning at breakfast that he would wait for her outside the school during the interview, and then they would walk home together. They went back to the building, and she left him sitting on the steps, his head bent over a comic book of the type that—she was happy to observe—was not on the family Index. He didn't seem worried about her errand, and it occurred to her as she went on up the steps that she herself had always been terribly nervous when her mother was called, without explanation, to a principal's office. Lack of security, she thought. And, pushing open the door, she banished a complacent smile over the kind of boy she and her husband were raising.

MRS. HADLEY had been in the building only once before—early in September, when she brought John to be registered—but she remembered where the principal's office was, and when she reached the big outer room, she even recognized behind one desk the face of the woman who had been introduced to her as Miss Carey, the assistant principal. She was a small, silver-haired woman with a long, narrow face and myopic brown eyes. Her ruffled white blouse was remarkably clean considering the time of day. Mrs. Hadley went up to her and introduced herself. "My boy is in Miss Johnson's class," she said. "There seems to be . . ." She hesitated, for fear of putting it wrong and sounding fatuous.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Carey. She glanced through a pile of white cards on her desk and selected one of them as Mrs. Hadley sat down in the armchair beside her. "Your boy went to a private school last year, didn't he?" she said then, in what sounded almost like an accusing tone.

"That's right. You see, we just moved to this neighborhood," Mrs. Hadley said defensively. "When we lived in the Village—"

"Well, you know how these private schools are. A good many of them don't believe in teaching children to read in the first grade," Miss Carey said.

The more progressive schools, she means, thought Mrs. Hadley, seeing how this could be a terrible nuisance to

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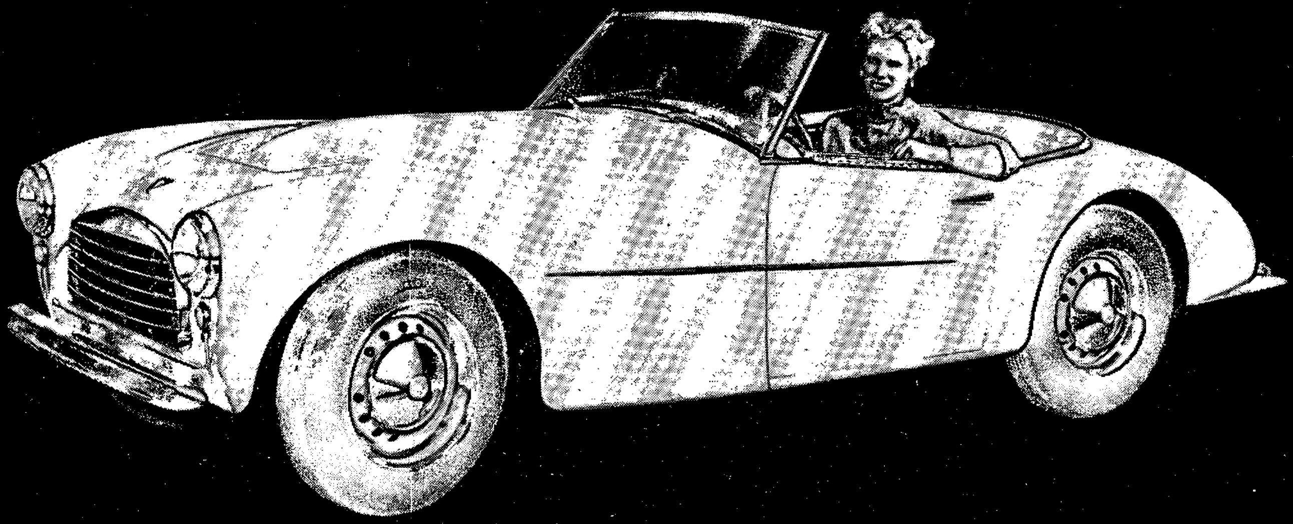

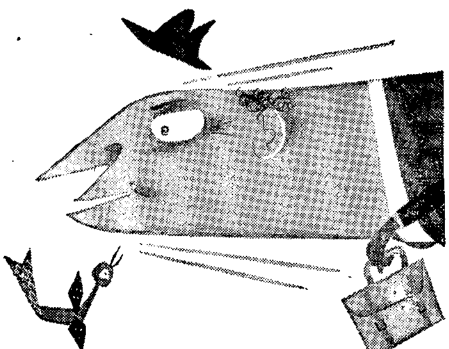

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the teachers when children transferred. She saw an ashtray on the desk and, not thinking to offer Miss Carey a cigarette, she lit one herself, bringing her attention back to the conversation barely in time to realize that the other woman was having to repeat something to her.

"I said I don't know whether that is the explanation, but the fact is we're having a bit of trouble with your boy. He just doesn't read at all."

"Doesn't *read!*" said Mrs. Hadley, grasping at both chair arms. "Why, he reads all the time!"

"Oh, I'm afraid not. So many mothers tell me that." Miss Carey sighed; whether the sigh was for the mothers or for herself, who had to cope with them, Mrs. Hadley couldn't tell. "We've tested him, you know," Miss Carey said. "And, of course, his teacher noticed right away. He's almost a year behind the other children. Now, it's nothing to worry about," she went on, watching Mrs. Hadley's face. "We're setting up a special class for these children. All you have to do is explain it to him—"

"But he *does* read," said Mrs. Hadley, her mind in such confusion that she was unable, for the moment, to think of a really scholarly instance. "He embarrasses us he reads so well. He reads the laxative ads aloud on the subway. And last week his grandmother was in town for a meeting of the W.C.T.U. and he went and got a bottle of bourbon and read the entire label to her." She saw the assistant principal smiling slightly, dismissing the story with a shake of her head. "I mean even the fine print," said Mrs. Hadley, trying to be firm with her.

"Some children are remarkably clever in these matters," Miss Carey said patiently, beginning to move the papers around on her desk impatiently. "I've seen it happen so often. Perhaps someone once read him the label and he memorized it. I would imagine you and your husband are both educated people and do a certain amount of reading." She acknowledged the guilty expression on Mrs. Hadley's face with another slight smile and continued relentlessly, "He knows that you will be pleased with him if he reads well. Therefore he pretends that he can read well. I suppose you're going to tell me that he always has his nose in a book?"

"All the time!" said Mrs. Hadley. "We've even worried—"

"Usually a comic book, I imagine," said the assistant principal. "Pictures." She lifted her small white hands, palms upward, expressively. Her eyes, meeting

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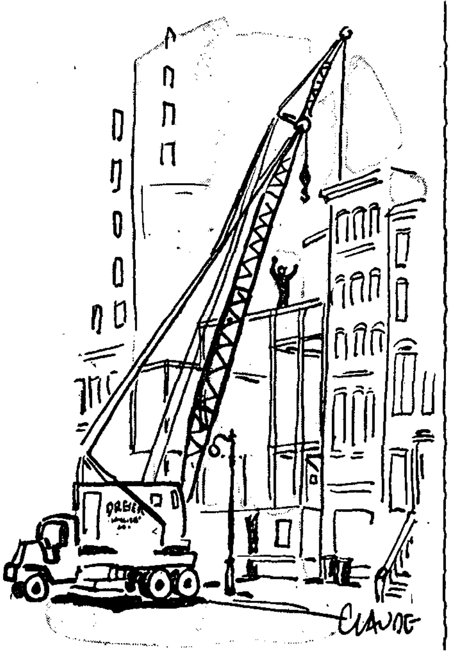
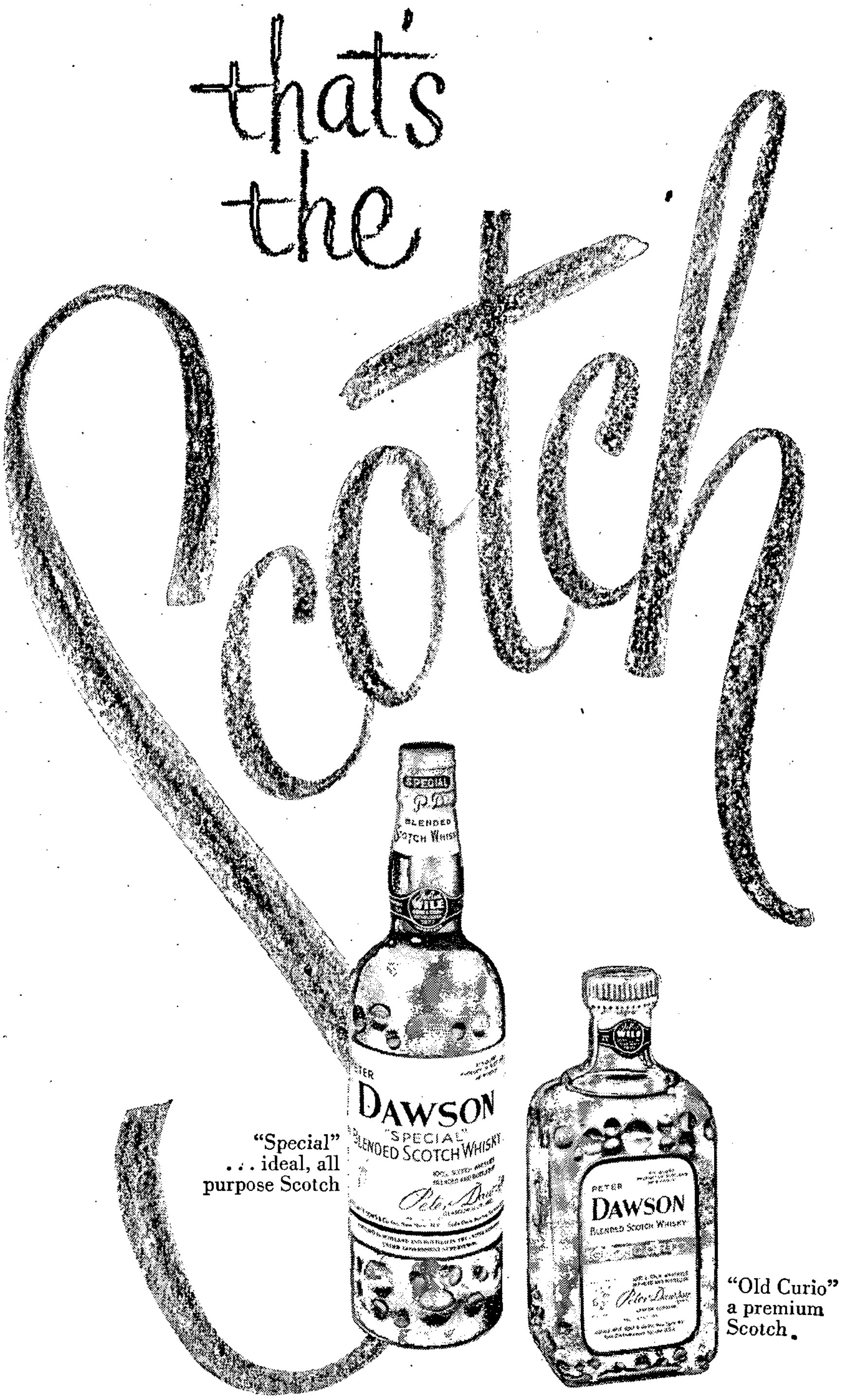
Mrs. Hadley's, were wonderfully kind and reassuring.

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Hadley. It must be true, she thought. It *was* true—the school would know. And as the other woman's voice went on at a distance, comforting her with a description of the special therapeutic class her boy would join, she thought back over the last month. I'll never be able to believe anything he says again, she thought. From now on, I'll always have to wonder what really happened, what's really going on in his head. You think you know all about them, and you don't know anything, she told herself, and they know nothing about you. Where had he got the ludicrous idea that the only way to make them proud, to make himself important to them, was to be smart in school? From our blasted overintellectualism, that's where, she thought, jabbing out her cigarette. At night, when they had thought of him as asleep, dreaming of the Lone Ranger, in the cluttered back room upstairs, he must instead have been lying there, terribly small, terribly intent, laying schemes to fool them again the next day. But we should have been able to tell, she thought. Preoccupied with the younger children, we must not have been paying attention. The dethroned first child . . . this and other favorite phrases of their friends who were being psychoanalyzed came tumbling into her head. How cavalier she and her husband had been about it all! But her friends were right, she thought. They win. What seems to be a happy family can turn out, instead, to be a houseful of strangers—blind and cruel, confused, sly, miserable. She realized that by now





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John, crouched out there on the steps, must know that she had learned the truth. How he must dread seeing me, she thought. Long after he grows up and understands how irrelevant school and report cards and scholarly achievements really are, he'll be unable to forgive me this moment. "Poor little boy," she said to herself, half aloud. "Poor little boy." She felt tears come to her eyes, and saw the assistant principal turn away from her in sympathy, or perhaps to sneak a look at her watch.

"My dear, you mustn't take it so hard," said Miss Carey. "We'll work it out. All I ask you to do is prepare Howard for the change."

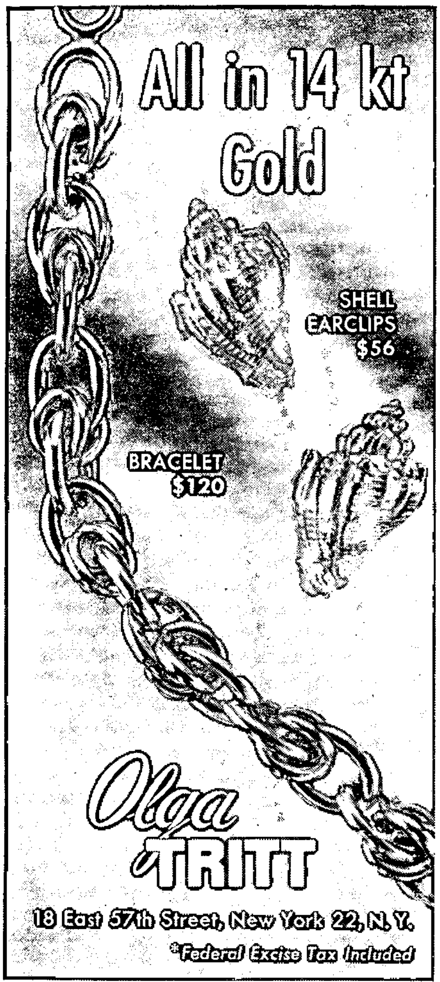
"All right," said Mrs. Hadley. Blinking, she began to gather up her pocketbook, her gloves, her cigarettes, her matches. "Howard?" she said. "Howard who?"

"Why . . ." Miss Carey picked up the card directly in front of her. "Why . . ." She stared at Mrs. Hadley for a while. "Oh, my God," she said then. "What did you tell me your name was?"

From then on, the interview was conducted in low, hurried voices, with both women looking around the room, down at their hands, up at the sprinkler system—anywhere but at each other. It had all been a mistake. Some other name. Some other child. John was to go into a special class of children who read too *well* for their group. Miss Carey couldn't have been sorrier over the error. Mrs. Hadley couldn't have been more reassuring. Now that it was straightened out, nothing could be of less importance, she kept saying. Eventually, she smiled, inclined her head, and took her leave.

OUTSIDE, Mrs. Hadley found that John had abandoned his comic book and was on the sidewalk, shinnying up the pole of a "No Parking" sign, from which he waved his free arm at her in triumph. Walking over to him, she thought she had never seen a face more inscrutable or more vulnerable. When he slid to the ground, they both saw that he had got grease all over his new corduroy pants. He looked at her nervously, but she set off for home without saying a word. For the next two blocks, he told her the plot of a Western movie he had seen the previous Saturday, and then for half a block he was quiet—frowning and looking rather sad.

"Darling, what is it?" said his mother. She stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and put both hands on his shoulders, turning him toward



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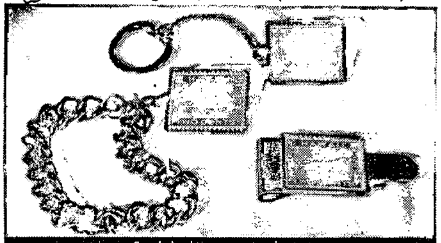

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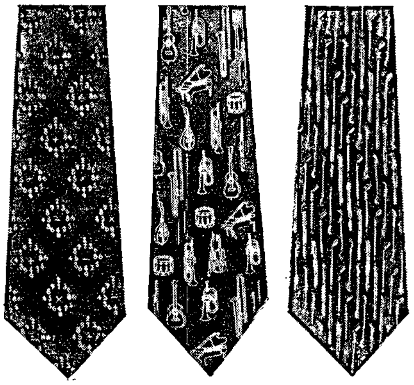

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her. "What's worrying you, John? Can't I help?"

"I was just thinking," he said. "It certainly is too bad I had that pistachio Frostsicle when I did, because I certainly could use another one right now."

She didn't answer him, but at the next drugstore she bought him one, and when, in a routine way, he asked for a large chromium-plated cap pistol he saw on display, she bought him that, too. In his astonishment, he left it on the counter and had to go back for it. As they walked on again, she noticed that he didn't concentrate on his Frostsicle, letting it melt too much between licks. Instead, he kept leaning forward, staring sidewise at his mother. For days afterward, she could still see the confusion and relief in his face when, as they turned down their own street, she suddenly stopped and, leaning up against a building, began to laugh.

—Andy Logan

•

INTERIOR: FIVE O'CLOCK

Cinq heures. Madame est fatiguée.
Reclined on a Récamier
divan that, mirrorwise, confronts
another's formal elegance,
she sees, through slowly closing eyes,
acanthus scrolls of fire rise,
and Watteau colors decorate
the windowpanes, while intricate
Debussy preludes filigree
a luminous calligraphy.

The temporal threads of things unwind;
the day runs down; the sun, declined,
divests of mauves the glass, the walls;
the figured fire fades and falls;
Ravel's "Pavane," unravelling,
the muted rug, a cup's white ring,
a table's oval blur, converge;
the shadows and the sofas merge;
with measured step a gilt clock keeps
the track of time; the lady sleeps.

—Dorothy Donnelly

•

Place: Brass Rail Restaurant

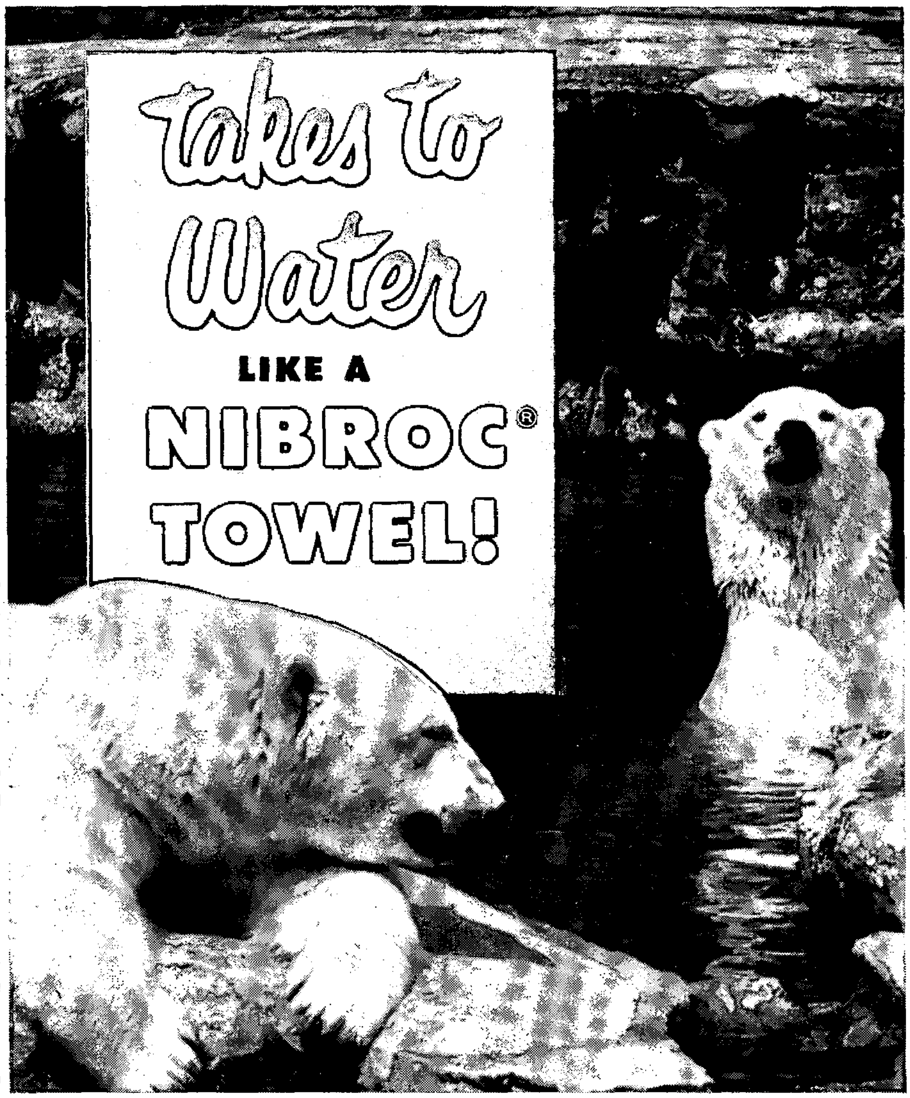
We are pleased to announce that Dr. Seldon D. Bacon, Director of the Yale University Center of Alcohol Studies, will be the guest speaker at our October meeting.

As Director of the Center of Alcohol Studies, he is responsible for research and training—working with business and industry to assist them in establishing programs with respect to the control and correction of alcoholism.

Cocktails: 5:30 P.M.

—*Notice from the New York Personnel Management Association.*

Research?



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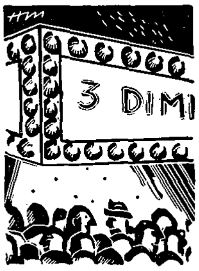

IN "The Heart of the Matter," an English movie based on a novel by Graham Greene (whose name seems to be showing up on marquees all over the place these days), we are asked to believe that a religious and righteous man in his middle years alters the pattern of a lifetime and proceeds to violate the code of his society and the canons of his church. The circumstances that compel him to abandon all his old rules of behavior are not overwhelming. The man, a deputy police commissioner in the West African city of Freetown, in 1942, is oppressed by the fact that he has been passed over for promotion, and saddened by the realization that his wife has developed a hysterical hatred of her surroundings. He is further troubled by memories of a daughter, an only child, who has died some years before. Although up to this point he has been an unwavering pillar of his small community, these melancholy reflections suddenly induce him to indulge in everything from bribetaking to adultery. His conduct is rationalized by the film's reiterated suggestion that he is full of pity and abhors the thought of causing pain. Thus, he takes bribes in order to send his wife on a holiday in southern Africa, and persists in carrying on an affair with a young woman (she has landed in Freetown as a consequence of a U-boat sinking) not only because he loves her but because he feels that she will suffer a hurt too fierce to tolerate if he leaves her. Since he is a faithful Roman Catholic, there is no way out for him in divorce, but even if there were, his determination to provoke no pain in another would probably prevent him from dissolving his marriage. Obviously, the motivations of the hero of "The Heart of the Matter" are based on good intentions, but so precipitous a crumbling of a man of integrity and rectitude is hard to credit, and the inevitability of his doom is quite apparent early in the proceedings.

From this preamble, you'd be justified in thinking that my opinion of "The Heart of the Matter" is low. But that's not true. For all its difficulty in making sense out of its central character, it moves along at a lively melodramatic clip, and Trevor Howard, who plays the deputy police commissioner, is so persuasive that in the excitement of watching him doing something we often forget to wonder why he is doing it. Throughout the picture, the dialogue is convincing, and as the wife and the mistress of Mr. Howard, Elizabeth Allan and Maria Schell, respectively, draw sharp portraits of women caught up in an unfortunate emotional tangle. The film was made in Africa, and there are several glimpses of the natives at work and play, but the locale really doesn't mean too much, since the problem presented is one that might just as well be posed in a Sussex vicarage. I'm glad to report that a priest turns up in the picture who is not quaint, impish, or arch. This one, played by Peter Finch, is a hard-working cleric, sweating it out with the sinners under his spiritual guidance.

"DÉSIRÉE" consists of several yards of romantic fluff that has to do with Napoleon's yearning for a young lady from Marseille, whom he lets get away because he wants to become Napoleon. There's a lot of colorful stuff on view—palace fêtes, lovely gardens, and so on—but the plot is practically invisible. At any rate, all that happens is that Napoleon keeps running into Désirée at various moments in his career, and winds up surrendering his sword to her after Waterloo, when she informs him that if he doesn't quit fighting, the Allies will sack Paris. Marlon Brando, employing a fine English accent, for reasons best known to himself, is an upstanding Napoleon, and Jean Simmons, as Désirée, is alternately pensive and mischievous. She doesn't look as if she had a hand that might have swayed the rod of empire, though.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope*]

The apples had indeed quickly turned to ashes between her teeth! —*Page 55.*

The apples at her rich country-seat had quickly become ashes between her teeth. —*Page 57.*

And quite alone she was sitting one morning, counting up her misery, feeling that the apples were, in truth, ashes, when a servant came to her. —*Page 58.*

And it might be that God would be good to her . . . and that the flavor would come back to the apples, and that the ashes would cease to grate between her teeth. —*Page 70.*

All her apples hitherto had turned to ashes between her teeth. —*Page 161.*

INFORMATION OF VALUE TO ANYONE CONTEMPLATING A MOVE TO THE FAR WEST

[*From "The Land of Gold—Reality Versus Fiction," by Hinton R. Helper, 1855*]

In the preceding chapters it has been my purpose to impart such information as would lead my reader to a correct knowledge of the present condition of things in California, and to aid him in deciding whether he will emigrate to that country, or content himself in the Atlantic States. I have endeavored (in a very brief and feeble manner, it is true) to purge the films from his eyes, that he might see the country in its true light. I have told him of the distorted and exaggerated stories which have been circulated concerning it; of its barren soil, and unfavorable seasons; of the seeming incompleteness of nature, and the paucity of resources of employment therein; of its scanty productions, and dependence upon importations for all kinds of provisions and merchandise; of the expensiveness of living, and the extraordinary obstacles which lie in the way of prosecuting business with success; of the unprecedented number of mishaps and accidents, and the losses and perils to be apprehended from fire and water; of the lack of scenery, and the disagreeable consequences of the weather; of the inefficiency of the laws, and the anarchical state of society; of the breaches of faith between man and wife—of the almost utter disregard of the marriage relation, and the unexampled debauchery and lewdness of the community; of the contrariety of opinions which prevail, and the continual disputes and disturbances which arise in consequence of the heterogeneousness of the population; of the servile employments to which learned and professional men have to resort for the means of subsistence, and the thousands of penniless vagabonds who wander about in misery and dejection; of the dissipated and desperate habits of the people, and the astounding number of suicides and murders; of the incessant brawls and tumults, and the popularity of dueling; of the arbitrary doings of mobs, and the supremacy of lynch-law; of the general practice of carrying deadly weapons, and the contempt that is shown for human life; of the great difficulty of securing reliable titles to landed property, and the fatal rencounters with the squatters; of the bacchanalian riots by day, and the saturnalian revels at night; of the perfidy and delinquency of public functionaries, and the impossibility of electing an honest man to office; of the sophistication of provisions, and the filthy fare in hotels and restaurants; of the untrustworthy character of business men, and the frauds and stratagems practiced in almost every transaction; of the contemning of religious sentiments, and the desecration of the Sabbath; of the incendiaries in the cities, and the banditti in the mountains; of the alarming depravity of the adolescent generation—of the abominable dissoluteness of many of the women—the infamous vices of the men, and the flagitious crimes against nature. I have spoken freely of all these things; and now what else shall I say? Is it necessary that I should defile still more paper with these detestable truths? Can any one be still in a state of indecision about going to California?

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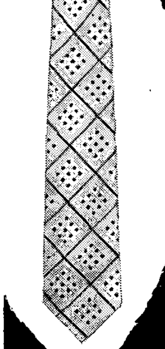

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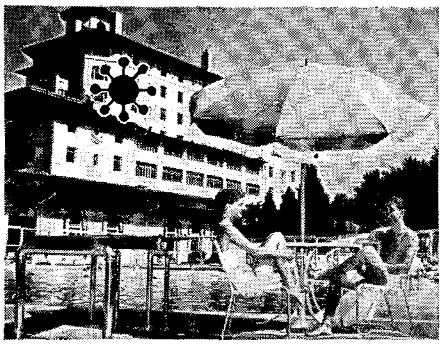

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67, Chancery Lane,
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November 15

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

In the Talk of the Town a few weeks ago, you published a brief history of the family of Karl Marx as related by M. Robert Jean Longuet, Marx's great-grandson. You wrote:

> Eleanor, Marx's youngest daughter, had killed herself thirteen years earlier [1898], before Longuet was born. Her suicide was the result of despair, not calculation. The handsomest and most brilliant of the Marx girls (she had acted as her father's amanuensis in the writing of "Das Kapital"), she had married a fascinating and notorious rascal named Edward Aveling, who deserted her.

Perhaps it is family loyalty on M. Longuet's part or perhaps it is your own nice sense of chivalry that accounts for the statement that his Great-Aunt Eleanor married Aveling. She didn't. As Friedrich Engels, one of her closest friends, put it, hers was a marriage "without the aid of officials," and I don't think that Eleanor, freethinker and outspoken feminist that she was, would care for any whitewashing.

I happen to have done a good deal of burrowing into Eleanor's life story, and if this sounds like a curious field of research you must put the blame on Bernard Shaw. He pushed me into this dark byway of Victorian tragedy. If, sixty years ago, Shaw had not made a slight mistake in the number of a building, I should never have become interested in Eleanor Marx at all. One day in 1949, a friend who has a flat below mine in Chancery Lane called my attention to the curtain lines of the third act of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Vivie, Mrs. Warren's daughter, has just been told that Frank Gardner is her half brother, and in disgust she makes for the gate of the rectory garden.

"Where are you going to?" Frank calls after her. "Where shall we find you?"

"At Honoria Fraser's chambers, 67, Chancery Lane, for the rest of my life," Vivie replies.

Number 67! What, in the name of coincidence, had made Shaw use my address? How had he come to mention this exact number in the gray and sooty block of offices and residential chambers that are called, a little misleadingly today, New Stone Buildings? I wrote a letter to Ayot St. Lawrence, and got

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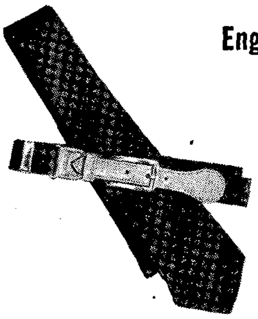

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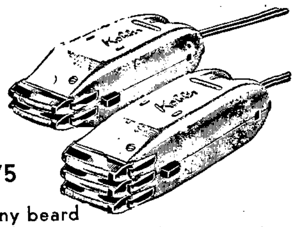

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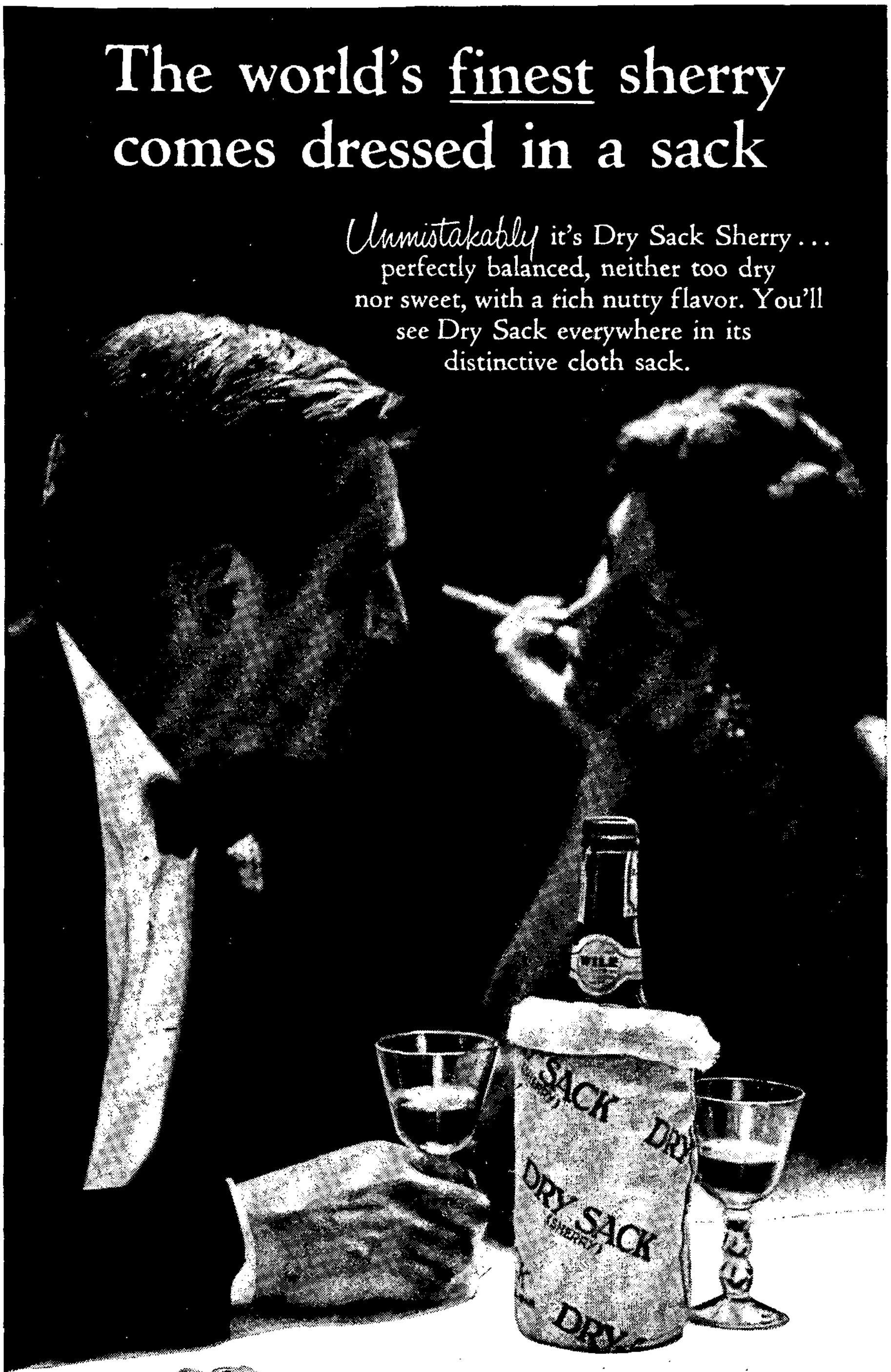
back one of Shaw's celebrated postcards. He had used the address, he said, because he had known some people who had lived there. He mentioned a Miss Orme, a feminist, who had practiced there as an actuary and had smoked huge cigars, and he added that Karl Marx's daughter Eleanor had lived there with Edward Aveling and that she had "suicided" there when she found out that he had married another woman on the death of his lawful wife.

This was fascinating, but it was tantalizingly incomplete, and I decided at once to find out all I could about Eleanor. It struck me that it might have been in my flat that she had lived and then killed herself. I began to people my rooms with ghosts—a brilliant group, including Shaw, Engels, William Morris, Keir Hardie, John Burns, and the mysterious Aveling, talking their heads off about everything from Ibsen to the law of diminishing returns, while Eleanor, the most interesting but indistinct of all, moved among them pouring strong coffee.

MY search started, as such searches must, in the Reading Room of the British Museum, and it pleased me to think, as I settled down to tracing the life of Marx's daughter, that perhaps I was sitting in the chair that Marx himself had occupied for so many years while he labored over "Das Kapital." I soon found that most writers on Marx were far too preoccupied with the father to bother much about the daughter. The best I could find were scattered references to her in memoirs and a line or two in a biography, but before long I had established the fact that she was the true daughter of her father—a superb linguist, a political writer and agitator, and the translator of many books and plays. She translated Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea," "The Wild Duck," and "An Enemy of the People" from the Norwegian, and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" from the French. Altogether she translated or edited eleven books, and, in collaboration with Edward Aveling, wrote four, including "The Woman Question" and "The Factory Hell."

Most valuable of all, I had my first glimpse of Eleanor as a young woman. In the spring of 1883 (the year her father died), when she was twenty-eight, she met Beatrice Webb, and, after looking Eleanor over carefully, that elegant early Socialist noted in her diary that Eleanor was "comely dressed in a slovenly picturesque way with curly black hair flying about in all directions." "Fine



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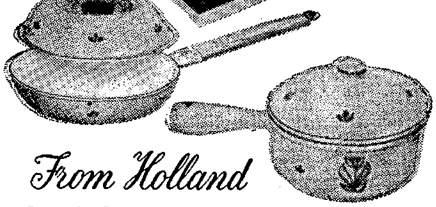

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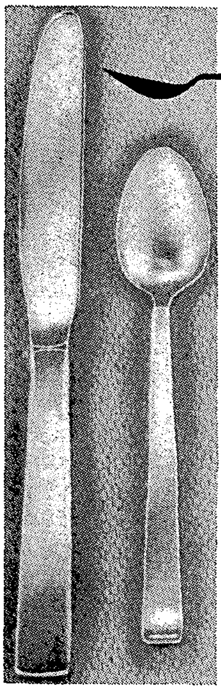

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eyes full of life and sympathy," Mrs. Webb went on. "Complexion showed signs of an unhealthy excited life, kept up by stimulants." What Beatrice Webb meant by "stimulants" is not clear. I have discovered nothing to suggest that Eleanor drank much or took drugs. Perhaps Mrs. Webb considered tobacco a stimulant, and, remembering Shaw's postcard, I wondered whether Eleanor had been in the habit of sampling Miss Orme's cigars.

It was easier to discover general facts about Eleanor than specific ones, and over the months in which I pieced her story together—from letters, newspaper cuttings, and articles in old magazines—to find a date was to strike gold. But here is what I did find:

Eleanor was born in 1855, the last of Karl Marx's six children. He had hoped for another son, but his disappointment soon disappeared in a deep affection for his youngest daughter. Very quickly she became his favorite. "Jenny is most like me," he would say, and then add, using Eleanor's pet name, "but Tussy *is* me!" As a baby, she was so undersized and delicate that, according to one improbable story, she lived entirely on milk until she was five. The Marxes lived in two small, crowded rented rooms in a house in Dean Street, Soho, where they had moved shortly after they arrived from Prussia in 1849. They were in wretched financial straits, and Marx's two sons and one of his four daughters died when they were very young. But, weak and puny as Eleanor was, she (like her sisters Jenny and Laura) survived. The year she was born, the family moved to Grafton Terrace, Haverstock Hill, and there, as a child, Eleanor used to debate whether to go in for the theatre or for politics. She had a little Shakespeare museum in her bedroom, and she and the rest of the family made regular expeditions to Sadler's Wells to see Samuel Phelps' productions; to save money, they walked all the way there and back—a matter of seven miles—and stood through the plays. When she grew up, Eleanor attended dramatic classes, and her father considered her very good "in passionate scenes," but it was Ellen Terry, I think, who advised her against going on the stage.

In 1871, a French revolutionary writer named Lissagaray came to London as a political exile, and soon he was a frequent visitor at the house in Haverstock Hill. Eleanor was then a girl of sixteen, with long ringlets and sparkling eyes, and apparently he fell for her. She confided to a friend that his methods of

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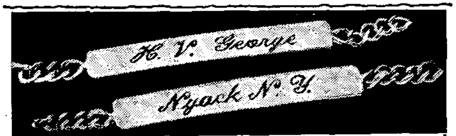

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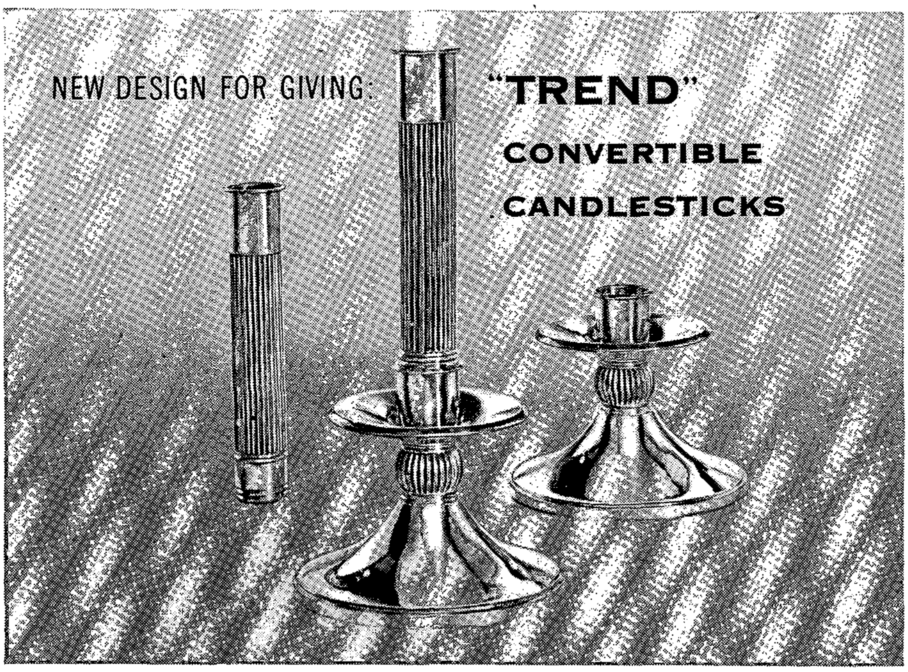
courtship were highly compromising, but this didn't seem to dismay her. It was Karl Marx who ultimately sent Lissagaray packing. Marx considered him too old, and, worse still, insincere politically. "An untrustworthy phrase-mongerer" was his comment. As far as I can discover, there was no one else until Edward Aveling came along, some ten years later.

Until Eleanor was nearly thirty, she stayed home and looked after her parents, although her father once told her firmly not to sacrifice herself "on the family altar as the nurse of an old man." In those years at home, she developed into a zealous worker for Socialism. She taught Will Thorne, the Labour leader and M.P. for West Ham, to read and write, and in his memoirs he describes affectionately her work in starting the trade union for gas workers and unskilled laborers in the East End of London and in fomenting the dock strike of 1889. She was a bold political speaker, spending many a Sunday night addressing workers at the corner of Dod Street, Limehouse, and she often shared a platform with Bernard Shaw. (There is a story that Shaw, bored by a speech she was making but admiring her ankles, once passed her a note requesting her to stop talking and stand on her head. Shaw hotly denied this, declaring that Eleanor was incapable of making a dull speech and that she wore skirts too long to reveal her ankles anyway.) Eleanor, Shaw, and Aveling took part in what was possibly the first private reading in this country of "A Doll's House." Eleanor was Nora, Aveling was Helmer, and Shaw was Krogstad. Shaw chatted and ate caramels while Nora taught Helmer his lesson.

THE moment has now come to look more closely at the extraordinary figure of Edward Aveling, with whom Eleanor lived for fifteen years and to whom she was devoted to the point of



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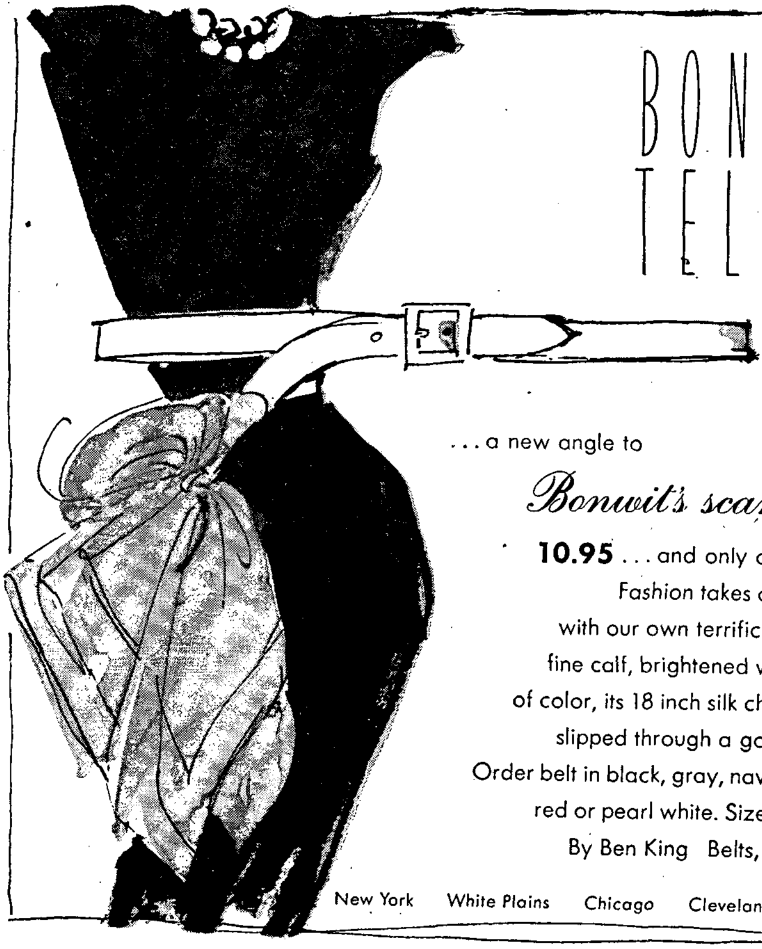

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slavery. The son of a London Congregational minister, Aveling was an atheist whose wife left him because of his cruelty. Shaw is said to have used him as the model for Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma," and everyone testified to his charm, brilliance, dishonesty, and moral instability. His acquaintances referred to him in letters as "a perverted character," "a repulsive creature," and "a criminal," and Shaw warned Ellen Terry not to lend him money. "Nobody can be as bad as Aveling looks," one of Eleanor's friends said, but even people who loathed him conceded that he was one of the greatest orators in England and an extremely versatile fellow besides. He was a doctor of science and a dramatic critic. He translated "Das Kapital," and he wrote thirty books, ranging from scientific textbooks to a collection of essays on Shakespeare and including an atheist manifesto called "Why I Dare Not Be a Christian." That redoubtable reformer, the theosophical Annie Besant, who met him in her early thirties, called him the ablest teacher of scientific subjects she had ever met, and there is some reason to think that she found him interesting in other ways: a subsequent admirer of hers insisted that Aveling return the letters she had written him.

Whenever Eleanor's affair with Aveling began, it did not develop fully until after the death of her father, in 1883 (her mother had died two years before), when she was at last free from all family responsibility. In August of that year, she and Aveling rented a cottage at Bole Hill, near Wirksworth, and Engels described them as "bathed in bliss in the mountains of Derbyshire." But after a few weeks Olive Schreiner, Eleanor's closest woman friend, who was staying nearby, observed that Eleanor was looking miserable, and one night when Aveling had gone off to a dinner party alone Eleanor sat up writing pages to her friend saying how she longed for real love. Olive Schreiner later wrote Havelock Ellis that Aveling gave her a feeling of dread. Aveling, however, maintained a serene disregard for all worries save his own. He tramped across the countryside amusing himself by disobeying "No Trespassing" notices, and when he left the village, he also left a large bill at the pub.

Over the next few years, Eleanor and Aveling toured Europe and the United States, lecturing for the Social Democratic Federation and turning out books like "The Working Class Movement in America." They were conventional enough to visit Niagara

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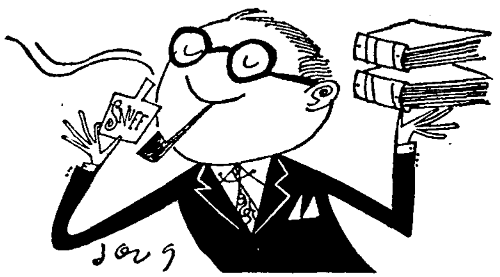
Falls, and they formed an unfavorable opinion of New York. Eleanor wrote Havelock Ellis from Boston, "We are glad to be out of the hell of New York."

In 1883, the block of flats I live in—in London's legal quarter, at the north end of Chancery Lane—was going up. I wondered whether Aveling and Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling, as Eleanor now called herself, had moved straight there. In the dusty tax books of the Holborn Borough Council and in the fine copperplate writing of some long-dead clerk, I found the answer: They had not come to Chancery Lane until four years later, in 1887. And I discovered, to my chagrin, that they had lived not in No. 67 but in No. 65; Shaw had got his numbers wrong. While this was a shock, I take some comfort from the fact that every time I look out of my sitting-room window I see Eleanor's flat—or, rather, what remains of it—twenty feet away across a light well. It is on the same level as my own, four floors above the street, but only part of the walls and a chimney are standing, for in 1940 a bomb sliced No. 65 off neatly at the level of Eleanor's floor. When she and Aveling were living there, neither had any regular employment. Socialism was not a paying profession; their odd literary jobs brought in only an occasional guinea; and much of the time they lived from hand to mouth. In 1887, Havelock Ellis was appointed editor of the Mermaid Series of Elizabethan dramatists, published by Henry Vizetelly, and Eleanor wrote him, "If Vizetelly will send a copy, Dr. Aveling or I will review 'Marlowe' for some of the theatrical papers. . . . I need work much, and find it very difficult to get. 'Respectable' people won't employ me . . ." Among Vizetelly's other ventures were the first English translations of Zola's novels, and though these were expurgated, he was prosecuted for obscenity and sent to prison. It isn't hard to imagine the diatribes against English law that must have been delivered in the flat across the way.

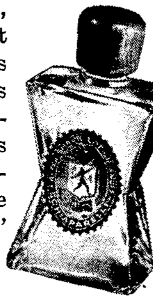
In 1892, after five years in Chancery Lane, Eleanor and Aveling left, and I haven't been able to track down their whereabouts for the next three years, except that for a time they lived in a house near Orpington, in Kent. Then in August, 1895, Friedrich Engels, who had a considerable fortune derived from his father's cotton business in Manchester, died, and left Eleanor a splendid legacy. With money for the first time in her life, Eleanor one day drew up a will, and here again we see the sinister hand of Aveling at



"Gad, men, it's heady stuff!"

Writes Bennett Cerf in his "Trade Winds" column in The Saturday Review

"Did you know that Schiaparelli has an after-shaving lotion for men in her line of toiletries? Somebody gave me a bottle for Christmas last year, but being a simple boy myself I hid it sheepishly on a back shelf. Last week, in a moment of wild abandon, I sampled it. Gad, men, it's heady stuff! 'Snuff' is its brand name, and although the $2.50 price tag may be a deterrent at first, isn't it worth a premium really to smell as tangy and look as tweedy and cock-of-the-walky as all those boys in the ads do? Seriously I liked the fragrance of 'Snuff'* so much I laid in a full winter's supply (two bottles). I suggest it as a perfect Christmas gift (plus a couple of books, of course) for the man who enjoys things a bit out of the ordinary."



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**Besides Snuff After-Shave Lotion, there's Snuff Cologne, Perfume, Shaving Cream, Bath Soap, Talc and lavish gift sets in "cigar boxes."*

Drawing, courtesy of The Saturday Review

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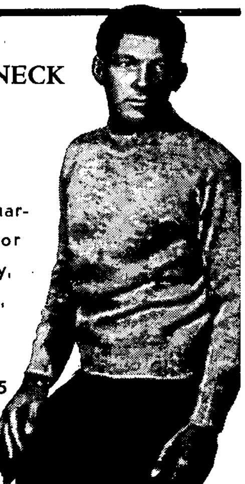

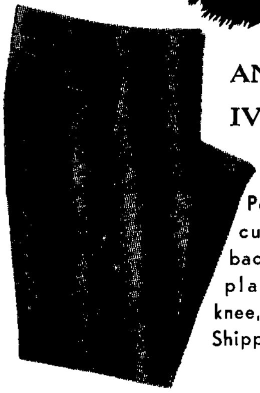

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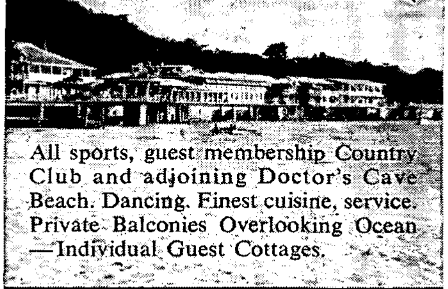

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work. In her original copy, she left all royalties from the works of her father to the children of her late sister, Jenny Longuet, and everything else to Aveling, whom she described as "my husband." When he came home that evening, he apparently had a look at it, and as a consequence a codicil was added, leaving him the royalties, too.

With Engels' money, the Avelings moved into a house called the Den, in Jew's Walk—then the fashionable suburb of Sydenham, which had acquired lustre when the Crystal Palace was moved there from Hyde Park after the 1851 Exhibition—and I would like to think that Eleanor enjoyed some happiness during the three years she lived in it, but I doubt that she did. At eleven o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the last day of March, 1898, Gertrude Gentry, a maid, entered Eleanor's room and found her, dressed completely in white, lying on the bed. She was dead. On a table at her side, there was an empty bottle of prussic acid and a letter.

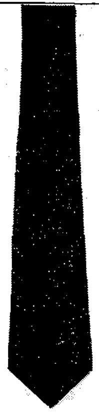
> Dear [it read]: It will soon be over now. My last word to you is the same that I have said during all these long sad years—love.

This and further details that came out at the coroner's inquest I found in the yellowing and brittle pages of a weekly paper called the *Forest Hill & Sydenham Examiner & Crystal Palace District Intelligencer*. It seems that on the morning of Eleanor's death, the Avelings' maid stopped in at a Sydenham chemist and handed him Aveling's card—he made use of his degree in science and called himself "Doctor"—along with a note that read, "Please give the bearer chloroform and a small quantity of Prussic acid for the dog—E. A." The chemist complied and sent along the ledger in which purchasers of poison were required to sign their names. The maid took this back, and in it were the initials "E. M. A."

As for Aveling, he had gone to London that morning, and, cross-examined by the coroner, he said that he had known nothing about the tragedy until his return. This dialogue ensued:

> CORONER: Was the deceased your wife?
> AVELING: Legally or not, do you mean?
> CORONER: You are a most difficult man to deal with. Were you married to the deceased?
> AVELING: Not legally.
> CORONER: Had you any idea that she would destroy herself?
> AVELING: She had threatened to do it several times.

After severely censuring the chemist, who said he had assumed that Ave-



IN LOVE AGAIN

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an attractive
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printed alternately in French
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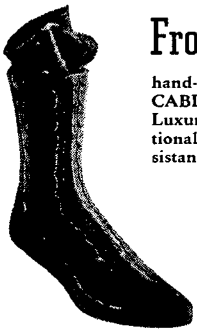

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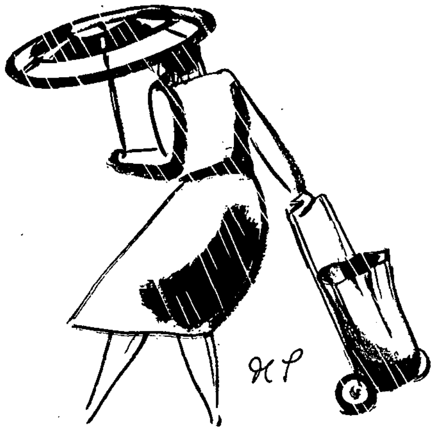
ling was a medical man, the coroner gave a verdict of suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

The following Tuesday, a sad party of Eleanor's friends, and representatives of the Social Democratic Federation from England and the Continent, met around Eleanor's coffin at the Necropolis Station at Waterloo. Will Thorne delivered an address, and Eleanor's body was taken to Woking to be cremated.

SOME of Eleanor's friends, as it turned out, were not satisfied with the verdict of suicide. Among them was H. M. Hyndman, the founder of the Social Democratic Federation, who, a few years after her death, suggested that Aveling, after his estranged wife died, told Eleanor that a second marriage was being "forced on him" with another woman, and that a suicide pact was the only solution. Then, Hyndman said, Aveling sent for the poison, had her take it first, and broke the bargain. According to Hyndman, Aveling had learned to imitate Eleanor's handwriting superbly, and could have forged her final letter. How much Hyndman's personal dislike of Aveling colored this theory it is impossible to say. Nothing was ever proved—if, indeed, there was anything to prove. But Hyndman would certainly have thought the case against Aveling blacker if he had been in possession of some information that I have unearthed in the last few months.

Shaw, you remember, had written me that Aveling married another woman *before* Eleanor's death, and I went over to Somerset House, the national repository of wills, and birth, death, and marriage registries, to look into that. I could find nothing under the name of Aveling, and I was about to give up when I recalled that among the papers I had searched through, I had come across some gossip about Aveling and a



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girl named Eva Frye, the leading lady in a play called "The Railway Guard," which Aveling had produced for an amateur company in London. I tried Frye, and sure enough, on June 8, 1897, before the Chelsea registrar, Eva Frye, a girl of twenty-two, had married a man named Alec Nelson. Alec Nelson was Edward Aveling: in his will, Aveling refers to himself as "known professionally as Alec Nelson." This was not really true, although he did a little nonpolitical journalism under that name. In any case, the dates on record in Somerset House mean that Aveling lived a double life, commuting from one woman to the other, for the last ten months of Eleanor's life. If or when Eleanor found out about this, we do not know for certain, but one clue leads me to think that she did. A few days before her death, she wrote Mrs. Havelock Ellis that she wanted to see her badly. She did not say why, and Mrs. Ellis, who was a long way from London, could not arrange a meeting. That was all. But the Ellises always assumed that she had discovered the truth about Eva Frye and wanted advice.

Morally, Aveling may have been responsible for Eleanor's death, but I am inclined to absolve him from Hyndman's accusation of murder. The motive for suicide seems sufficient. And there is another reason for supposing that Eleanor took her life. In 1886, she had done the first, and what was for many years the best, English translation of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," and what is striking is the remarkable similarity between her death and Emma Bovary's. Disillusioned after two love affairs, Emma returns home and tells the chemist that she wants poison to kill rats that are keeping her awake. She then swallows a handful of arsenic, goes to her bedroom, writes a letter to her husband, and lies down on her bed. When she is found dead, her husband insists that she be dressed completely in white. The only basic difference is that Eleanor dressed herself.

Aveling did not enjoy his second marriage and Eleanor's money for long. Four months after Eleanor's death, he died at Stafford Mansions, in Albert Bridge Road, Battersea, of a kidney disease from which he had been suffering for years. He was forty-seven.

I HAD thought that with Aveling's death I could write an end to Eleanor's story, but then I began to wonder what had become of her ashes. Had they been scattered—as she had scat-

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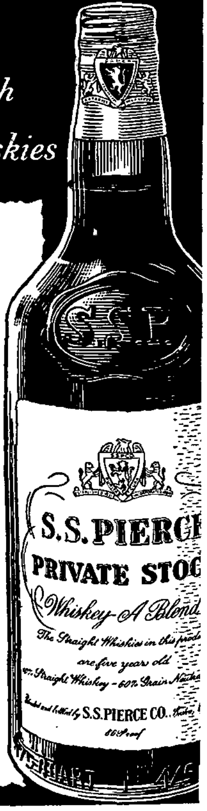

tered the ashes of Engels—over the sea from Beachy Head? I learned that for some years the ashes were kept in an urn in the offices of the Social Democratic Federation, in Bolt Court, just off Fleet Street, and later were transferred to the Socialist Party's headquarters in Maiden Lane. In 1920, some of the members broke away to form the Communist Party, and took the urn with them to their headquarters in King Street, Covent Garden; for a time, they thought of sending it to Moscow. Then, in May, 1921, the police raided the Communist headquarters in search of seditious pamphlets and, for no clear reason, seized the urn. Eleanor was taken to Scotland Yard. How long her ashes were kept there, or on what pretext, I have not been able to find out. One day not long ago, I dropped in at the Karl Marx Memorial Library, one of London's lesser-known private libraries, which is on the first floor, over a teashop and furniture manufacturer in Clerkenwell Green. There, under a forbidding bust of Karl Marx, I asked the librarian whether he knew what had become of the ashes. He smiled slowly. "We have them right here," he said.

So Eleanor rests within half a mile of Chancery Lane. A new family tomb is being planned for Karl Marx, to be erected over his grave in a corner of Highgate Cemetery, and presumably, when it is built, she will return to the side of her father, who warned her not to sacrifice herself.

I remain, Sirs,
Yours sincerely,
FELIX BARKER

•

Effective as a garnish are "Pickle Fans." Simply cut small gherkins or sweet pickles in thin slices, almost to the end. Then spread them out as a fan.
' ' ' 'uasooalggg —*Hartford Courant.*

Hey! Save one for us!

•

He didn't reply but sat smiling at her. He wore, she noticed, only a topcoat with the collar turned up. He looked cold and a little shabby somehow.—*From "So Many Girls," by Mabel Broun Farwell, in the Woman's Home Companion.*

One would.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Montreal Star*]

BEAUFORT, N.C.—Miss Georgiana Yateman could hardly have picked a worse place than North Carolina's mucky coastal area in which to start a cattle ranch.

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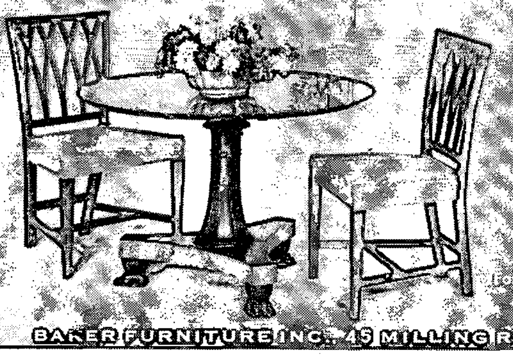

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BOOKS

Christmas for First and Second Readers

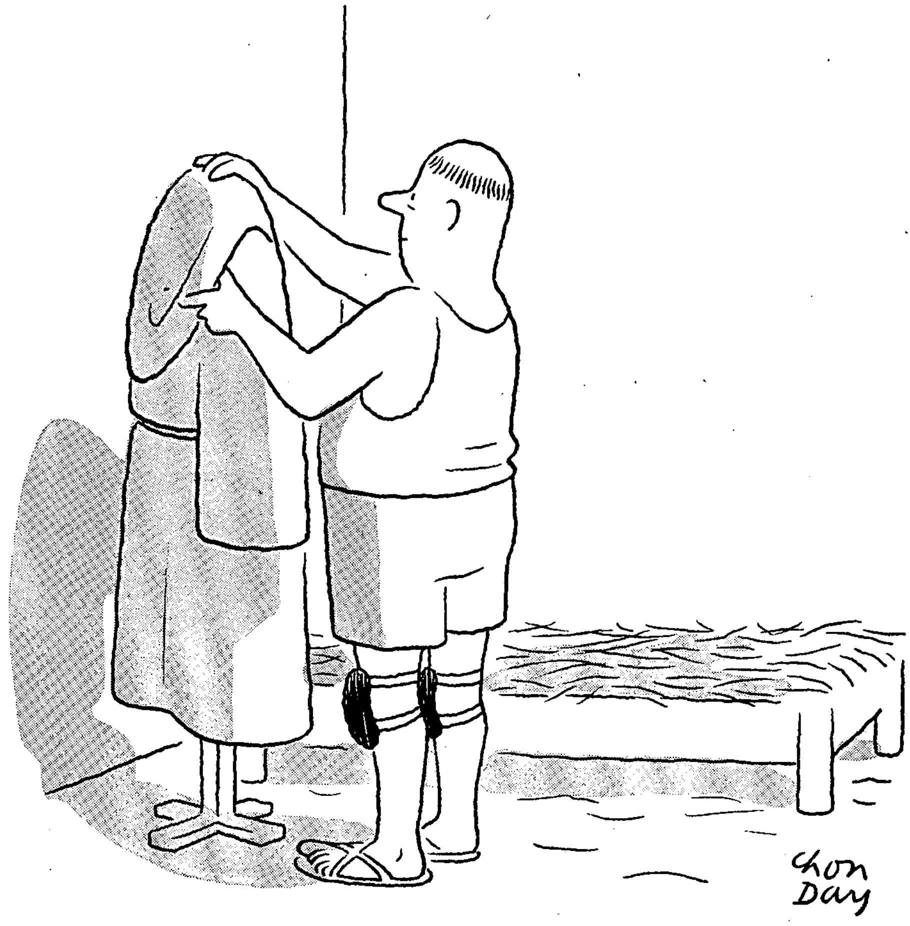
IT'S pleasant to report that the holiday counters are bright with a large and varied array of excellent books for youngsters. You will find in the flood of more than a thousand new titles plenty of items—such as "Your Breakfast and the People Who Made It"—that you can decide with rapidity do not deserve a place under the Christmas tree, but you are apt to be confused by the quantity of very good volumes, among them some distinguished ones, that the nursery and high-school sets in particular should welcome as gifts. The bewildering richness extends to subject matter. There are, for example, two big and alluring Mother Goose collections to choose between—"Lavender's Blue" (Watts) and "Marguerite de Angeli's Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes" (Doubleday). At the other end of the line is a splendid story about mountain climbing, "Banner in the Sky," by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott), and its non-fiction counterpart, the equally exciting "Epics of Everest," by Leonard Wibberley (Farrar, Straus & Young), which describes the many fruitless efforts to conquer the mountain and last year's triumphant ascent.

Most of this season's laurels belong to the non-fiction offerings. In the picture-book field are two exceptional items—"Plenty to Watch," by Mitsu and Taro Yashima (Viking), an account in beautiful colored illustrations and charming prose of the sights encountered by a Japanese boy on his way home from school, and "Who Built the Bridge?," by Norman Bate (Scribner), a stirring treatment of a subject matter always of special interest to small males. For children of twelve and over, there are two fine books on what is apparently the most popular of all topics, the exploration of space. Whichever you choose for your favorite child—"Skyrocketing Into the Unknown," by Charles Coombs (Morrow), or "Going into Space," by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper)—will probably be furtively read by his parents, who will be relieved to find its scientific discussion clear enough even for them.

Particularly tempting are the refurbishings of classics or near-classics of another age. The absolutely irresistible one is an at-long-last perfect "Cinderella" (Scribner), swept clean of the Disneyland chipmunks and bunnies that have infested that patient heroine in recent years. The text is a free translation by Marcia Brown of Charles Perrault's version, which is the sprightliest of them all, and the pages sparkle with her exquisite art work and lovely colors. For somewhat older girls, Dutton has dusted off a beguiler of the eighties—Mrs. Molesworth's "The Cuckoo Clock." Its tale, of a bird who emerges from a clock to take a very young lady on an enchanted adventure, is as fresh, despite occasional antique touches, as any fantasy of the current day. Adults this year have had their own—Aubrey Menen's—version of the "Ramayana," and now the children have theirs. "The Adventures of Rama," by Joseph Gaer (Little, Brown), is a remarkable feat of retelling the Hindu epic for Western youngsters, and though the fascinating tale it narrates is very much a distillation, it is a lot nearer the original than Mr. Menen's spoof.

All too aware of the lamentable success of the condensations of best-sellers for adults, some publishers are trying their hand at abbreviations for the juvenile market. A number of books, among them James Street's "The Velvet Doublet," have been rewritten and condensed for young people, and the results could hardly be more tasteless. However, even purists who strenuously (and rightly) object to the cutting of classics for children are likely to be pleased by "The Leatherstocking Saga," edited by Allan Nevins and illustrated by the late Reginald Marsh (Pantheon). This handsome boxed volume of eight hundred pages contains the five James Fenimore Cooper novels dealing with Natty Bumppo. Mr. Nevins has done no condensing or rewriting. He has merely chopped off and consigned to their deserved oblivion the love passages (the noble females survive, though) and any would-be comical scenes that do not include Leatherstocking. You may feel that this book makes it unnecessary to bother with the many only passable new stories about Indians, most of them in a strong sackcloth-and-ashes mood.

A teen-ager with a fancy for social history might enjoy a rather massive



piece of nostalgia, "Youth's Companion" (Houghton Mifflin), a collection of stories, editorials, and poems culled by Lovell Thompson and three of its editors from the now almost forgotten magazine once so loved by American youth. It contains items written between 1827 and 1927 by such luminaries as Willa Cather, Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., O. Henry, Emily Dickinson, Louisa M. Alcott, Robert Frost, Mark Twain, William James, and Edith Wharton, to say nothing of John Quincy Adams, Carlyle, and even Taine. A few are excellent, a number are good, and many are small horrors, interesting though they may be as period pieces. Among the earliest entries are "Barbarity of Whale Fishing," "Hints to Children About the Cholera," "The Little Drunkard," and the most persuasive verse in the collection (and my favorite title of the year for youngsters)—"Lines Written by a Maniac on the Walls of His Cell." Whatever its era and no matter how heavily sentiment may be in its favor, the best of this prose of yesterday can't equal the best of our prose of today for children.

There follows a list of some of the most worth-while juvenile books published this year, arranged categorically. Each grouping begins with suggestions for the smallest small fry and then moves on toward, and sometimes as far as, children of high-school age.

Picture Books

A Kiss Is Round, by Blossom Budney, illustrated by Vladimir Bobri (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). The nursery set will enjoy listening to this jaunty book of verses and identifying in its gay colored illustrations the round objects mentioned. They will be surprised by some of it, too—for instance, "A kiss is round, And so is a hug; The rim of a glass, And the lid of a jug; The top of a hole When it's carefully dug."

Hide and Seek Day, by Gene Zion, illustrated by Margaret Bloy Graham (Harper). Entrancing water colors in double-page spreads and a simple text present familiar scenes in which something is always hiding or disappearing. A puppy is burying a bone, a train is going through a tunnel, people are taking shelter from the rain, and—as the pièce de résistance—children are playing hide-and-seek.

Two Little Bears, by Ylla (Harper). Adroit photographs record the odyssey of two cubs who wander away

That extra-special gift for that extra-special person . . .

In a word, you can spot a special interest

OPERA **Kobbé's COMPLETE OPERA BOOK**

Edited and revised by the EARL OF HAREWOOD. This standard reference work now covers the entire field from Monteverdi to Britten's *Gloriana* – 237 operas. *Over 600 new, hand-drawn music blocks, 32 new illustrations. 1,262 pages. (A Putnam book).* $10.00

TRAVEL **PAGEANT OF ITALY**

By JAMES REYNOLDS. The author-artist of *James Reynolds' Ireland*, etc. captures the richness of the Italian scene, painting with words as well as line and color. *Profusely illustrated by the author. (A Putnam book).* $7.50

BIRDS **FLORIDA BIRD LIFE**

By ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR. Authoritative descriptions, plus history, range, feeding, of all Florida's myriads of birds in a stunning book sponsored by the National Audubon Society. *527 pages, profusely illustrated. Maps. (A Coward-McCann book).* $12.50

LEISURE **THE GENTLE ART OF SMOKING**

By ALFRED DUNHILL. A history of tobacco, a guide to its glories and a storehouse of pertinent facts that will heighten any smoker's enjoyment of his pipe, cigar or cigarette. *Many photographs and drawings. (A Putnam book).* $3.75

GUNS **FROM FLINTLOCK TO M1**

By JOSEPH W. SHIELDS, JR. The development of shoulder arms in the U. S. from 1776 to the present. "For anyone interested in firearms, this finely written and designed book will prove delightful."—*Chicago Tribune. Illustrated with 43 beautiful, detailed drawings by the author. (A Coward-McCann book).* $7.50

BALLET **BALLET IN ACTION**

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from home, get lost, and then try to find their mother. The closeups of them asking their mother's whereabouts from the animals they meet should captivate young ones of from three to six.

A IS FOR ANNABELLE, written and illustrated by Tasha Tudor (Oxford). This winsome and feminine alphabet book tells, in verse and pretty, soft-colored pictures, about two little girls dressing an old-fashioned doll and playing with it.

JENNY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK, written and illustrated by Esther Averill (Harper). As is appropriate for an important occasion—the birthday picnic in a city park of the shy little black cat who has so endeared herself to children—this festive book is twice the size of the earlier volumes about her. The whole affair is chic; one of Jenny's feline friends even wears an Indian feather.

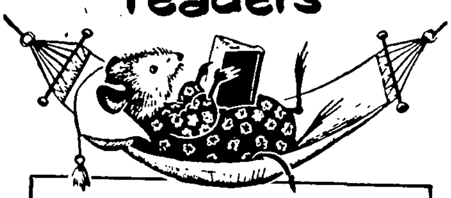
THE HAPPY LION, by Louise Fatio, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Whittlesey House). The old theme of the zoo lion who escapes has been smartened up into a refreshing piece of whimsey. The setting is a French village, and the hero leading the lion (who, after all, just wanted to make a few calls) back to his quarters is a small boy. The delightful illustrations are in tawny yellow, black, and red.

THE BIRTHDAY, written and illustrated by Hans Fischer (Harcourt, Brace). The Swiss author-illustrator of last year's "Pitschi" has produced another delectable picture book, in six colors, about old Lisette, who lives alone in the forest with her animals. They give her a wonderful birthday party.

THE TIN FIDDLE, by Edward Tripp, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Oxford). An appealing story, told in warm, guileless prose and expressive drawings, of a small shaver's eagerness to play his new birthday fiddle for his family and animal friends, and his bewilderment as, one by one, after he begins his concert, they find important business elsewhere. For four-to seven-year-olds, who will be elated by the ending.

CIRCUS RUCKUS, by William Lipkind, illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff (Harcourt, Brace). Dogs weren't allowed, but Dan's pup went into the big tent anyway, with Mr. Hopper—the circus owner—and Dan right after him. The chase sets off a hullabaloo, but it ends so splendidly that even Mr. Hopper decides it is worth

Fun for young readers



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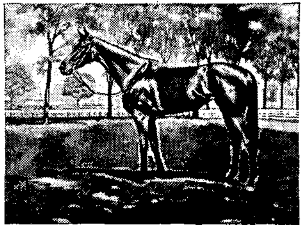

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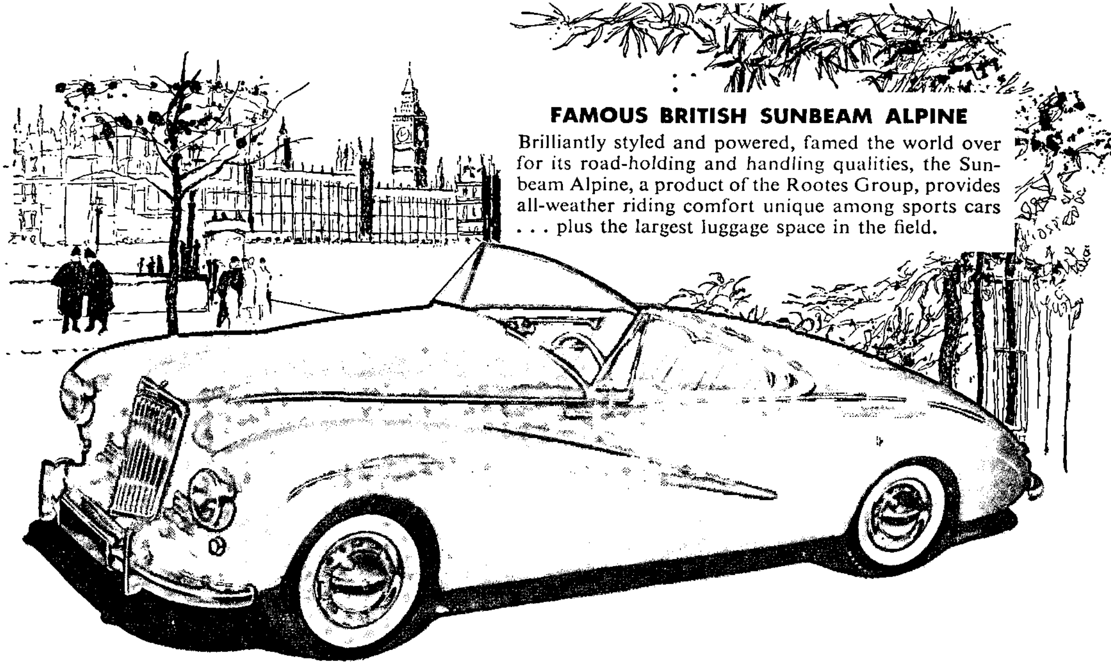

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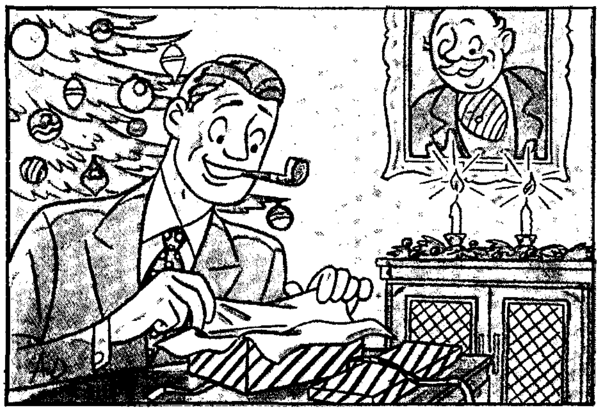
win

NEED TO
Y ANYTHING

This contest can bring you the happiest holiday you have ever known. First prize is a Deluxe trip abroad for two persons *and* a Sunbeam Alpine sports car. It’s easy to win. You don’t have to send in any labels or box tops or buy anything. Just write a caption for the cartoon in this advertisement that tells what is in the package and what the gentleman is saying.

Here are some suggestions on how to write a prize-winning caption or blurb. The first question is what is in the package. It could very well be one of the distinguished bottles illustrated in this advertisement. Which one? Well, we leave that to you. What is the fortunate recipient saying? Just put yourself in his shoes. What would *you* say?

For example, a caption might be: “A bottle of Courvoisier from my lawyer. I’m glad he finally recognized that Napoleonic streak in me.” Or, “Good old Charlie! He says, ‘Best wishes and careful, don’t waste a drop.’ It must be Old Smuggler.” Or, “The boss has more sense than I realized—giving me Drambuie.”



OFFICIAL RULES. 1. In 25 words or less write a caption or blurb for above cartoon that tells what is in the package and what the gentleman is saying. Use official entry blank in this advertisement, or obtain official entry blank from your liquor dealer or from nearest Rootes (Sunbeam) dealer or direct from W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

2. Send as many entries as you like to Happy Holiday Contest, P. O. Box 19, New York 46, N. Y. Each entry must be on an official entry blank, which must be postmarked by midnight December 31st and received by January 15, 1955. No entries returned. All *become property of* W. A. Taylor & Company.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought, and sincerity. Judges’ decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All adult members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in the United States who is 21 years of age or older may enter the contest except employees of W. A. Taylor & Company, its advertising agencies, persons engaged in the alcoholic beverage industry and members of their families; and except residents of states wherein such contests are not permitted. Entries must be the original work of contestant and submitted in his name. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Winners will be notified by mail approximately four weeks after close of contest. List of winners available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

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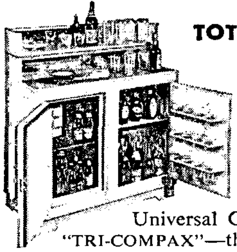
★ First class transportation via *Pan American President Special* to London and return. Room at distinguished Savoy Hotel.

★ New Sunbeam Alpine sports car delivered to you upon arrival in London, to tour Britain and France. Car is your property and, after tour, is delivered to your home in U. S. A.

★ $2,000 in cash for hotels, meals and other expenses. If desired, ***Travelways*** will work out your itinerary and make hotel reservations abroad.

★ Trip is for two persons; may be taken any time during 1955.



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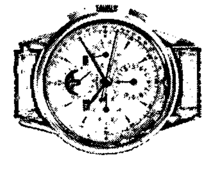

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"Royal O"... Rabhor's authentic tartan robe in luxurious U.S. Royal's orlon-rayon ... about $16.

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Milwaukee, Wisc. .... Ed Schuster Co.
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Mobile, Ala. .... Metzger Bros.
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New Haven, Conn. .... The System Co.
New Orleans, La. .... Mayer Israel
Newark, N. J. .... The Larkey Co.
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Pittsburgh, Pa. .... Jos. Horne's
Pittsburgh, Pa. ... . Kaufman's
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Sacramento, Calif. .... Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .... Famous & Barr
St. Paul, Minn. .... Schuneman's
St. Paul, Minn. .... M. L. Rothschild Co.
St. Petersburg, Fla. .... Rutland's
San Antonio, Tex. .... Joe A. Pincus
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the trouble, and four- to eight-year-olds will more than agree. Droll pictures in bold color.

The Seven Remarkable Bears, by Emilie Warren McLeod, illustrated by Juliet Kepes (Houghton Mifflin). When a clever zoo polar bear like Po grows so hungry he forgets to keep himself clean and white, extraordinary things are apt to happen. How Po, with the assistance of a small boy, fools his stingy keeper into giving him seven times his quota of fish is all lighthearted roguery, amusingly embellished with water colors.

Elephant Herd, by Miriam Schlein, illustrated by Symeon Shimin (Scott). Two little elephants decide they are grown up enough to leave their mother and the herd. After some terrifying mishaps, they learn the problems of independence and gladly go back home. An animated and poetic story for children of from five to eight, dramatized by stunning drawings.

Andy Says Bonjour, by Pat Diska, illustrated by Chris Jenkyns (Vanguard). An engaging and out-of-the-way tale about a little American in Paris. A cat shows him the city and helps him become friends with the youngsters "of all sizes, shapes, and colors" who live near him. The text is just right, and it teaches a few French words to boot. The superlative colored drawings have life and humor in every line.

Who Built the Bridge?, written and illustrated by Norman Bate (Scribner). This dramatization of the erection of a bridge across "the muddiest and sometimes the meanest river in all the country" should set small boys agog. The prose and double-page pictures describe caissons, winches, pile drivers, and what-not with contagious gusto.

Horton Hears a Who!, written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss (Random House). When Horton, the elephant, takes to toting around a clover blossom and insisting that it contains a dust speck inhabited by a colony of minuscule creatures called Whos, the other animals naturally think he's crazy. Despite the obvious moral, Horton's anguished efforts to keep them from destroying the flower, plus the Whos' successful proof of their existence, produce some of the wildest of Seuss nonsense.

Plenty to Watch, by Mitsu and Taro Yashima, illustrated by Taro Yashima (Viking). In this handsome picture book, a Japanese artist and

Yale

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A flyaway umbrella leads a town in merry pursuit. "Children will be swept along on the fanciful flight by the robust, colorful illustrations."—Bernice Frankel
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Illustrated by Allan Houser
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THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street, New York 17

his wife tell children of from six to ten about his boyhood homeward strolls from school in his native village. Wondering and observing, and in the process learning many things that helped him grow up, he peers into the lantern shop and the bean-curd shop, sees the old dyemaker at work, watches the mattress man sew together his straw mats, and takes tea with a farmer.

Fanciful Tales

Roly-Poly Snowman, by Margaret G. Otto, illustrated by Susanne Suba (Holt). A blithe and tender story for children of from five to eight, written so that a second-grader can read it, and adorned with delicate wash drawings. As spring nears, a snowman tantalizes his animal friends with a song that hints at a secret, a surprise, and a prize. Finally, he melts (the secret), in his place grow snowdrops (the surprise), and the animals are heir to his carrot nose, his pipe, and his other belongings (the prize).

The Magic Pictures, by Marcel Aymé, translated by Norman Denny, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper). Further escapades of the two little French girls and their talking animals, who so delighted six- to ten-year-olds in "The Wonderful Farm." The crisp and ingenious fun is thoroughly Gallic, and its spirit is perfectly caught by Mr. Sendak's fetching drawings.

Alphonse That Bearded One, by Natalie Savage Carlson, illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff (Harcourt, Brace). A hilarious piece of extravagance, in the tall-story tradition, by the author of "The Talking Cat," and decked out with black-and-white drawings of considerable dash. It's about a bear cub who is trained by a French Canadian to take his own

Will Halma with German instructions ever replace Scrabble?

Draw your own conclusions on this and other vital questions when you read

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Delightfully Demented Dissertations
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FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG, N. Y. 3

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS. PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Second Tree from the Corner, by E. B. White (*Harper, $3*).

A selection that Mr. White has made from among the short stories, parodies, verses, reminiscent pieces, and humorous essays he has written during the past twenty years or so. He has included, too, a new poem, "Zoo Revisited," and many of his topical paragraphs that ran anonymously in this magazine under the heading "Notes and Comment," in which he can be seen helping to clear up local and international muddles by sorting out what is truly enduring (no matter how inconsequential it looks) from what is merely silly or pesky (no matter how big it looks). Introduction by the author.

The Ponder Heart, by Eudora Welty (*Harcourt, Brace, $3*).

An Aristophanic comedy about a man with the sweetest disposition in the world, a rose in his buttonhole, and a tendency to give things away—like a fine suit of clothes, or a field of white Dutch clover, or a string of hams, or the only hotel in Clay, Mississippi.

The Passport, by Saul Steinberg (*Harper, $5*).

An album of around three hundred and fifty pictures that give the viewer a chance to watch any number of ideas take shape and that demonstrate the comic, decorative, or menacing possibilities, hitherto unsuspected, in fingerprints, gas mains, women, legal documents, and practically everything else that Mr. Steinberg has stumbled over or that has crossed his peculiar line of vision.

The Worcester Account, by S. N. Behrman (*Random House, $3.50*).

A gallery of portraits from Mr. Behrman's childhood and youth in Worcester, Massachusetts, before the First World War. The medieval Hebraism of his elders and the confident enlightenment of his contemporaries recorded by the author are reconciled, insofar as this is humanly possible, by his affectionate understanding of both.

Rum Jungle, by Alan Moorehead (*Scribner, $3.50*).

A report on a recent trip the author made through the vast and once almost deserted Northern Territory of Australia, where men are now busy testing rockets and mining uranium before the startled eyes of wallabies and kangaroos, along with an account of excursions to the Great Barrier Reef, along the northeast coast, and to Phillip Island, off Melbourne, where nothing has changed much (except in a strict biological sense) since shortly after the Day of Creation. Mr. Moorehead has included a chapter about his own Australian childhood.

Sullivan Bites News, by Frank Sullivan (*Little, Brown, $1.95*).

The bank cashier who took five grand from the till to bet on a fifty-to-one shot and subsequently bought out the bank, the dog that smelled smoke and went back to sleep, the backwoods centenarian who knew all about the recent war, and other perverse variations on the oldest established permanent floating news stories. With pictures by Sam Berman that amount almost to collaboration.

Eleven Blue Men, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

The self-effacing heroes of all but one of Mr. Roueché's twelve medical pieces are doctors and health-department officials (the other is a chipper exterminator) whose job it is to diagnose ailments from mysterious symptoms, track the symptoms to their source, and nip off epidemics before they get started. The twelfth piece is a lighthearted (but in no way coldhearted) dissertation on gout.

Of Whales and Men, by R. B. Robertson (*Knopf, $4.50*).

A book about present-day whaling and present-day whaling men by a Scottish psychiatrist who in 1950 signed on as chief medical officer for an expedition setting out to prowl the antarctic for eight months—a job that, by its very nature, enabled him to act as an observer and as a participant at practically the same time.

The Man in the Thick Lead Suit, by Daniel Lang (*Oxford, $3.50*).

A series of reports on the work being done by assorted scientists, specialists, and prospectors of the Geiger-counter set, all of them, whether they are aware of it or not, pioneers in the new world that opened up when the atom split. Mr. Lang has discovered that they are either taking the possibilities of this new world for granted by now or are feeling just as edgy about them as the rest of us. Introduction by Eric Sevareid.

The Widows of Thornton, by Peter Taylor (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.75*).

Eight solidly written stories and one short play dealing with a group of families who have moved from a country town in Tennessee to various cities of the South and Midwest but continue to think of their point of origin as home. Unlike the Gothic South we are accustomed to read about, Mr. Taylor's seems part of the Union.

Free Love and Heavenly Sinners, by Robert Shaplen (*Knopf, $3.95*).

An expanded version of Mr. Shaplen's two articles about the Beecher-Tilton case, which reached its climax in 1874, when Theodore Tilton brought suit for alienation of his wife's affections against the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, and about all the abstract thinkers and freewheeling busybodies who spread the scandal around and used it for purposes of their own.

More Stories, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf, $5*).

With these twenty-nine stories, sixteen of which have never before appeared in book form, an Irish storyteller completes his own selection of his best work. Mr. O'Connor says that he writes about Ireland and Irish people merely because he knows to a syllable how everything in Ireland can be said, but many of the stories could just as well have had English or American backgrounds, since what they are about invariably is the human condition.

A Bowl of Bishop, by Morris Bishop (*Dial, $3*).

A number of biting reflections in verse, including a museum series, illustrated by Rubens, Landseer, Dürer, etc. In an introductory essay on Light and Heavy verse, the poet does honor and justice to both.

The Relaxed Sell, by Thomas Whiteside (*Oxford, $3.50*).

Seven visits with advertising executives, broadcasters, and television people whose lives may—and whose livelihoods certainly do—depend on the approval of the public. Together the pieces constitute a general survey of the methods the promoters in Radio City and the barkers along the Madison Avenue midway use to size up the customer, ingratiate themselves with him, and, finally, soften him for the kill.

Homebodies, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $2.95*).

Further entries in the case histories of Mr. Addams' curious heroes and heroines, who successfully buck nature and somehow manage to disarm the spectator as often as they scare him to death with their frightful little ways.

The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $3*).

Some of Miss McGinley's recent performances in light verse, dealing with such diverse matters as love in the suburbs, a doll's house, a remark of Saint Teresa's, the difficulty of being thirteen, and the prevalence of sand in summer.

The Great Iron Ship, by James Dugan (*Harper, $3.50*).

The life and times of the Great Eastern (launched, London, 1858; scrapped, Liverpool, 1889), a huge, bumbling steamship whose only really triumphant venture in a career of mishaps and downright catastrophes was the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories, by Elizabeth Taylor (*Viking, $3*).

A short novel, not previously published, and some stories, most of them about people who are flashy or silly or scheming or blighted or socially reprehensible, by a distinguished English novelist who is more concerned with the innate dignity of human beings than with their lack of niceness.

They Went Wrong, by Croswell Bowen (*McGraw-Hill, $3.50*).

Five biographical studies, mostly of young men who, if they are not actually doing time, have at least been checking in regularly with a parole officer; a sixth piece is concerned with a middle-aged man who was recently released from Dannemora after spending more than eighteen years there. In his opening chapter, Mr. Bowen sets forth some of his theories on crime and on writing about crime.

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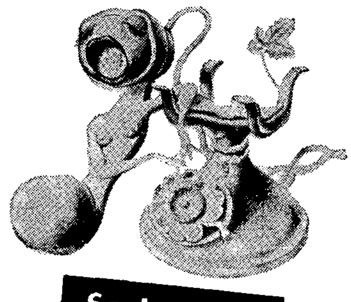

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place in the ranks of the conscript army called up to fight the Iroquois.

Beyond the Pawpaw Trees, written and illustrated by Palmer Brown (Harper). This odd and deftly written fantasy may enrapture some girls and interest others not at all. It's about young Anna Lavinia, who spends lonely days making pawpaw jelly with her preoccupied mother and yearning for her wandering father. She goes on a remarkable journey through a Dali sort of desert and then comes home to find her father there. Pen-and-ink sketches of rosettelike intricacy.

The Secret of the Two Feathers, by Ivo Duka and Helena Kolda (Harper). The trick photographs and semi-documentary text of this yarn should persuade even the most stubborn seven- to ten-year-old realists. It concerns a New York City lad who finds in Central Park two feathers that give him magic powers, including invisibility, for one glorious day. In the end, thus armed, he foils an attempted robbery.

The Silver Curlew, by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard (Viking). An expertly told and illustrated full-length fairy tale, whose blend of earthy gaiety and poetic mystery should delight girls of from nine to eleven. It has to do with a stupid young English queen who falls under the sway of a little black imp, and tells how the queen's young sister undoes the small fiend.

The Horse and His Boy, by C. S. Lewis, illustrated by Pauline Baynes (Macmillan). This is the fifth of Mr. Lewis's books about the magic country of Narnia, peopled by fauns and talking animals and ruled by some likable English children. The quality and inventiveness of his work remain far above what nine- to twelve-year-old readers usually have to contend with. The fantastic doings involve a boy and a girl who escape on talking horses from an evil land and go to Narnia.

The Giant, written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Viking). In this whacking good yarn, the author's trenchant imagination and notable art work will give ten- to thirteen-year-olds many an eerie moment. Its hero is an amiable boy who, because of a freak of metabolism, is seven stories high, likes elephants for playthings, and can knock a man down by merely sighing. The plot is his guardians' attempt to figure out

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how he can live among other people without accidentally committing manslaughter.

Stories of Today

Henry and Ribsy, by Beverly Cleary, illustrated by Louis Darling (Morrow). Another funny one about the unquenchable Henry Huggins, whose misadventures could befall any boy of between eight and twelve. This time, it's the dog Ribsy who starts the trouble. The thing ends uproariously in a salmon-fishing expedition, during which Henry's dreams of grandeur actually come true.

Tales of Christophilos, by Joice M. NanKivell, illustrated by Panos Ghikas (Houghton Mifflin). The everyday happenings, some joyous, some sorrowful, and all engrossing, in the life of a boy in a seacoast Greek village on the Mount Athos peninsula, a lonely land of monks and hermits. The author, who has lived there herself, writes provocatively of its people and their ways. The illustrations, in black-and-white, are as individual as the text.

Ajax, Golden Dog of the Australian Bush, by Mary Elwyn Patchett, illustrated by Eric Tansley (Bobbs-Merrill). In this unusual book, the author movingly chronicles her lonely and eventful childhood on her parents' enormous ranch, deep in the Australian wilds. Her companions were three dogs and the strange creatures of the countryside. Readers (of from nine to thirteen) will not easily forget the great Ajax, half dingo and half kangaroo dog, who rescues her three times, once when she stumbles upon some aborigines performing a weird ceremony in a cave.

The Wheel on the School, by Meindert DeJong, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper). The six schoolchildren of a Dutch fishing village in which a stork hasn't nested for decades set out to correct the situation. Their efforts involve the entire community in a convincing skein of action that includes perilous encounters with the great tides of the sea and the humanizing of a snarling cripple. A highly original story by a writer with a gift for making his juvenile characters childlike.

Black Lightning, by Denis Clark, illustrated by C. Gifford Ambler (Viking). A narrative, outstanding among animal tales for its writing and rich background (Ceylon), that

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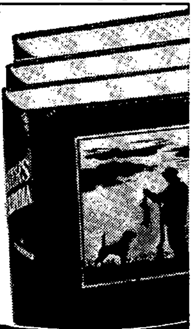

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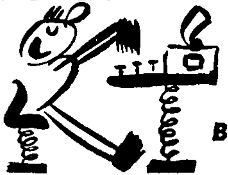
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should absorb ten- to fourteen-year-old naturalists. It tells of the capture of a black leopard, its ordeal in a miserable little travelling circus, and its escape to a cave occupied by an old Buddhist monk. An attractive format, and vigorous black-and-white pictures.

ROWAN FARM, by Margot Benary-Isbert (Harcourt, Brace). A sequel to last year's "The Arc," continuing the story of a postwar German family and its adolescent daughter, who are making a new life for themselves on an animal farm. The complicated plot is realistic, and older girls should find its message of courage and hope a stirring one.

BANNER IN THE SKY, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott). A first-class adventure book, in which a boy challenges the most difficult peak in the Alps, the one on which his father met his death years before. The plot is based upon the first climbing of the Matterhorn and is infused with an understanding of adolescent conflicts and the kind of heroism that involves self-sacrifice.

STORIES OF LONG AGO

JEB AND THE FLYING JENNY, by Dorothea J. Snow, illustrated by Joshua Tolford (Houghton Mifflin). The parents of a Tennessee mountain boy fear he's just a no-good whittler. When, to their amazement, he is hired by a Nashville wood carver, the whole tribe, even Granny and Grandpappy, find themselves whooping and whirling around on the wooden animals he has carved for the first merry-go-round in America. The tale is told with a fine bounce, and the color pictures are full of zest. For first- to fourth-graders.

THE COURAGE OF SARAH NOBLE, by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (Scribner). Children of from five to nine are almost certain to cherish this story, which has a factual background and is charmingly written and illustrated. It's about an eight-year-old miss of early Connecticut who accompanies her father into the wilderness to cook for him while he builds a new home for the family.

WINTER DANGER, by William O. Steele, illustrated by Paul Galdone (Harcourt, Brace). A youngster who longs for a real home hates his dangerous way of life, which is wandering with his father about the backwoods in the seventeen-eighties. A severe winter forces them

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to seek shelter with relatives he has never seen, and his father abandons him. How the boy wins a place in the family makes a topnotch story, and the Indian fight that is included is exciting enough for any eight- to twelve-year-old.

REDCAP RUNS AWAY, by Rhoda Power, illustrated by C. Walter Hodges (Houghton Mifflin). Ten-year-old Redcap, who can sing like a thrush and has a will as definite as the red of his hair, is a maverick in his medieval English village. Eager to savor the world and find his minstrel uncle, upon whom he has never laid eyes, he runs away with a band of strolling minstrels. His adventures, a commingling of defeat and triumph, add up to an exceptional tale for readers of from ten to thirteen.

TENTH BIRTHDAY, by Evan Commager, illustrated by Don Sibley (Bobbs-Merrill). Each chapter of this happy book is a separate story. In a fine variety of mood and setting, the stories relate the events of the tenth birthdays of a series of girls in a Southern family, beginning in 1844 and progressing, as each heroine becomes the mother in the next episode, to the final and most moving installment, in a hospital in 1950.

THE WONDERFUL WINTER, by Marchette Chute, illustrated by Grace Golden (Dutton). A vivacious chronicle, set in sixteenth-century England, about a lad who joins the company at the Burbages' theatre. Naturally, there is a lot about Shakespeare and his plays, and it all makes for grand entertainment (highly enlightening, too) for youngsters of from eleven to fourteen.

THE DRAWBRIDGE GATE, written and illustrated by Cynthia Harnett (Putnam). Alchemists, fights between apprentice guilds, the outfitting of a great ship for war against France, and the Lollard plot against Henry V are some of the ingredients of this substantial and well-documented ad-

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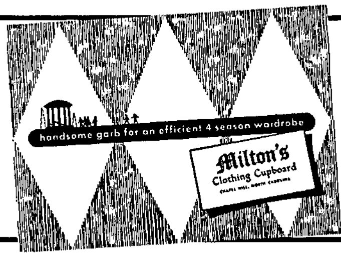
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venture book about medieval London. It centers on two boys (Dick Whittington is the godfather of one of them) and a girl.

FLIGHT OF THE PEACOCK, by Patrick O'Connor, illustrated by Rus Anderson (Washburn). Though it begins with a conventional shanghaiing of a lad aboard a bad ship, this above-average sea yarn, told in the first person and set in Yankee clipper days, soon whirls off to doughty and uncommon action in Barbados and China.

EGYPTIAN ADVENTURES, by Olivia E. Coolidge, illustrated by Joseph Low (Houghton Mifflin). Twelve arresting tales that bring Egypt of the New Kingdom at times almost fearsomely to life. The author, a classical scholar and one of our best writers for children of twelve and up, explains that each tale was "inspired by something which the Egyptians have left us: a picture of men hunting, an appeal for help to Pharaoh, or a fragment of a story about an enchantress who lived by a ford."

THE EAGLE OF THE NINTH, by Rosemary Sutcliff, illustrated by C. Walter Hodges (Oxford). A young Roman centurion, invalided out of service in Britain, undertakes to recover the eagle standard, the symbol of honor of the Ninth Legion, which, under his father's command, has disappeared without a trace in the wilds of Scotland. His search enables him both to find himself and to help his country. This noteworthy book, imaginatively conceived and superbly written, recreates the times with rare vividness.

HOOSIER HERITAGE, by Elisabeth Hamilton Friermood, illustrated by Robert Hallock (Doubleday). This understanding narrative tells about the development of a teen-age girl's character and independence in Midwestern frontier days. The author makes the routine details of feminine life warm and compelling, and she also adds a love story. In fact, she even lets her heroine deliver a baby (her sister's), which is just about unheard of in fiction for twelve- to sixteen-year-old girls.

LOVE IS FOREVER, by Margaret E. Bell (Morrow). An ardent and idealistic romance for older girls, having to do with a bride who settles in Alaska in pioneer days and insists on preserving the niceties of "gracious living" in the wilderness, an attitude that almost destroys her marriage. The menace and beauty of the country are portrayed with such strength

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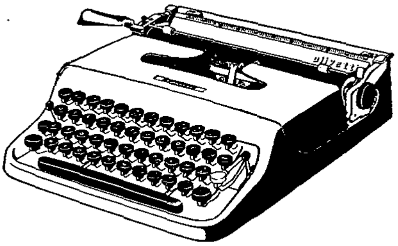

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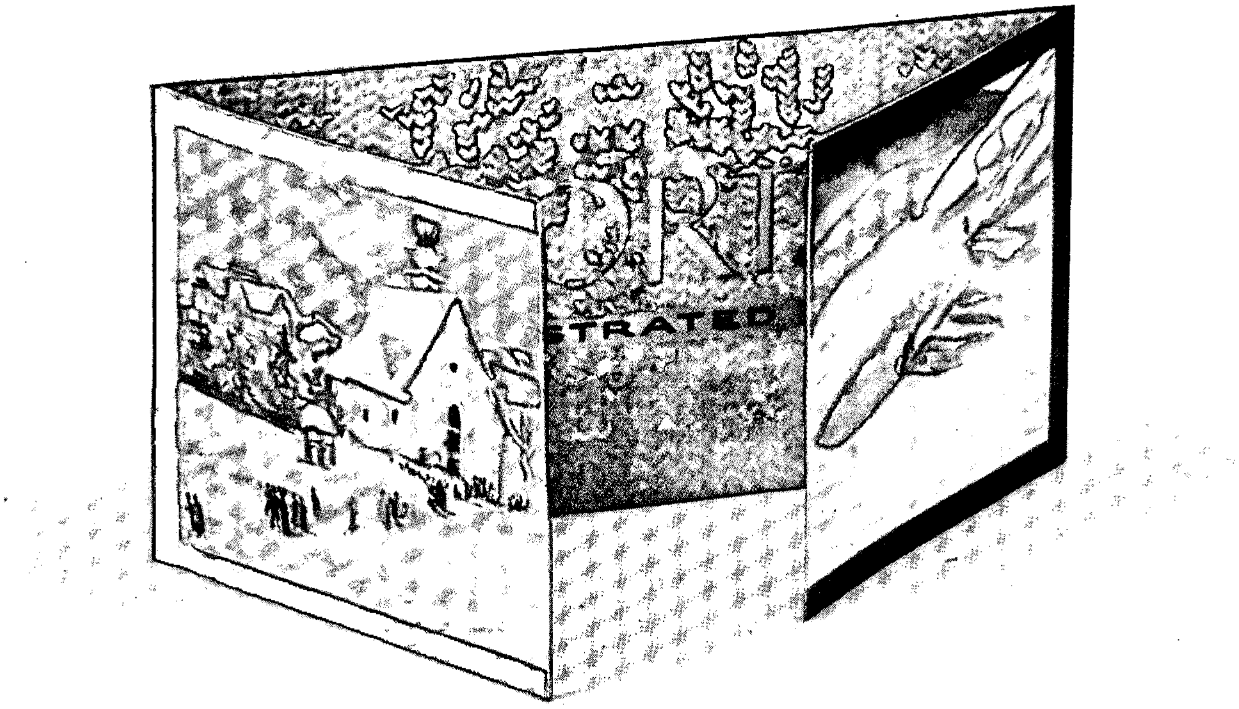

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that they practically become characters in the story.

Folk Tales and Ancient Lore

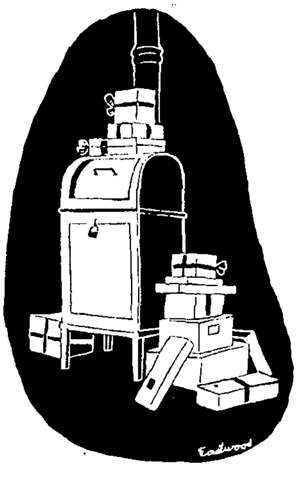
English Fables and Fairy Stories, by James Reeves, illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe (Oxford). A worth-while collection of old favorites, such as "Dick Whittington and His Cat" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" and others less familiar to American children, agreeably retold and pictured in two colors.

Anansi the Spider Man, by Philip M. Sherlock, illustrated by Marcia Brown (Crowell). For generations, Jamaicans have been telling one another how Ceiling Thomas, or Anansi, who is by turn man and spider, outwits Tiger and Crow and all the other animals. His antics are colorfully retold by a native of the island and amplified by diverting pen-and-ink drawings. For youngsters of seven to eleven years.

Once the Mullah, by Alice Geer Kelsey, illustrated by Kurt Werth (Longmans, Green). The author of "Once the Hodja" has gathered together some genial anecdotes about one of the favorite folk characters of Persia. The Mullah, who is teacher, judge, and priest, is a salty and lovable personality, and Mrs. Kelsey writes about his amusing predicaments with appropriate verve. For eight- to twelve-year-old readers.

The Adventures of Rama, by Joseph Gaer, illustrated by Randy Monk (Little, Brown). A masterly job of condensing the "Ramayana" for Western children. What remains is not just residue but a saga that, while it lacks many elements of the great Hindu epic, is both vibrant and memorable.

The Rise of the Thunderer, by Tom Galt, illustrated by John Mackey (Crowell). The Greek myths of



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creation and of the early, pre-Homeric gods and goddesses, including Prometheus and Thetis, have been neatly brought together into a consecutive narrative and related with vigor. The back section on historical and literary sources attests to Mr. Galt's scholarship. For children of from ten to fourteen.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

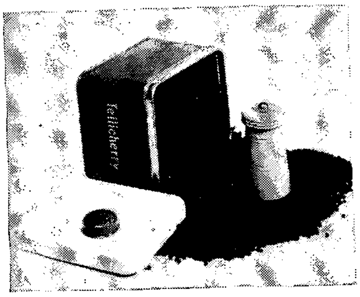
MONARCH BUTTERFLY, by Marion W. Marcher, illustrated by Barbara Latham (Holiday), and TREE FROG, by Paul McCutcheon Sears, illustrated by Barbara Latham (Holiday). A pair of distinctive little books for children of from six to nine, in which second-graders can read for themselves the stories of two of the most amazing life cycles in all nature. Embellished by lovely colored illustrations.

BATS, written and illustrated by Charles L. Ripper (Morrow). The title of this bizarre bit of natural history may arouse an atavistic shudder in most grownups, but the contents are apt to fascinate youngsters of from nine to twelve. Large, detailed drawings on almost every page point up many strange facts.

INSECTS AND THE HOMES THEY BUILD, by Dorothy Sterling, with photographs by Myron Ehrenberg (Doubleday). Despite its scientist approach to the lives of insects and how they use (and sometimes also make) paper, wax, wood, and even bubbles to build their homes, this unusual work can be put into the hands of any young reader without fear that it will damage the curious and innocent communion children seem to have with bugs.

ALL ABOUT THE STARS, by Anne Terry White, illustrated by Marvin Bileck (Random House). There are many volumes on astronomy for offspring of nine to twelve, but none is more lucidly written or successful in expressing the wonder a child feels when he looks at the stars. The author concludes by sensibly considering the possibility of the existence of other worlds peopled by men.

ALL ABOUT THE WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY, by Ira M. Freeman, illustrated by George Wilde (Random House). An informative, crystal-clear examination of the principles of the science and its application to everyday life. The author, a Rutgers professor, knows how to enliven his chapters about metallurgy, chemotherapy, farm chemistry, and so on with such



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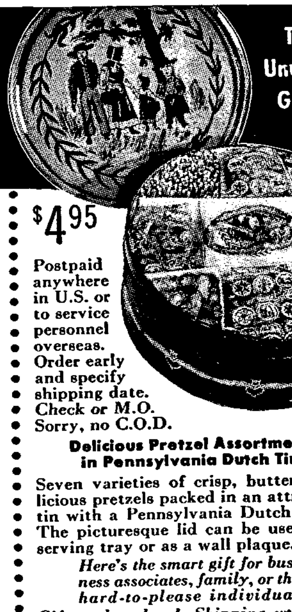

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catchy statements as "We dress in garments made of such unlikely materials as sour milk, wood, air, natural gas, and coal."

ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW, by Joseph Garland, illustrated by René Martin (Houghton Mifflin). The editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine* traces the development of life, from the first cell to Homo sapiens. His organization of his material is a model of clarity, and his writing nicely combines exactness and a humorous appreciation of the creatures he catalogues.

OUR CHANGING WEATHER, by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton (Doubleday). This admirably uncomplicated discussion of the phenomena that cause the weather has the challenge of a puzzle. Along the way, the reader (ten years and over) is told how to make his own forecasts. Striking photographs, and diagrams showing such things as the way an onshore breeze comes into being on a hot day.

THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE, by John Lewellen, illustrated by Paul Valentino (Crowell). There's not a dull or abstruse paragraph in this account of the development of submarines, and in particular of the workings of the Nautilus, the Navy's atomic-powered submarine, whether the author is describing experiments by Archimedes, telling about the Turtle's attack on a British frigate in New York harbor, or explaining the heat exchanger in the Nautilus's atomic reactor. Drawings and diagrams.

ZOO EXPEDITIONS, by William Bridges (Morrow). The curator of publications of the New York Zoological Park has written of the expeditions he has taken part in on behalf of the Bronx Zoo with the charm and warmth of his earlier "Zoo Babies." He explores a Mexican cave in search of the origin of a species of blind fish, captures elephants in the Congo, and verifies the age (a hundred and twenty-nine years) of a box turtle that turns up in Rhode Island. Many photographs.

GOING INTO SPACE, by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper). The chairman of the British Interplanetary Society discusses space, the problems of exploring it, and the progress we have made and will make in conquering them. His painstaking and readable volume is scientific writing of a high order for any beginner of over eleven. Photographs and diagrams of space sta-

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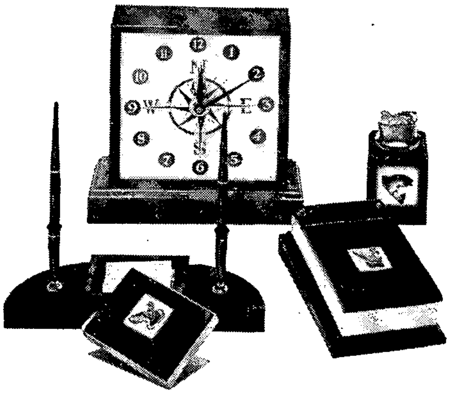

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tions, rockets, and even maps of projected voyages to the planets.

Skyrocketing Into the Unknown, by Charles Coombs (Morrow). The emphasis of this large, attractive book, with its hundred and forty-three photographs of all sorts of planes, rockets, testing equipment, and so on, is more on the engineering aspect of supersonic flight than on the scientific principles behind it. It's told in a brisk, dramatic fashion.

Engineers' Dreams, by Willy Ley, illustrated by Isami Kashiwagi (Viking). A stimulating investigation of some of the vast engineering projects that, though feasible, have never been executed. It discusses plans for a tunnel under the English Channel, floating islands in the sea, the shrinking of the Mediterranean, and extracting power from volcanoes. Sketches, diagrams, and maps.

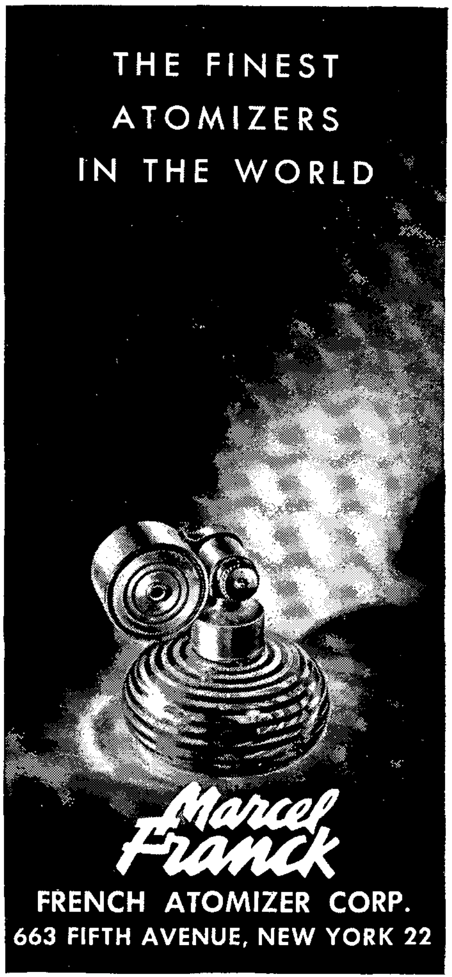
History and Biography

Squanto, by Clyde Robert Bulla, illustrated by Peter Burchard (Crowell). Despite the handicap of a vocabulary limited to words a seven-year-old child can read by himself, this narrative of the Indian friend of our early settlers is presented with considerable spirit. It's well designed and is set in large type. Wash drawings.

The Story of George Washington Carver, by Arna Bontemps, illustrated by Harper Johnson (Grosset & Dunlap). A superior biography for children of from eight to twelve, written with simplicity and deep feeling, and particularly felicitous in its depiction of the scientist's homeless youth and his struggle to acquire even a grade-school education.

Andrew Jackson, by Clara Ingram Judson, illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund (Follett). This chronicle of Jackson's life and contributions reads as easily as fiction and illuminates a good slice of American history for eleven- to fifteen-year-old youngsters.

Young Mary Stuart, by Marian King (Lippincott). Girls of eleven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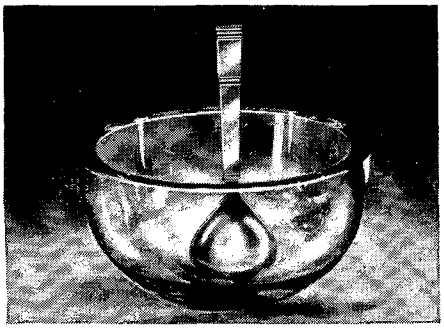

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and over should enjoy this closely documented account of Mary's childhood and youth in France, including her brief reign as that country's queen. It is lively with minutiae about court life and nicely develops its subject's connection with the events and personages of the time.

I KNOW A CITY, by Katherine B. Shippen, illustrated by Robin King (Viking). A history of the growth of New York City, telling how, through the years, its needs were met by establishing schools, police and fire companies, a water supply, parks, and the Port Authority. It's pointed up with enough anecdotes and personalities to make it more exhilarating than the subject matter suggests.

NAPOLEON, by Manuel Komroff (Messner). An incisive portrait of the French dictator and an excellent brief résumé of his era, for children of from twelve to sixteen.

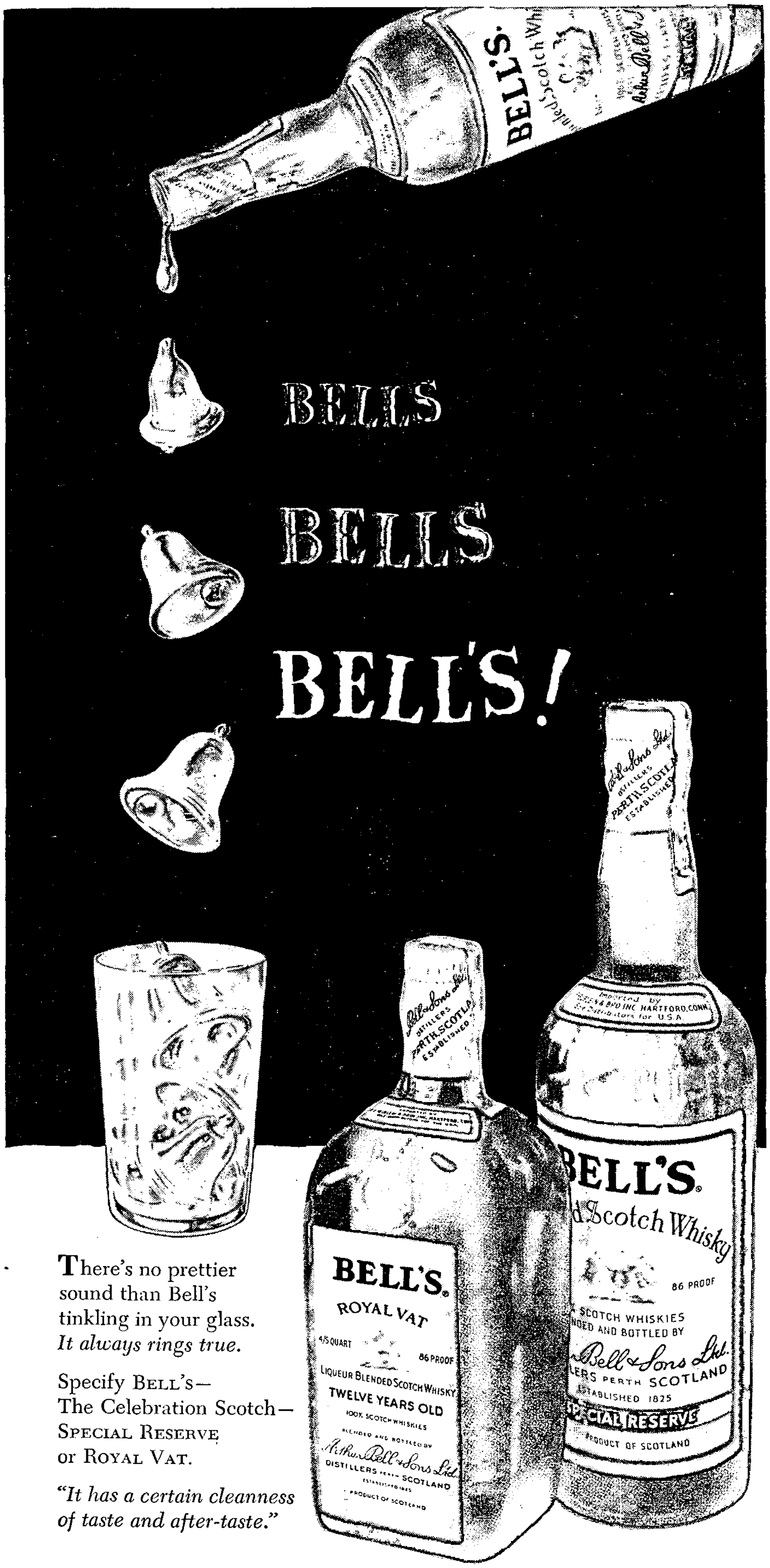
FREEDOM TRAIN, by Dorothy Sterling, illustrated by Ernest Crichlow (Doubleday). The heroism of Harriet Tubman, the slave who, after her own escape from a Maryland plantation, returned many times to the South to rescue more than three hundred other slaves, is vividly set forth in this story-biography for readers of junior-high-school age and over.

TO A DIFFERENT DRUM, by Charles Norman, illustrated by Margaret Bloy Graham (Harper). A well-written study of Thoreau, containing judiciously selected passages from "Walden" and his other works. Mr. Norman addresses his audience (twelve years and over) in an adult manner, assuming that it has the sensitivity and intelligence to appreciate his subject with no more than a minimum of editorializing.

THE EPICS OF EVEREST, by Leonard Wibberley, illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson (Farrar, Straus & Young). The many attempts to conquer this mountain. The achievements of each expedition are narrated in detail, and there is a steadily growing excitement all the way to the powerful conclusion. Maps and black-and-white drawings.

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

THE COWBOY'S OWN BRAND BOOK, by Duncan Emrich, illustrated by Ava Morgan (Crowell). A bonanza for hard-working rangemen of seven to ten years, written by the chief of the Folklore Section of the Library of Congress and put out in a good-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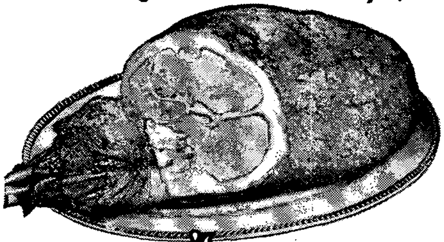

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looking format small enough to slip into the pocket of jeans. It provides some interesting folk data, classifies brands, tells how to read them, and gives directions (there are even practice pages) for making up one's own.

WEAPONS, written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis (World). Any boy of over ten should relish this lively and authoritative survey of man's weapons, from early arrowheads to the hydrogen bomb. It's a large, handsome, often witty book, with black-and-white drawings on nearly every page of such things as the lock mechanism of the crossbow, the profile of a Vauban fort, the inside of a percussion lock, and a 3.5-inch super-bazooka.

COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS OF THE U.S.A., by Fred Reinfeld (Crowell). A black-and-white reproduction of one or another of our three hundred and thirty-six commemorative stamps heads each page of this volume for young philatelists. The text below gives a comprehensive account of the event or phase of our history celebrated. An end section deals with the sources of the stamp designs.

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THE ANIMAL FROLIC, by Toba Sojo (Putnam). A rare item for youthful connoisseurs, reproducing the Scroll of Animals, a twelfth-century Japanese masterpiece now in the Temple of Kozanji, in Kyoto. It portrays a group of rabbits, frogs, monkeys, and other creatures romping, playing games, and tricking one another. The extraordinary zest of the drawings should impress even a five-year-old. An unassuming text has been supplied to explain what is being depicted.

THE CAVES OF THE GREAT HUNTERS, by Hans Baumann (Pantheon). A bit of history, presented in story form, that provides a unique combination of art, archeology, and anthropology for readers of from nine to fourteen. It tells how four French boys discovered, in 1940, the Lascaux Cave and its great ice-age paintings, and how they learned its significance from the famous archeologist Abbé Breuil. Many reproductions in two colors.

VINCENT VAN GOGH, by Elizabeth Ripley (Oxford). A sensitive and honest account, for ten- to fifteen-year-old youngsters, of the painter's work and anguished life, making

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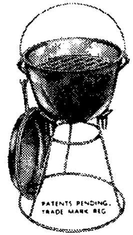

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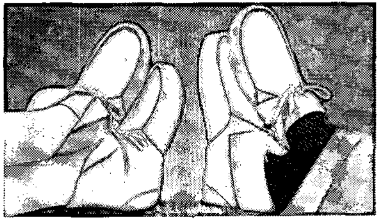

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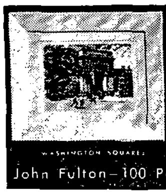

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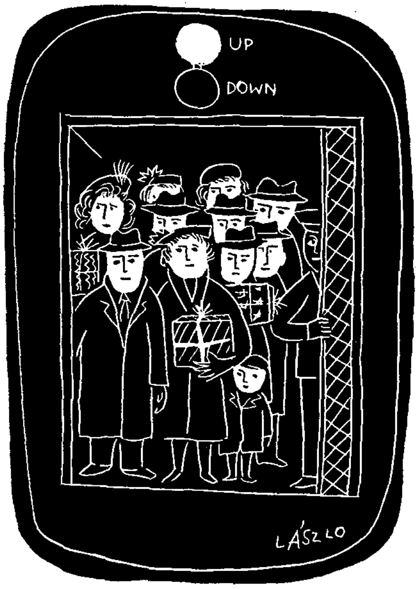
skillful use of his letters to his brother Theo. The mostly full-page reproductions opposite each page of text are all in black-and-white, but the book is nevertheless probably the best of this author's excellent series about artists.

HERE is a list of some worthy anthologies, new editions, and reprints not already mentioned: "The Night Before Christmas," by Clement C. Moore, illustrated by Arthur Rackham (Lippincott). A well-loved edition of the Saint Nicholas story, in a new format. . . . "Read to Yourself Storybook," compiled by the Child Study Association of America, illustrated by Leonard Shortall (Crowell). A selection of stories or chapters of books by Alice Dalgliesh, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Beverly Cleary, and others, for eight- to ten-year-old readers. . . . "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age," by Kenneth Grahame, illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard (Dodd, Mead). Two books about childhood by the author of "The Wind in the Willows," reissued in the same format as that classic. . . . "Complete Nursery Song Book," selected by Inez Bertail, illustrated by Walt Kelly (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). A collection of a hundred and sixty items, provided with simple piano accompaniment and illustrated in color. . . . "Animals Everywhere," written and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday). A reprint, presenting a catalogue of animals and briefly describing them. . . . "The Brownies and Other Stories," by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard (Dutton). Seven Victorian favorites in new dress. . . . "Jane's Father," by Dorothy Aldis,



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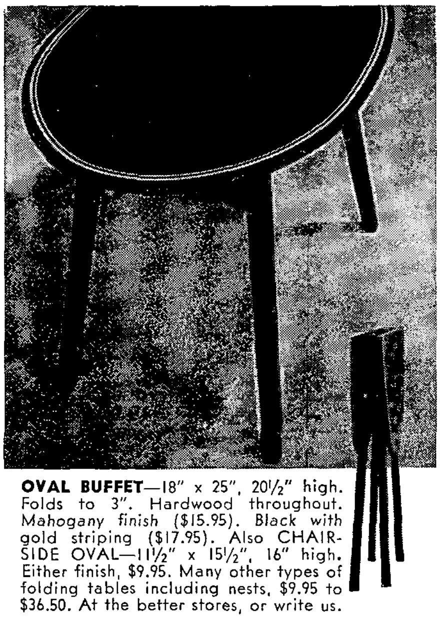

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illustrated by Mary Stevens (Putnam). A rollicking tale, about a little girl's attempts to remake her refractory father in her own image, that first appeared twenty-five years ago. . . . "Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," written and illustrated by Howard Pyle (Scribner). A collection of twelve of the famous stories that has been hitherto available only in a school edition. . . . "The Magic Bed-Knob," by Mary Norton, illustrated by Waldo Peirce (Hyperion). An engaging early tale by the author of "The Borrowers," about three children and a student witch, reissued for eight- to ten-year-old youngsters. . . . "Grimm's Tales," illustrated by Helen Sewell and Madeleine Gekiere (Oxford). Sixteen of the stories, embellished with distinctive illustrations in the modern manner and in contrasting styles. . . . "Circus Parade," selected by Phyllis R. Fenner, illustrated by Lee Ames (Knopf). An anthology of tales for readers of from eight to twelve by Hugh Lofting, Noel Streatfeild, Edward Fenton, and others. . . . "Nonsense Songs," by Edward Lear, illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke (Warne). "The Jumblies," "The Pelican Chorus," and other verses, dexterously illustrated in line and color. . . . "Aesop's Fables," edited by Laura Harris, illustrated by Tony Palazzo (Garden City). A large volume boldly illustrated in somewhat garish hues, for children of from six to nine. A sentence or two at the end of each story explains the moral.

—KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

Barbara De Maria, junior bridesmaid, and the flower girl, Donna Lee De Maria, wore shrimp and carried yellow pompon chrysanthemums.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

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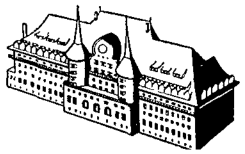

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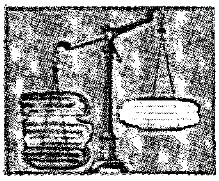
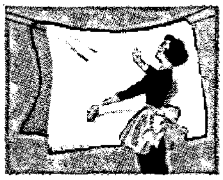
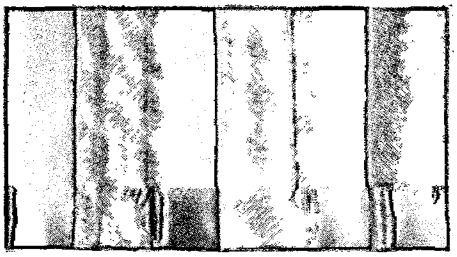


One G-E takes the place of 3 ordinary blankets. Warmth without weight.



Easily washed either by hand or in your own washer. Just follow simple directions.



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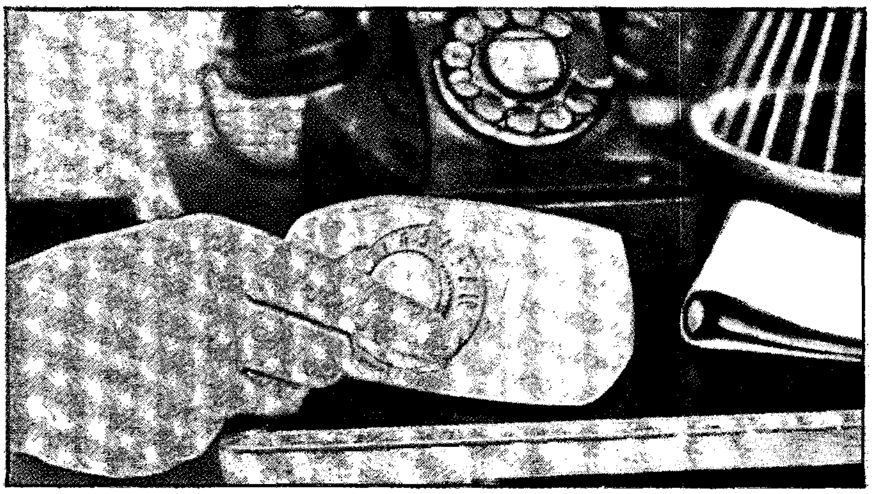
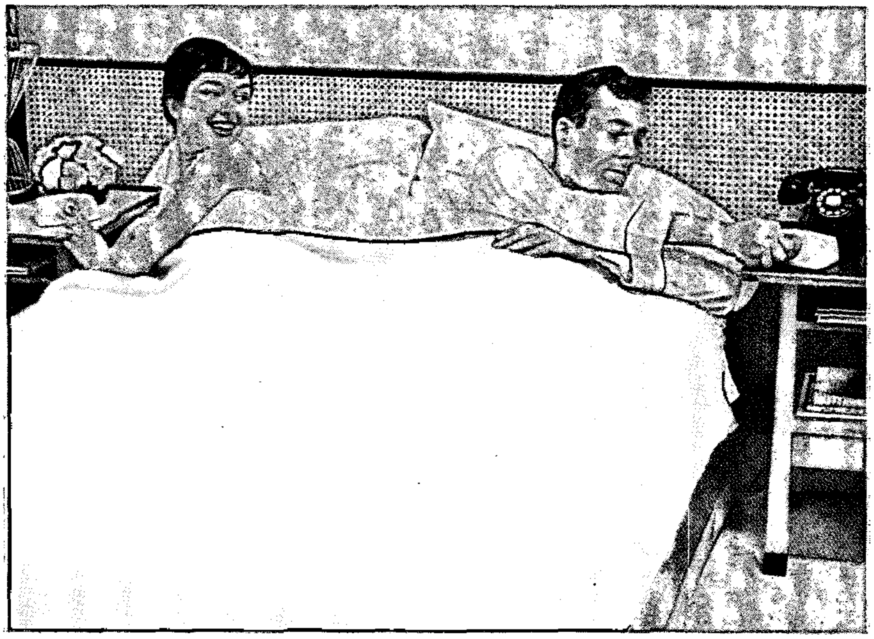
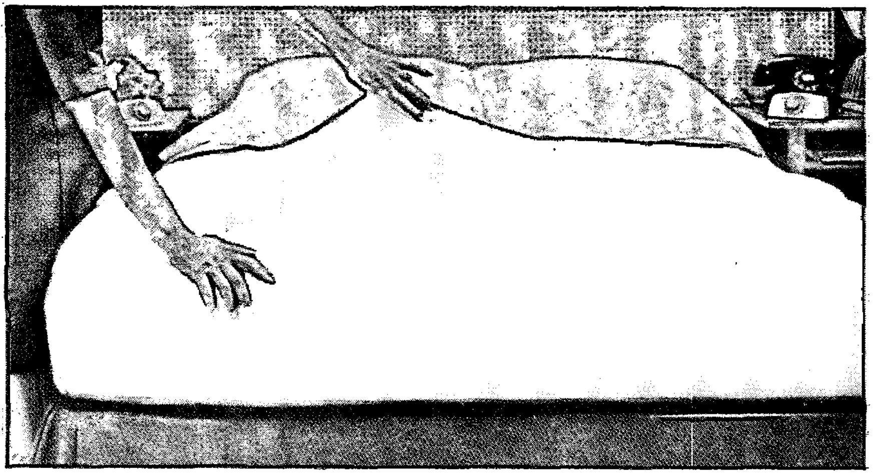


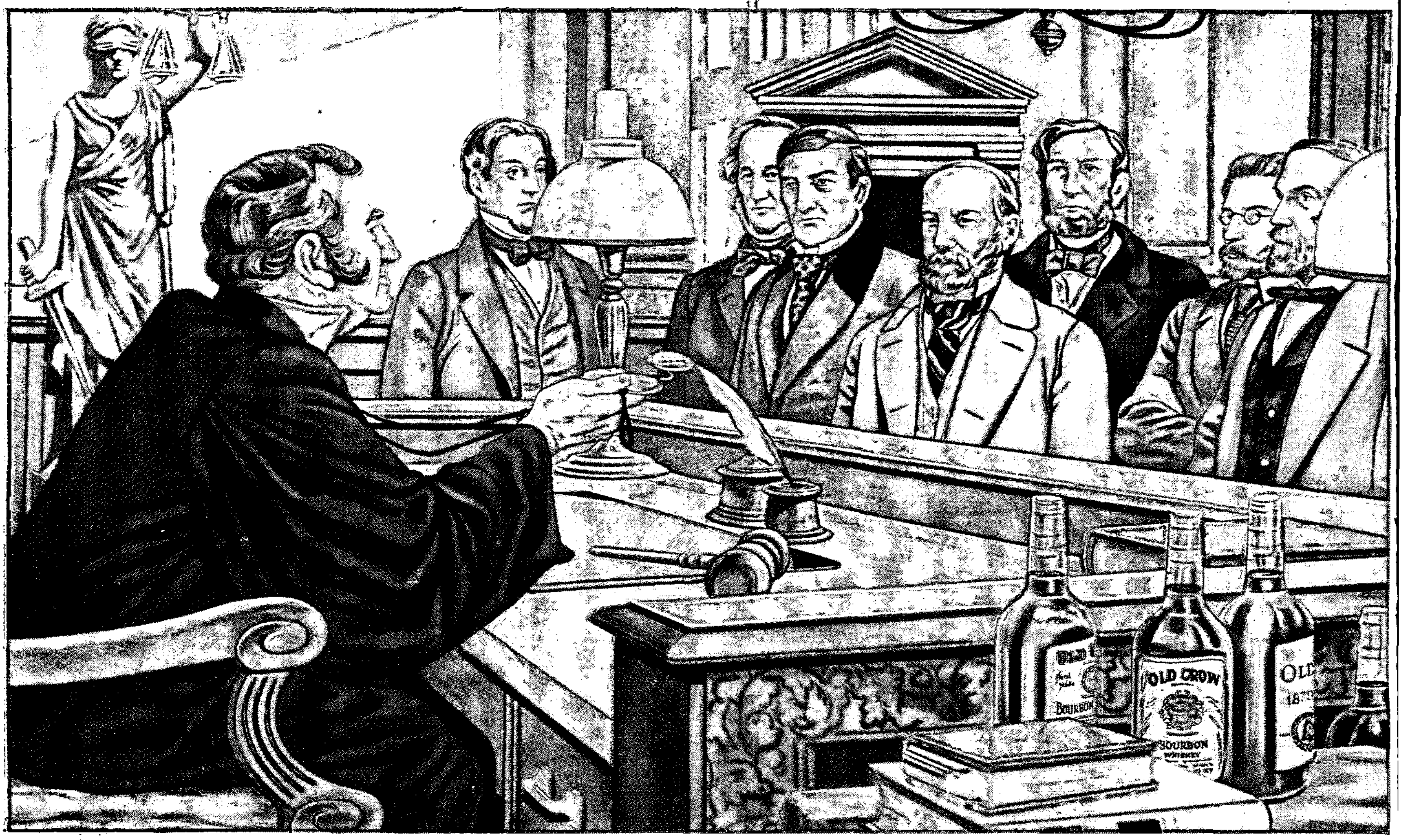
Choose the warmth you want on the *Sleep-Guard* Bedside Control. *Sleep-Guard* keeps you that warm all night, automatically providing more, or less, warmth as needed. Note: only G-E Blankets have *Sleep-Guard.*



Dual-Control model allows each sleeper to choose a *different* degree of warmth, giving complete personal comfort. Ordinary blankets do not produce warmth, merely hold in body heat. In effect, *you* must warm an ordinary blanket.



Custom-Contoured corners, specially designed for plenty of foot room, allow ample "give" in the center, keep the G-E Blanket neatly in place. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.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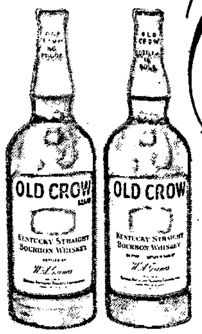
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